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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

NME

Keeps its cool

THE NAKED & THE RED

NEW ORDER SHAKE AMERICA

BY CHRIS BOHN

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

KING SUNNY ADE

ALTERED IMAGES

SUPERMAN III

Bernard Albrecht goes topless. Photo by Anton Corbijn.

COLEMAN

FUN BOYS BUST-UP ● THE BEAT SURRENDER ● DESTINY REDRAWN ● NEW DYLAN SHOT OF VINYL

BOB DYLAN's new album, produced by Mark Knopfler but still untitled, has been scheduled for September release in the States. Although there's still no official UK date, it's bound to be out here soon afterwards. It's awaited with both eagerness and curiosity, as it's said to reflect Dylan's disaffection with born-again Christianity, his rediscovered sense of humour and a flirtation with reggae. Tracks include 'Don't Fall Apart', 'Licensed To Kill', 'Joker Man', 'Neighborhood Bully', 'Man Of Peace' and 'What's A Girl Like You Doing In A Dump Like This'.

In America, CBS are putting together a five-album Dylan greatest hits package, which will include the bonus of over 40 minutes of previously unissued material from all phases of his career, and the company is reportedly surprised by his willingness to release these recordings. Many of the newly unearthed tracks are listed below, but final compilation is still taking place, and it's hoped to acquire other treasures from the archives. There are no plans to release this set in Britain – CBS in London say they had it scheduled for pre-Christmas, but it's now been withdrawn.

Meanwhile, it's now virtually certain that Dylan will be touring Europe next year and that – as previously reported by *NME* – his backing band will include Jamaican session stars Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare, who play on the upcoming album. Although it's still very much on the cards that he will tour with Santana (who share the same manager), another possibility emerging is that he'll be joined on some dates by The Band, who have just reformed.

Songs previously available only in bootleg form that will be included in the boxed set include 'The Mighty Quinn', 'Percy's Song', 'Caribbean Wind', 'Lay Down Your Weary Tune', 'Jet Pilot', 'Baby I'm In The Mood', 'Up To Me' and 'I'll Keep It With Mine'.

Additionally, there are live versions of 'Visions Of Johanna', 'Abandoned Love' and 'Romance In Durango', 'It's All Over Now Baby Blue' and 'I Don't Believe You' (from the Albert Hall in 1966); and an alternate take of 'You're A Big Girl Now'.

OBSCENE BUT NOT HEARD

EARLY last year, police seized 8000 copies of the Anti-Nowhere League single 'Streets Of London'/'So What', alleging that the B-side was obscene — and a few weeks ago, after 18 months of legal wrangling, that claim was upheld and those records were destroyed.

This month, the band were due to release their 'Live In Yugoslavia' album — which would have had the distinction of being the first live LP, recorded in the Eastern bloc, to be issued simultaneously in the East and West.

Before it could be shipped, police last week swooped on both the record company and the distributors, and seized 5000 copies of the LP. They even invaded Head Music, who manage the band, where they succeeded in finding ten more copies!

The reason for this extraordinary behaviour is that the group's live performance includes 'So What', a song already branded as "obscene". The records were confiscated despite protestations that the offending phrases had been changed. Said Head's Stuart Lyon: "Where the lead singer couldn't remember the new lyrics, he just mumbled, so you can't understand what he's singing."

Why, then, did the police have to take the entire stock? Couldn't they have listened to the LP before taking such drastic action? I listened to the album (a copy the police overlooked) and I don't consider it obscene — a few four letter words, maybe, but they are commomplace on vinyl these days. In fact, I have an LP that's been on open sale for four years and at one point appeare in the Top Thirty, which contains no less than 53 "fucks".

Is there a police vendatta against the League and/or the people involved in their records — because, from the yardstick applied by the police, there are literally dozens of records which could be labelled "obscene". Certainly the band's bassist Winston thinks there's a vendetta, as he told Richard Grabel by phone from New York:

"It seems we're a target for the police for anything we release — even if it's not obscene they're going to bother us. I don't know why they single us out — I don't class us as an obscene or obnoxious type of band. As we've always said, 'So What' is just a social comment as such, and as for the live album, that song was in the set. It's totally pathetic that the police have to do this.

There's a lot worse things go on in music, and other artists have put out similar songs — but why they pick on us in the time honoured tradition every time our product's released is just beyond me. We lost so much money over the 'So What' single tht it virtually bankrupted WXYZ Records, and if the same thing goes ahead with this album it's gonna finish the company off."

So what happens now? Much depends on the outcome of discussions StuartLyon is having with Superintendent Kruger (!) but, as a safeguard, he was planning to bring the band back from America to remix the offending track if necessary. He explained: "We simply can't afford to sit around for another year, if they persist in holding those albums — and although we changed the lyrics once, if they're still considered offensive, I suppose we'll have to change them again."

Even that solution hasn't worked out. Just before the band were due to leave New York, lawyers phoned to warn them that they'd probably be arrested if they returned to London. So right now, it's stalemate.

● Police have also been stepping up activity on the London club scene. Four or five clubs have been raided in the past ten days, including Studio 21 and The Subway, with no apparent cause — whether for drugs, non-membership or drinking out of hours, who knows? Whatever the reason, the club circuit is very tense at the moment.

A bad summer for Animals *Pic: Anton Corbijn.*

THE STYLE COUNCIL are releasing the first in a series of four-track EPs to be recorded in different parts of the world, with a view to exchanging cultures and ideas. The initial set, issued by Polydor on August 5, is called 'The Style Council à Paris'. The track titles are 'Long Hot Summer', 'Party Chambers', 'The Paris Match' and 'Le Depart'.

Why choose Paris as the launch-pad for this idea? The Council admitted it's because it was easy to get to. Said Paul Weller enigmatically: "French boys are the most beautiful in the world. I think there's an undercurrent of tension in Paris that, say, Singapore just doesn't have."

Next on the agenda is the recording of an album, for release early next year, and there are plans for pre-Christmas live dates, probably involving a string of concerts in December. Final word from Weller: "Oh, studios are okay, but we're not one of these groups who want to sit around all day playing with our synths and appliances. It's the smell of the crowd and the roar of our agent that flips me."

PLANS to stage a British reggae event along the lines of Jamaica's famous Reggae Sunsplash, first revealed by *NME* two weeks ago, are pressing ahead – and it's now proposed to extend it into a three-day event over the weekend of August 19–21, instead of the single-day concert originally envisaged. The idea is to put on the shows in the evenings only, and daily admission would be around the £5 or £7 mark.

As reported, Musical Youth are in line for the festival, and organisers Zack and Dee Brobey have now come up with a list of other artists expected to appear – Carroll Thompson, Sugar Minott, Errol Dunkley, Black Slate, Simplicity, Laurel & Hardy, Clint Eastwood & General Saint, Cimarons, Trevor Walters, Winston Reedy, Dennis Brown, Tapper Zukie and Jah Thomas, with acts still being negotiated.

There's still no word on the venue for this project. The initial plan was to hold it at the Queen's Park Rangers football ground in West London, but the Brobeys are at present keeping quiet on this subject, and it's possible that an increase to three days has ruled out that site. A decision will have to be taken very quickly, because even if an official announcement is made next week, that still leaves only three weeks in which to sell tickets.

SPEAR OF DESTINY have undergone a major upheaval, with drummer Chris Bell and saxist Lascelles James leaving the band. Kirk Brandon evidently decided to re-shape the outfit, despite a fair degree of success since their formation last year – they've already headlined one UK concert tour, and scored a chart hit with their debut album 'Grapes Of Wrath'.

Co-founder member Stan Stammers will continue to work with Brandon in a new Spear Of Destiny line-up, which hasn't yet been finalised. Chris Bell told *NME* the split was due to "personality clashes and religious differences", and neither he nor James yet have any plans for the future.

IN A MOVE as sensational as The Specials' break-up two years ago, and perhaps even more surprising, The Fun Boy Three have ceased to exist.

Although all three members co-founded the group from the ashes of The Specials, Terry Hall was the acknowledged leader, and it was apparently he who decided to disband the outfit.

They have just completed an American tour which, in hindsight, comprises their last-ever gigs – because the split has already taken place, and there will be no UK farewell dates.

Announcing the break-up, a spokesman for Chrysalis Records said that Terry Hall wished to say no more on the subject for the time being. Meanwhile, Neville Staples and Lynval Thompson are staying in Jamaica for three weeks, evidently to consider their future.

The split came suddenly last Friday, and evidently surprised no one more than the people at Chrysalis – though sources close to the group suggest that it had been "building up" for some time. It's understood that Fun Boys left no recorded material "in the can", so there's no question of any post-split releases.

Chris Wood dies at 39

CHRIS WOOD, best known as saxist and flautist with that much-respected group Traffic, died in Birmingham's Queen Elizabeth Hospital on Tuesday of last week. He was 39, and had been suffering for some time from liver failure.

Originally stemming from Midlands band Locomotive, he was a founder member of Traffic in 1967 along with Steve Winwood, Jim Capaldi and Dave Mason – although the latter left soon afterwards. Throughout the group's chequered seven-year span, which included two brief splits and several personnel upheavals, he remained constant and featured on all ten of their albums.

He has also worked with Ginger Baker's Airforce, Jimi Hendrix, Dr. John and on Capaldi's solo ventures. Wood's outstanding ambition was to record his own solo album, which he had been planning for the past two years – but now, alas, that will never be realised.

MYSTERY surrounds the current status of The Beat who, according to rumour and one national press report, broke up after their appearances with David Bowie at Milton Keynes earlier this month. With the album 'What Is Beat/Best Of' a hit in Britain and several other countries, Arista are naturally anxious to promote it as much as possible, but have been told that the group are "non-functional". At The Beat's office in Birmingham, the secretary said the band were on holiday, but she knew nothing about a split – but later, after contacting a couple of members, she told us they didn't wish to comment on the break-up report. So we are left wondering why, if they haven't split, they don't deny the rumour? And why, if they have split, they did so with Bowie concerts and a world hit to their recent credit?

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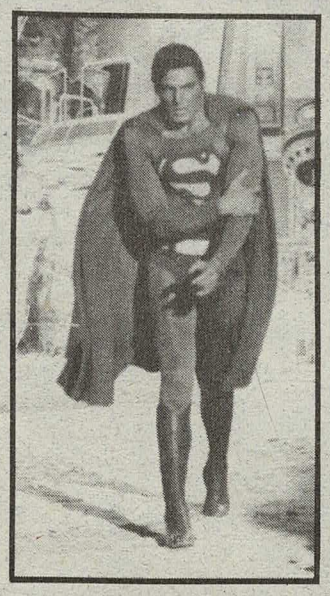

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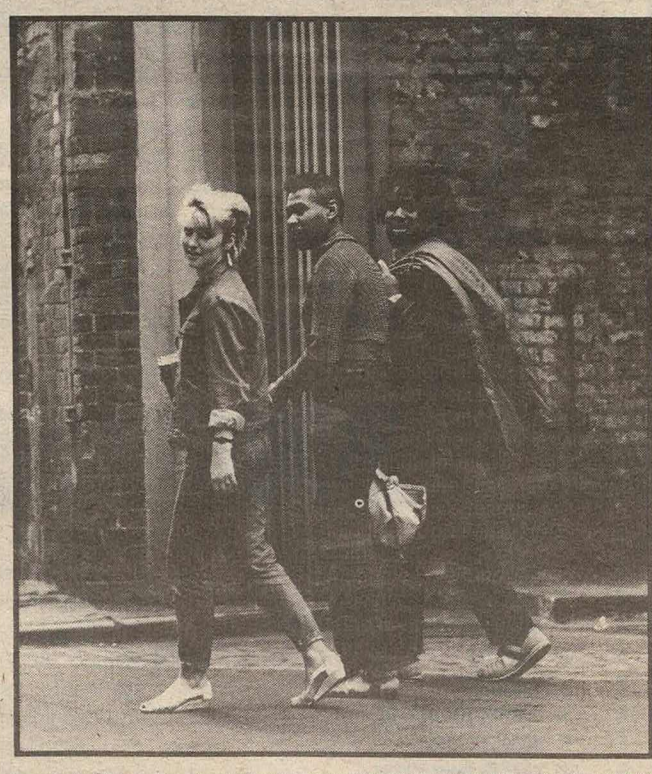
SUNSPLASH UK? ● *THE LANCASHIRE SPARROW*

CARMEL: GOOD TIME FOR A BAD DAY

PAOLO HEWITT meets the Stockport siren. Pix by PETER ANDERSON.

Carmel, for crying out loud, and below, with Jim (left) and Jerry.



COMING ON like a late night Aretha, fuelled by the deceptive simplicity of smoky jazz, cut by James Brown's rhythms and looking to touch people is not an easy task. With 'Bad Day', their new single, Carmel are starting to get there.

A three piece – double bass, drums and vocals – Carmel 'arrived' last year amidst glowing praise, slipping out a mini LP on Red Flame that made all intentions clear, with the powerful voice of Carmel herself placed within a music that wilfully upset one minute and soothed peacefully the next.

It wasn't a sound or an idea that could be packaged with the usual fanfare of videos and club mixes, but one that would have to rely on word of mouth and its own momentum to carry it through. Not that the group are adverse to success; they just have ideals.

"We've got such high integrity, that we won't go unnoticed" comments Carmel. "I think integrity is probably the most important thing. We've worked with people who haven't had it and they're out the next day. If they're not going to work with you, or they just want to show off or jump on something they think might be quite good, then they're evil characters and we shift them out quick. There's a lot of them around. This goes right through everything. It could be a major guest, but if they've got bad blood in them it shows. It comes out in the way they're playing."

When Carmel says that "this goes for everything", she's not kidding. Last year she walked out on a *Face* interview because she considered the questions "stupid". Jim and Jerry, her two companions, are likewise not reluctant to tell certain journalists where to jump off.

Carmel, the group, have a hard nosed attitude to their work whilst Carmel, the singer, is more than tetchy about criticism. When I inform her that her voice – which I consider to be a powerfully uplifting instrument – is described by others to be nearer "strangling a cat", she explodes.

"I'VE NEVER SOUNDED LIKE I'M STRANGLING A CAT," she shrieks and then glares at me for having the audacity to put forward such an idea.

When I go on to tell them that I'm not overwhelmed by the B side of 'Bad Day', that it sounds suspiciously like a filler, Jerry the drummer curtly informs me that "we're very proud of that. In fact we were discussing making that an A side. But we are very, very proud of that."

It wan't my afternoon. But then Edith Piaf came up in conversation, throwing an insight into the qualities that Carmel admires. "I'm a great fan of hers," Carmel said, "and I'm also a great, great fan of Malhalia Jackson, one of *the* all time great Gospel singers. She wouldn't sing in clubs because they were unholy. She's just total integrity. You get that because she's not a commercial person, she never set out to be commercial and she was great at it. I admire those sort of people. Edith Piaf was the same. She didn't set out for fame, she was a *singer* and she was brilliant at it."

Carmel looks to be emulating those attitudes, incorporating integrity and honesty as the key focus of their music. "There's this mentality going round," says Jim, "certainly from record companies, but even from the press... the way we feel, all the people we enjoy listening to are invariably people who worked maybe ten years before people had even heard of them. So we're quite happy if tomorrow you don't write about us because as far as we're concerned we can keep going and get better. Hopefully it will be worth it.

"If there is a common factor it's some kind of *feel*. We need to get feel into the things we do, feel and energy, and we're looking for a producer who recognises that. We need someone who's making things from a different angle, and because of the way pop is that means you're often going for someone who basically comes from a root/soul situation, or a jazz situation like Dennis (Weinrich, producer of 'Bad Day'). That's not to say that everything we do is jazz, just that we're looking for people who listen to music in that way, which links up with early Motown even; listening to things with that raw edge. That's basically what we're going to have keep pushing for. Record companies are much happier if you work with Barry Blue, but it wouldn't get the best out of us."

Carmel's recent live forays, as a three piece, have also come under fresh scrutiny by the group. Their next batch of shows will consist of two sets, one as a trio, the other with 'guests'. Although they may be fiercely uncompromising, they do accept that they are in the pop arena with the ability to appeal to all sizes and ages.

When they supported ABC last year (not a fruitful endeavour) they were pleasantly surprised by the number of 14 year olds who approached them offering praise. "I certainly wouldn't be so patronising to believe they can't enjoy our music as much as the next person," says Carmel.

As for 'Bad Day', they seem a mite blase about it, the result of hearing it too many times. "I think it's going to be one of those records that you put on when you're in despair over something," comments Carmel. "My mum went through a very bad patch and she found it really comforting. It's quite a holy record really."

With its gospel influence, sensitive playing and remarkable feel, it's a song of optimism, one to be played when things start to go wrong.

It was the first record I played after my encounter with them.

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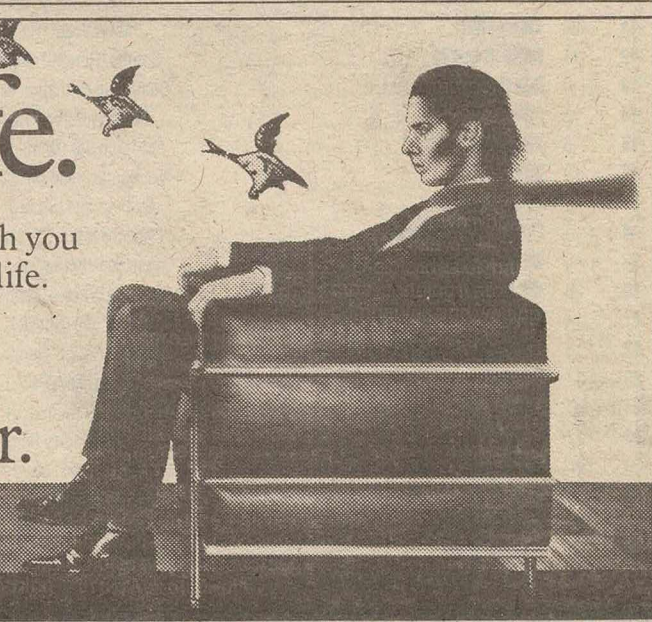

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	5	1
2	3	I.O.U.	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	5	2
3	2	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	8	1
4	3	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	7	3
5	17	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	3	5
6	6	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	4	6
7	7	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	5	7
8	4	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	7	2
9	15	DOUBLE DUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	3	9
10	14	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	6	10
11	20	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	4	11
12	19	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	3	12
13	30	NEVER STOP	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	3	13
14	12	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	5	11
15	10	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	10
16	16	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvain & Sakamoto (Virgin)	4	16
17	8	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	6	8
18	23	TANTALISE (WO WO EE YEH YEH)	Jimmy The Hoover (Innervision)	4	18
19	29	CRUEL SUMMER	Bananarama (London)	2	19
20	(—)	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER	Police (A&M)	1	20
21	11	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	6	11
22	9	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	10	5
23	34	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	2	23
24	25	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	3	24
25	38	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	4	25
26	33	AFTER A FASHION	Ure & Karn (Chrysalis)	2	26
27	39	THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	2	27
28	24	BAD BOYS	Wham! (Innervision)	10	2
29	35	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	5	29
30	22	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	9	6
31	(—)	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)	1	31
32	37	GET DOWN SATURDAY NIGHT	Oliver Cheatham (MCA)	3	24
33	(—)	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	George Benson (Warners)	1	33
34	36	TELL ME WHY	Musical Youth (MCA)	3	34
35	(—)	GIVE ME SOME EMOTION	Tracie (Respond)	1	35
36	26	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	6	23
37	(—)	GIVE IT UP	K. C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	1	37
38	(—)	DO IT AGAIN	Club House (Island)	1	38
39	44	MESSAGES FROM THE STARS	Rah Band (TMT)	2	39
40	(—)	IT'S LATE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	1	40
41	(—)	BIG LOG	Robert Plant (WEA)	1	41
42	(—)	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	15	8
43	(—)	WATCHING	Thompson Twins (Arista)	1	43
44	(—)	YOU AIN'T REALLY DOWN	Status IV (TMT)	1	44
45	21	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	5	9
46	50	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Epic)	2	46
47	32	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	10	3
48	(—)	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A&M)	1	48
49	18	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)	8	1
50	(—)	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	50

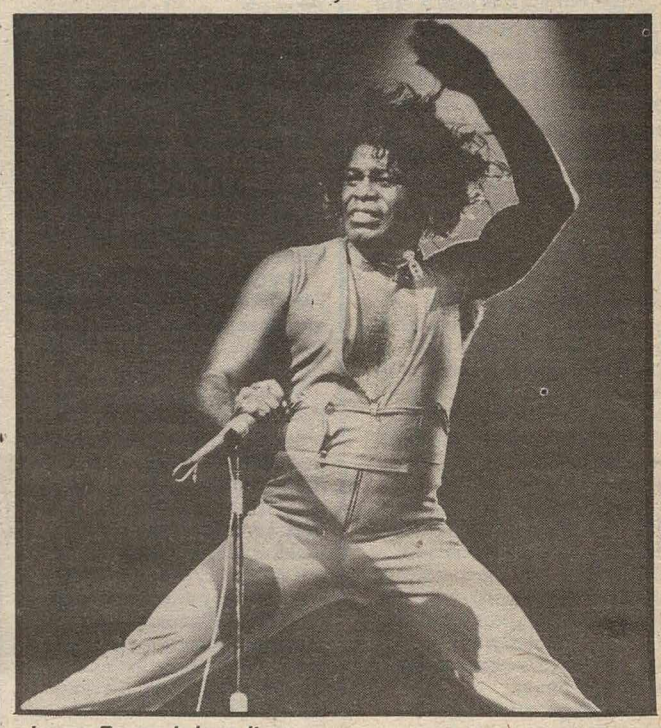
LPs UK TOP FIFTY

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	3	1
2	12	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	2	2
3	7	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	31	1
4	2	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	5	1
5	4	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	6	2
6	5	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	8	5
7	3	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	14	1
8	9	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	12	1
9	11	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	3	9
10	6	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	4	4
11	8	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	7	5
12	14	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	3	12
13	15	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (WEA)	1	13
14	20	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	9	5
15	10	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	7	4
16	(—)	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	1	16
17	42	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	2	17
18	13	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	6	3
19	21	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	4	16
20	23	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	19	1
21	16	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	12	7
22	44	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	21	1
23	17	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	6	12
24	(—)	FIRE DANCES	Killing Joke (EG)	1	24
25	19	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	9	3
26	41	ROSS	Diana Ross (Capitol)	2	26
27	18	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	4	18
28	50	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	11	5
29	22	GIRL AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	4	22
30	31	XL-1	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	4	29
31	24	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	5	10
32	26	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	6	8
33	27	LOVERS ONLY	Various (Ronco)	3	27
34	32	WAR	U2 (Island)	3	32
35	34	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	5	33
36	40	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	5	23
37	RE	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	1	37
38	25	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	4	25
39	39	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	19	2
40	30	STREETSOUNDS IV	Various (Streetsounds)	5	20
41	46	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	2	41
42	RE	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	1	42
43	28	WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	9	10
44	36	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	2	36
45	RE	ELIMINATOR	ZZ Top (Warner Bros)	1	45
46	29	HIGH DIVER	Dio (Vertigo)	6	12
47	33	CHARTSTARS	Various (K-Tel)	5	24
48	35	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	9	17
49	43	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	2	43
50	(—)	GET IT RIGHT	Aretha Franklin (Arista)	1	50

45s DANCE FLOOR

1	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
2	TELL ME WHY	Musical Youth (MCA)
3	SEARCHIN' (I GOT TO FIND ME A MAN)	Hazel Dean (Proto)
4	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
5	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)
6	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
7	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)
8	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (London)
9	BETWEEN THE SHEETS	Isley Brothers (Epic)
10	CLUB TROPICANA	Wham ! (Innervision)
11	BRING IT ON	James Brown (Sonet)
12	ITS OVER	Funkmasters (Masterfunk)
13	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)
14	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER	Police (A&M)
15	WAIT A LONG TIME FOR YOU	Thoughts (Straight 8)
16	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warners)
17	FALLEN ANGEL	Trevor Herion (Interdisc)
18	MANIAC	Michael Simbello (Casablanca)
19	BANG THE DRUM ALL DAY	Todd Rundgren (Lamborghini)
20	SOME OTHER PLACE SOME OTHER TIME	Rockets (DG) Italian Imp

Chart from Theo Loyla DJ 0227364806



James Brown brings it on.

AFRICA LPs

1	DJESSY	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro-Rhythms) ZAIRE
2	SYNCHRO-SYSTEM	Sunny Ade (Island) NIGERIA
3	YEBRE AMA OWOU	Okukuseku Int.(RAS) GHANA
4	L'EVENEMENT	Rochereau & Franco (Genidia) ZAIRE
5	HIGHLIFE SAFARI	Eric Agyeman (Apogee) GHANA
6	IYOLE	Kanda Bongo-Man (Afro-Rhythms) ZAIRE
7	WSWI YO WAPI	M'Bilia Bel (Genidia) ZAIRE
8	THE BEST AMBIANCE	Bibi Den's Tshibayi (Tangent) ZAIRE
9	AJOOMA	Gasper Lawal (CAP) NIGERIA
10	EN AMOUR	Rochereau (Genidia) ZAIRE
11	BOBBY	Sunny Ade (SAR) NIGERIA
12	AUTHORITY STEALING	Fela Anikulapo Kuti (Skylark) NIGERIA
13	ASE	Segun Adewale (SAR) NIGERIA
14	AFFAIRE VIDEO	Sam Mangwana (Tangent) ZAIRE
15	BASSONGEUR	M'Pongo Love (Safari) ZAIRE

Courtesy of Stern's African Record Centre Ltd., 116 Whitfield Street, London W1P 5RW

REGGAE LPs

1	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
2	YARD STYLE	Johnny Clarke (Ariwa)
3	COME ON OVER	Freddie McGregor (Ras)
4	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
5	THE MOUSE AND THE MAN	Eek-A-Mouse (Greensleeves)

REGGAE DJ 45s

1	DEDICATED TO YOU	Peter Metro (Volcano)
2	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG/WHO CAN MAKE THE DANCE RAM? (12")	Yellowman (Greensleeves
3	LET GO MI HAND	Josie Whale (Volcano)
4	RAGGA MUFFIN	Jim Brown (Coxsone)
5	GATE MAN (12")	Ranking Dread (Body Music)
6	ROCK SO GOOD	Peter Metro & Dick Ranking (Rhythm Ruler)
7	CREAMY CORNER	Ranking Toyan (Volcano)
8	HEATHEN	Papa Bruce (Musical Ambassador)
9	PIRATES	Rapper Roberts & Jim Brown (Studio 1)
10	EDUCATION SYSTEM (10")	Papa Bruce (Hitbound)
11	HEROES CONNECTION (10")	Johnny Stray & Nevada Joe (Jah Life)
12	ROCK IN THE ATMOSPHERE	Dickie Ranking (Volcano)
13	LEGGO ME SHIRT GATE MAN (12")	Charlie Chaplin (CSA)
14	NO TIME TO WASTE (10")	Papa Bruce (Cha Cha)
15	GHETTO ROCK	Culture Irie (Ital International)

Chart compiled by OBSERVER STATION

45s INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)	5	1
2	10	WHO DUNN IT	Crass (Crass)	5	2
3	3	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)	8	1
4	2	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)	7	3
5	6	BIRDS FLY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)	3	5
6	4	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	4	6
7	7	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	4	7
8	5	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	5	8
9	23	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)	2	9
10	9	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)	3	9
11	20	THINK ZINC	Marc Bolan (Ram)	2	11
12	11	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)	3	11
13	(—)	DEATH CULT	Death Cult (Situation 2)	1	13
14	15	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)	2	14
15	8	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)	3	8
16	19	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	16
17	13	EVOLUTION EP	Subhumans (Bluurg)	3	13
18	(—)	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	1	18
19	(—)	WE'RE SO HAPPY	Danse Society (Society)	1	19
20	26	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)	2	20
21	14	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)	3	14
22	16	WALK OUT TO WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	16
23	17	COLOURS	Brilliant (Risk)	3	17
24	21	SEBASTIANE	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	3	21
25	12	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)	3	12
26	27	SUFFRAGETTE CITY	Rose Of Victory (No Future)	2	26
27	(—)	LONDON BOUNCERS	Action Pact (Fall Out)	1	27
28	29	WOMANS HOUR	Danse Society (Society)	3	28
29	30	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	3	29
30	25	ARE YOU READY FOR THAT FEELING	Virgin Dance (Spartan)	3	25

LPs INDEPENDENT

This Week	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	7	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	2	2
2	1	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	5	1
3	2	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	11	2
4	3	YES SIR I WILL	Crass (Crass)	3	3
5	4	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	3	4
6	5	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)	3	5
7	6	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	3	6
8	10	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	3	8
9	9	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	9
10	12	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	3	10
11	13	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)	2	11
12	11	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Customers)	3	11
13	21	PAN-ORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)	2	13
14	20	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL III	Various (Anagram)	3	14
15	14	ZOMBIES	Attak (No Future)	3	14
16	8	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	8
17	(—)	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)	1	17
18	16	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)	3	16
19	19	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)	3	19
20	18	VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	18
21	29	7	Punishment Of Luxury (Red Rhino)	2	21
22	15	SECRET'S OUT	The Box (Go-Discs)	3	15
23	17	MOUSE AND THE MAN	Eek-A-Mouse (Greensleeves)	3	17
24	(—)	UN REHEARSED WRONGS	Disruptors (Radical Change)	1	24
25	(—)	THE GUILTY HAVE NO PRIDE	Death In June (New Europeans)	1	25
26	28	FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)	2	26
27	23	RASTA	Benjamin Zepheniah (Upright)	3	23
28	26	THIS MEANS WAR	Tank (Music For Nations)	2	26
29	(—)	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)	1	29
30	(—)	SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE	Blitz (Future)	1	30

JAZZ LPs

Eric Dolphy: lunch at two.

1	CARL'S BLUES	Curtis Counce (Contemporary)
2	OUT TO LUNCH	Eric Dolphy (Blue Note)
3	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
4	WE THREE KINGS	Roland Kirk (Polygram)
5	MINGUS AH UM	Charles Mingus (CBS)
6	PATH'S PRINTS	Jan Garbarek (ECM)
7	THINK OF ONE	Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
8	BLUES AND THE ABSTRACT TRUTH	Oliver Nelson (Jasmine)
9	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
10	BALLADS	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
11	KINDA BLUE	Miles Davis (CBS)
12	BLUE TRANE	John Coltrane (Blue Note)
13	CODONA THREE	Don Cherry/Colin Walcott (ECM)
14	EVEMTYRE	Jan Garbarek (ECM)
15	MEMORIAL	Clifford Brown (Blue Note)
16	ASCENSION	John Coltrane (Jasmine)
17	SONNY ROLLINS	Sonny Rollins (Blue Note)
18	STAR PEOPLE	Mile Davis (CBS)
19	THE BEST OF . . .	Grover Washington (Motown)
20	CALIFORNIA HERE I COME	Bill Evans (Verve)

Courtesy Honest Jon's, 278 Portobello Road, London W10

US 45s

1	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)
2	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
3	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
4	NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A&M)
5	WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING	Michael Jackson (Epic)
6	COME DANCING	The Kinks (Arista)
7	TOO SHY	Kajagoogoo (EMI)
8	OUR HOUSE	Madness (Geffen)
9	IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW	Duran Duran (Capitol)
10	TIME	Culture Club (Virgin)
11	STAND BACK	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
12	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Geffen)
13	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
14	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)
15	SWEET DREAMS	Eurythmics (RCA)

US LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	SYNCHRONICITY	The Police (A&M)
3	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)
6	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
7	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Modern)
8	KEEP IT UP	Loverboy (Columbia)
9	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
10	KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE	Eddy Grant (Ice)
11	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
12	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A&M)
13	H^2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
14	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
15	STATE OF CONFUSION	The Kinks (Arista)

Courtesy Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	SMURF SONG	Father Abraham (Decca)
3	DANCING IN THE CITY	Marshall Hain (Harvest)
4	THE BIGGEST BLOW	Sex Pistols (Virgin)
5	LIKE CLOCKWORK	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)
6	AIRPORT	Motors (Virgin)
7	MAN WITH THE CHILD IN HIS EYES	Kate Bush (EMI)
8	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
9	A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP	Showaddywaddy (Arista)
10	SUBSTITUTE	Clout (Carrere)

10 YEARS AGO

1	WELCOME HOME	Peters & Lee (Philips)
2	SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME	Slade (Polydor)
3	LIFE ON MARS	David Bowie (RCA)
4	SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING	Elton John (DJM)
5	BORN TO BE WITH YOU	Dave Edmunds (Rockpile)
6	ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
7	I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG	Gary Glitter (Bell)
8	GOIN' HOME	Osmonds (MGM)
9	TAKE ME TO THE MARDI GRAS	Paul Simon (CBS)
10	RANDY	Blue Mink (EMI)

15 YEARS AGO

1	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
2	SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP	O. C. Smith (CBS)
3	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
4	YESTERDAY HAS GONE	Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)
5	MONY MONY	Tommy James & The Shondells (Major Minor)
6	YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY	Ohio Express (Pye)
7	MACARTHUR PARK	Richard Harris (RCA)
8	MY NAME IS JACK	Manfred Mann (Fontana)
9	FIRE	Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track)
10	LOVIN' THINGS	Marmalade (CBS)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I'M CONFESSIN'	Frank Ifield (Columbia)
2	DEVIL IN DISGUISE	Elvis Presley (RCA)
3	I LIKE IT	Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
4	SWEETS FOR MY SWEET	Searchers (Pye)
5	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
6	DA DOO RON RON	Crystals (London)
7	TWIST AND SHOUT	Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
9	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
10	WELCOME TO MY WORLD	Jim Reeves (RCA)

COUNTRY 45s

1	THE CLOSER YOU GET	Alabama (RCA)
2	PANCHO AND LEFTY	Willie Nelson & Merle Haggard (Epic)
3	I ALWAYS GET LUCKY WITH YOU	George Jones (Epic)
4	HIGHWAY 40 BLUES	Ricky Skaggs (Epic)
5	SNAPSHOT	Sylvia (RCA)
6	YOUR LOVE'S ON THE LINE	Earl Thomas Conley (RCA)
7	HE'S A HEARTACHE	Janie Fricke (Columbia)
8	THE LOVE SHE FOUND IN ME	Gary Morris (Warner Bros)
9	I WONDER WHO'S HOLDING MY BABY TONIGHT	The Whites (Warner)
10	I LOVE HER MIND	The Bellamy Brothers (Warner)

Courtesy Billboard

MOVIES 10

1	(2)	OCTOPUSSY	(UIP)
2	(1)	RETURN OF THE JEDI	(20th FOX)
3	(3)	FLASHDANCE	(UIP)
4	(4)	MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE	(UIP)
5	(5)	TOOTSIE	(COL-EMI-Warner)
6	(6)	EDUCATING RITA	(Rank)
7	(7)	THE YEAR OF LIVING DANGEROUSLY	(UIP)
8	(8)	LOCAL HERO	(20th FOX)
9	(9)	ONE FROM THE HEART	(ARTIFICIAL EYE)
10	(—)	KING OF COMEDY	(20th FOX)

Courtesy of Screen International.

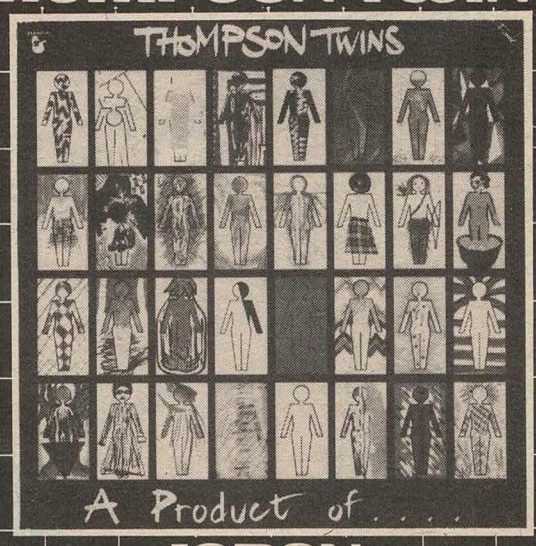
The Monty Python School Of Life.

FRED FACT

Folked again. By Mike Oldfield's 'Moonlight Shadow', I mean. Thing is, it's exactly the type of singalong that he and sister Sal were knocking out in their beer and skittles days as Sallyangie, long before the discovery of hip campanology. Then, folk's always been able to sneak into the charts if it's never actually claimed to be folk. Clannad worked the oracle by singing in Gaelic, the theory being that if people didn't know what you were singing about, then your music couldn't be readily classified. Fairport Convention, one of our best folk-oriented bands till they fell off the ledge, discovered that same ploy years ago. Accordingly they recorded a Dylan number in French and threw everyone into total confusion, taking advantage of the furore to help themselves to their one and only chart entry. Steeleye Span did much the same, having to wait until they recorded 'Gaudete', a Latin hymn, before they gained much in the way of acceptance. If Planxty or De Danaan had only come up with their version of the Russian national anthem, then maybe they too would have been massive by now. As it was, Ultravox beat them to the punch (or was it the vodka?) with 'Hymn'. Despite such setbacks, folk still makes its way forward through stealth and subterfuge, The Dexys' offering the ceilidh-rock of 'Come On Eileen' and 'Celtic Soul Brothers', Big Country making it reel big with 'In A Big Country' and Mark Knofler gaining a chart album with 'Local Hero', a soundtrack filled with traditional-sounding airs. Meanwhile, down in the indie albums, Richard Thompson, an ex-Fairporter whose case history includes an album of Morris dances, is currently rubbing elbows with the likes of New Order and Crass, thanks to 'Hand Of Kindness', one of the year's better releases. What next? Bowie live at Cecil Sharp House? Only gnomes wouldn't laugh at such a suggestion.

Fred Dellar

THOMPSON TWINS



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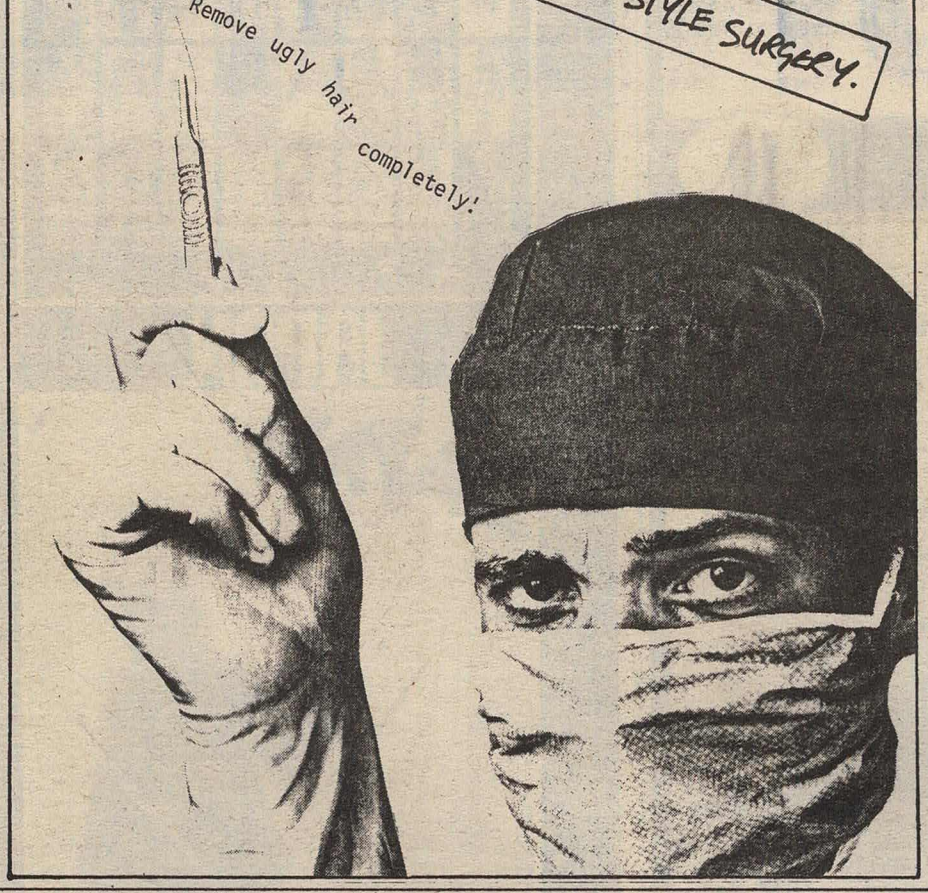

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XMAL

MANUELA R

One more time for Germany? AMRIK RAI interviews another bunch of German hopefuls who want to invade the sensibilities of the British rock public. Got your Collins' pocket dictionaries ready? Photos: KEVIN CUMMINS.

THE SHY smiles of Xmal Deutschland are being photographed for a German magazine in gentile Richmond. They sit close to each other — shoulders touching, thought processes in habitual synch — and indulge in playful but insular banter in sharp German accents.

Xmal Deutschland are five voices — worriers, workers, cautious, determined and intensely private — and five faces: Anja Huwe (vocals), Fiona Sangster (synth), Manuela Rickers (guitar), Wolfgang Ellerbrock (bass) and Manuela Zwingman (drums).

Ostensibly, they're out to enjoy a short rest period after a shockingly brilliant performance at Brixton's Ace, but of course, it's rapidly becoming an endless stream of press, radio and photo sessions: John Peel last night, *Melody Maker* and *Sounds* tomorrow. For the Xmals, this is all something of a shock.

The last and first time they were in England was as an obscure Hamburg cult band with two singles — 'Schwarze Welt' and 'Incubus Succubus' — out on the German independent Zick Zack label. Having been *discovered* by 4AD maestro Ivo, they were invited over to play a few selective dates with Danse Society and Cocteau Twins.

This time, however, their arrival heralds a considerably different status. Their debut album, 'Fetisch', has been jostling for place at the top of the Indie charts — coming a close third to the pap and calculation of New Order and Aztec Camera — for two solid months. And in the context of such consistently dismal charts, the Xmal effect has been all the more stunning.

The word is out, and Xmal Deutschland know they have to be seen to be involved and in control. Pop stars! They fail, they're too nervous, tense and obviously reluctant participants in *let's play public figures*. I try to ingratiate myself into the Xmal unit by pointing a microphone at the bassist.

Say something arty into this, Wolfgang.

"Ja. One gin and tonic please."

A WELL spoken shock of red and black hair, Fiona Sangster comes from Glasgow, to where her mother returned after graduating from Hamburg University. At 19, she's the youngest of the Xmals and her garrulity shows an obvious delight in being able to talk lengthily in English.

After a childhood spent in Jamaica, and an adolescence in the heat and heart of Glasgow punk, she eventually settled in Hamburg with her mother.

"Whereas the punk thing seemed a bit jaded back home, it was just starting out in Hamburg. It was really crazy, 'cos the whole scene involved about 30 people all clinging to each other for moral support. It was pretty scary too; my mother lives out on the outskirts so I always had a long dangerous trek back anyway . . . but everytime we went to a club, there'd be about 300 teds outside, just waiting to kick the shit out of us.

"That was how Xmal Deutschland began . . . safety in numbers and just sheer love of music. No, don't print that, it sounds too corny for words."

"First time out we were really hard punks," laughs Anja as she sweeps aside an impressive platinum blond quiff. "And we were five girls then, and although it was totally accidental, everyone used to call us a big joke, saying we were pretty and it didn't matter if we couldn't play."

But I had no intention of being *this* informative — and subtly sexist — by telling you in BLOCK CAPITALS that Xmal Deutschland are a NEARLY ALL-FEMALE band with a TOKEN MALE bassist. But the Xmals stress an inclusion of sorts.

Fiona: "The Hamburg scene developed into a really ugly pathetic thing, really sexist and incestuous. It still is, they're all prats. But they're the ones we've got to thank for being here today. We just decided not to have anything to do with their sexism and their scene. We just thought, right we'll show the bastards."

And have you shown the bastards?

Wolfgang: "In some ways yes, but there are people who don't ever want to understand. We don't think in terms of boys and girls. Even when I joined, they thought it was a bloody big joke. And now everybody's amazed that we've got such a powerful drummer, just because she is a girl. Everybody can do it y'know . . . this is the 20th fucking century."

The baldly physical drummer in question is Manuela Zwingman. While Xmal were manicuring their initial punky derivative, she was studying political science in alternate spells at Hamburg and Washington DC.

"I wanted to do something sensible with my life, but after several years of studying very hard, I found I was getting more satisfaction from moving and rhythms. Xmal needed a drummer and I liked their music even though I knew a lot of people didn't."

ALTHOUGH XMAL Deutschland's presentation often has the impact of falling masonry, their origins owe less to the dentist drill etiquette and avant garden parties of Berlin and Einstürzende Neubauten than they do to Wire's embryonic slumming at London's Roxy club.

In Brixton they drew me in and drained me out with a music that, if it wasn't a Thursday, I'd probably have dismissed as little more than a puerile pillage. Just like Wire. But there's a desperate, disarming naivety and a singularly unpretentious intimacy about Xmal Deutschland that somehow waives any rash criticism of thoughtless eclecticism and accentuates their very obvious appeal.

Despite a seemingly endless flow of publicity and promotion, none of the other bands German bands – including DAF — has infiltrated the British music scene much further than the all-embracing arms of our precious capital. And even then, none has been given such an unequivocal thumbs up as Xmal Deutschland. Only two months ago, Palais Schaumburg played

DEUTSCHLAND

RELUCTANT STEREOTYPES

ANJA

FIONA

MANUELA

WOLFGANG

to an audienceof 20 at Manchester's Hacienda. Why?

Fiona: "Most of them have come here with very high-minded attitudes and thought that just because they've been on the cover of *NME*, they have an automatic right to big crowds. Obviously, people don't take so much notice of the press in the provinces, they don't have to be too cool. The only time we've played here has been as support, and the people that are coming to see us are coming, not because they've read about us in *NME*, but because they've either bought 'Fetisch' or gone out of their way to listen to it. I don't think we're getting any casual observers."

Wolfgang: "Most of those other bands are either too German or too bloody English copies. Now, loads of people have gone really jealous of us in Germany. They wouldn't believe it when we got a contract with 4AD, they were asking us what we had to do to get it. We just went over with a fucking rehearsal tape; anyone can do it."

Fiona: "Once we'd decided to leave Zick Zack, there was a choice of signing with a bigger German label — where you have to sell more than just your soul — or coming over here. Luckily them — the packaging, the music and the style — and we got together to make 'Fetisch'."

FETISCH' LIVES in a noisy precinct of subtopian architecture and feverish activity, a couple of streets away from The Screaming metallic collage of the Banshees and within disdainful spitting distance of The Whip-ping mystical platitudes of The Sex Gangs.

Without actually immersing themselves wholly within the punk period, Xmal tap and trigger the essential heart, filter the brilliance and surface with an icy, urgent music . . . a collection of wide-eyed, trembling impressions and echoes that encapsulate a stern spirit of confrontation, without even trying. It's the only way.

Wolfgang doesn't agree.

"We're echoing the Banshees? I hate 'The Scream'. If you think we're echoing that, there's something wrong."

Fiona sees the point.

"We'll never get away from those comparisons, and they're useful to an extent, it's just when someone stops at Banshee soundalikes that it gets annoying. Nothing we do is that premeditated, we don't have a concept as such, so the music that comes out is genuinely spontaneous. There's no telling what our next single's going to sound like."

Anja with relish: "It's going to be really wild."

Wolfgang with grit: "I hate all those stupid comparisons. It encourages people to expect something from us. So that if we change our music suddenly, we will lose much of our audience. That is sad, but we don't intend to stand still, we're very selfish and we make our music first to please us. We can't go into a rehearsal room and play the same song for a year, again and again, we'd go nuts. We have new ideas all the time and we like to work on them rather than do the same stuff."

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND are a kaleidoscopic clash of ideas, stretched in to shape by violent delight: going from A to B in a single terse but illustrative gesture and bypassing completely any facile ostentation and epic construction.

Remember Wire (again)? Xmal parade a similar intuitive amateurism that exhumes primitive passions and interns ascetic technical control: flesh and blood from pure pandemonium.

Wolfgang is pleased, the capricious boy.

"That's it, good. The idea is the essence. Whatever the music comes out like, whether it's like the Banshees or Black Sabbath, if you can still see the idea, that's good. For me, sometimes I'm playing very simple things on bass and I feel a bit stupid, but I know it's the best way, the only way."

Wouldn't the ideas be more self-explanatory if you sung in English? Wolfgang becomes indignant.

"No. It's good because you have to work a bit, it's more two-sided, you have to imagine the voice as another instrument and let the music talk to you. We're not going to start singing in English just to make it easy, y'know. If anyone wants more, all they have to do is buy a dictionary and translate."

Isn't that asking a bit much?

"Why? We have had to do it since ages in Germany with English music . . . and even with a lot of German music."

Can you seriously see people bringing along their Collins' pocket Eng-Germs?

"For me, it is important that they understand. They can do it through the music but, if not, they have to translate."

Without a dictionary I'd guess that most of your songs deal with fairly morose subjects. Are you a bunch of morbid sods?

Anja: I write about lots of sadness, but that isn't everything.

Manuela R: "When people leave one of our concerts, we want them to feel totally drained and shocked, like they have been in a whirlpool. Whatever they have come to see, whether it's positive punk or another Banshees, we want them to be disappointed . . . but happy and optimistic in a different way."

If I was describing your music, those last two adjectives would be the last things in my mind.

Fiona: "You're not looking hard enough. We're not nihilists, y'know."

Manuela Z: "The problem is in trying to communicate the optimism. It's much easier to sing about doom and gloom, and we're not developed enough to communicate as well as we want to. People are put off by the heavy sound barrier and don't look any further.

Considering the language difficulties and your wilful wall of sound production, can you see Xmal Deutschland ever having more than a largish cult following? How about *TOTP* and daytime radio?

Anja: "I like to play in an underground band. I don't want to be in a too big and successful band because we've got something very special and I want to keep that. That's just the way we are . . . When we play live we want to show people how we are.

But not *really* how. We have to keep something to ourselves. I can't really handle being on a big stage. I like singing, but when people start singing along with me I start thinking, God! What do these people think I am? Whatever they think, it's wrong. I'm not made to be a star."

You're the only kind of star, Anja. Goodnight Wolfgang.

RANTERS CORNER ● CLUBS IN THE PIPELINE ● CHET BAKER'S STORY ●

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DARREN SHAKESPEARE, RANTER

Further exclusive revelations from the personal diary of Barnsley's most explosive poet . . .

Bloke came into the house and said "Right mate you'll do". I said Knock before you come in bastard you'll disturb the baby charging in like that. He said "How can I knock you haven't got a door" I said That's okay bastard I haven't got a baby. He said "You wouldn't have the strength". I said I can push like the rest of them and do the bastard deep gasping.

He said "Anyway, you'll do". I said You've said that once bastard what's your trouble long-term stammering or what? He said "You're just the bloke I need for my TV programme Where Are They Now*". I said They're the same place they've always bastard been. I stood up and pointed. A boy scout came in asking for Jumble. I'll never understand it. It always happens. A boy scout always comes in asking for Jumble whenever I point at my balls. It's like a curse.*

He went out and for an experiment I pointed at them again. He came in again and said "Have you got any Jumble?" I'll never understand it.

The bloke was still there. He said "I'm making a series called Where Are They Now *about people who were never famous and never will be. It makes a change. I was going to call it* Who Cares Where They Are Now *but everybody thought it was going to be a documentary about Round-the-Globe Skateboarders Frank Sellbrushes and Lorna Sapele." Where are they now? I asked for a joke. He didn't say anything.*

Suddenly I got mad. Anyway, I'll soon be bastard famous! I'll soon be a bastard household name! I shouted. He said "Listen son the only way you'll be a household name is to change it to Darren Sette." Bastard! This is where those "Teach yourself Badinage" classes at the Tech. would have come in useful. But I only went to one, so I hit him.

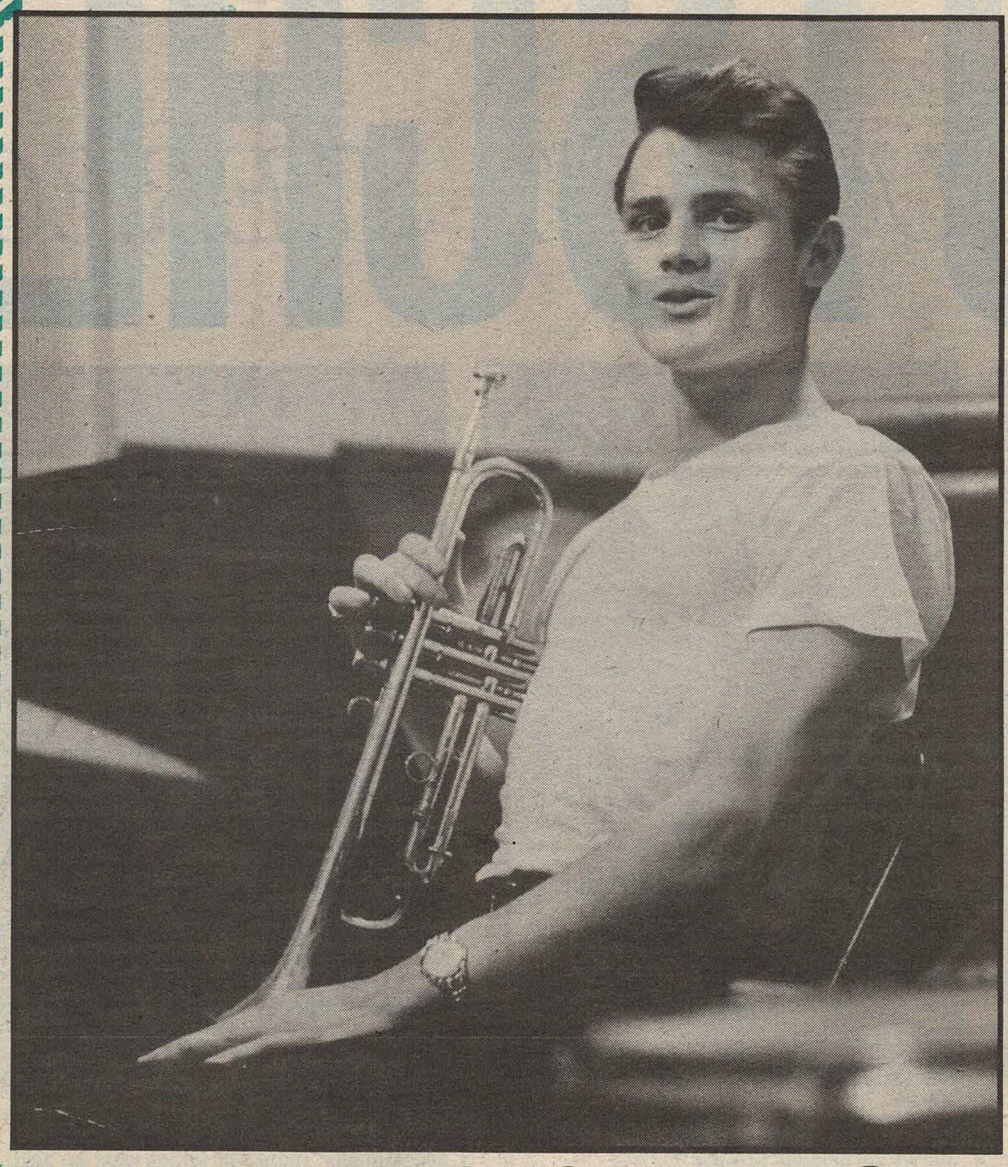
A fiver fell out of his pocket. I hit him again and I could hear the pound coins rattling in his purse. Will they pay me if I'm on these bastard programmes? I asked. "Two hundred quid a show" he said. I didn't hit again. Okay Okay I'll bastard reluctantly bastard agree to bastard do it, I said.

"Right, the only thing is we'll have to go out into the street and make sure you don't get recognised" he said. We went out. The street was empty. Somebody was approaching from a distance. Oh, no! I said; it was my mate Don The Surrealist Milkman. He was bound to recognise me. He'd known me for years. He walked up to us. I tried to tell him, using deaf language, not to recognise me. His cheeks were bulging out like barrage balloons and I knew he was about to do a surrealist event. He came up to me and spit custard all over my trousers. Bright yellow custard! Bastard!

I gestured at the mess over my trousers. Don! I shouted. The boy scout came up and said "have you got any Jumble?" It happens every time. I'll never understand it.

(Darren Shakespeare was talking to IAN McMILLAN)

One of the coolest ever crooners — Chet Baker



BLOWING CHET'S TRUMPET

CHET BAKER'S earlier career had all the necessary requirements for a short one act play, until someone abruptly changed script-writers and substituted the trumpet player's almost obligatory live fast/die young burn-out with a full-blown tragedy.

As one half of the front-line of Gerry Mulligan's innovative cool jazz quartet, the forlorn sensitivity of his pure-toned trumpet enabled 23-year old Baker to win a pawn shop full of trophies starting with the New Star Award in *Down Beat* magazine's prestigious 1953 International Critics' Poll.

Mulligan's refusal to then improve upon his star sideman's nightly salary of a meagre $20, split the partnership propelling Baker to the brink of becoming the Beat Generation's most popular jazz figure. But when, in '54, Baker launched a parallel career as one of the coolest-ever crooners, the efforts of this Oklahoma kid were greeted by a very hostile press.

In this instance, fame truly was of the 'overnight' variety and, as such, bitterly resented by long-time dues payers.

Baker always maintains that being situated precisely in both the right time and place caused him to be overpraised at the expense of Dizzy, Miles and Brownie. Naturally, the inevitable backlash drew blood. That Chet Baker also had a monkey on his back bigger than King Kong proved another strike against him.

He may not have possessed the animal cunning of his closest stylistic rival — Miles Davis, but nevertheless, Baker knew how best to work effectively within his technical limitations.

The same values applied to the most widely misconstrued facet of this young man's talents — his singing. Despite venomous critical hostility towards his vocal ability, for a moment it did look as though Chet Baker might just be capable of generating genuine Sinatra-style swooning.

So, whilst the bobby-soxers rapidly increased and his customised Ivy League threads were widely copied by the coolest of clean-cut cats, Baker's detractors mocked his brooding 'Doomed Youth' good-looks — which pre-date the very same image that James Dean successfully immortalised — branding his unadorned singing as insipid, effete . . . faggy even.

Chet Baker was by no means the first jazz player to turn popular vocalist. Bop bandleader Billy Eckstine had already 'yawned' his way to the very top of the world's pop charts, pianist Nat 'King' Cole was *the* Sepia Sinatra, Satchmo sold infinitely more shellac for growlin' than he ever did for blowin' a blue horn, whilst even Buddy Rich and Oscar Peterson found time to cut personable vocal albums.

Only Chet Baker's low-key efforts seemed to come in for ridicule.

Certainly, he may not have possessed the sheer eloquence of Mel Torme or the finger-snappin' hipness of Buddy Greco (both former musicians), but that was never Baker's intended pitch. Whereas, in an effort to enforce their respective individuality, would-be *jazz* singers often went to (unnecessary) extremes to restructure the melody of any given song without due thought for the lyric, Baker would content himself with a straight interpretation of the composer's original theme.

His approach was simple: lips pressed gently to the microphone so as to achieve maximum amplification, Baker wistfully crooned as softly and as intimately as possible, reserving any embellishment for his upcoming trumpet break.

What the verbal bullies who castigated him for being unable to "carry a tune" failed to recognise was a minimalist vocal extension of the introspective vibratoless trumpet style that so many of them openly applauded.

In retrospect, Chet Baker came across as a latter-day Bix Beiderbecke — a jazz trumpeter with a charismatic self-destructive streak who, two decades earlier, died of old age at 28!

During the first frantic flush of Baker's success, this particular trait wasn't as clear cut. The vulnerable little-boy-lost persona that seemed so natural to this aspiring vocalist guaranteed him a direct line to every young lonely heart so that the mere utterance of 'Someone To Watch Over Me', 'I Fall In Love Too Easily' or the lightly swinging 'But Not For Me' was enough to spark off breathless adulation.

An almost flawless rendition of 'My Funny Valentine' — a standard with which he enjoyed threefold success — marks the crystallisation of both Baker's skeletal vocal and trumpet skill. His initial waxing of the tune with Mulligan's Quartet contributed greatly to his initial popularity, whilst both Baker's solo instrumental and vocal versions, which he later cut with pianist Russ Freeman, enabled him to call the song his own.

With the tempo just the right side of funereal, Chet Baker's plaintive and understated vocal remained, almost 30 years later, powerful enough to not only inspire Costello (who also waxed 'My Funny Valentine') to craft 'Almost Blue' (from 'Imperial Bedroom') in the same atmospheric after-hours mood, and to generate demand for the reissue of Baker's long-deleted vocal albums, but for Costello to actually hire Baker to blow horn on his own version of 'Shipbuilding'.

Under different circumstances, Baker could have outdistanced the often two-faced critical lashings and consolidated himself as the Last Crooner in town before rock 'n' roll put paid to the species.

However, the narcotic albatross that haunted him, the lack of continuity in his formative career and years of living his sad life in banner headlines across the pages of the world's most sordid scandal sheets put paid to any real ambition.

Nowadays Baker is a journeyman as a means of survival and his artistry has gained both considerable strength and passion, and whilst he may no longer nurture serious thoughts of a singing career, vocal cuts — still to the annoyance of some — invariably appear amongst his current prolific recorded output.

ROY CARR

CLUBS

"Hey! Let's put the show on RIGHT HERE!"
David Quantick asks whether you have to be a big spender to have your own Hacienda . . . In other words, HOW TO SET UP A CLUB.

YOU could hardly say it was a quiet time for nightclubs. There are now, it seems, a *lot* of clubs and almost any kind of punter is catered for. Our reporter ventured into clubland to see how it's done.

The Strange method is easiest; you just get a few businessmen interested in investing the odd million. But I went for another kind of club – a club like the Pipeline.

The Pipeline is on Tuesday nights at Gossips (69 Dean Street, Soho). Small, dark, a pound a pint, the music is by and large nostalgic punk tinged with the odd demo tape and embarrasing Johnny Thunders recordings. With plans for a record label, and a successful start at the live bands game (already they've had The Barracudas and Nikki Sudden) the Pipeline could be on its way. And it was here, in between scavenging cigarettes from rocking DJ Pedro Mercedes, that I spoke to the Pipeline's John, who explained in simple words How To Set Up A Club.

THE VENUE. If you live in a city, small town, or anything above hamlet level, then somewhere near you is a disco or third-rate nightclub that makes no money during the week or out of the holiday season. If you tell the owner that you can get people into the club to drink – at a time when his business is nil – then usually you should have no problems getting a venue. The Pipeline pays its sponsors by splitting the door money, but John tells me that places outside the metropolis don't even ask for that, so long as the bar-takings are reasonable.

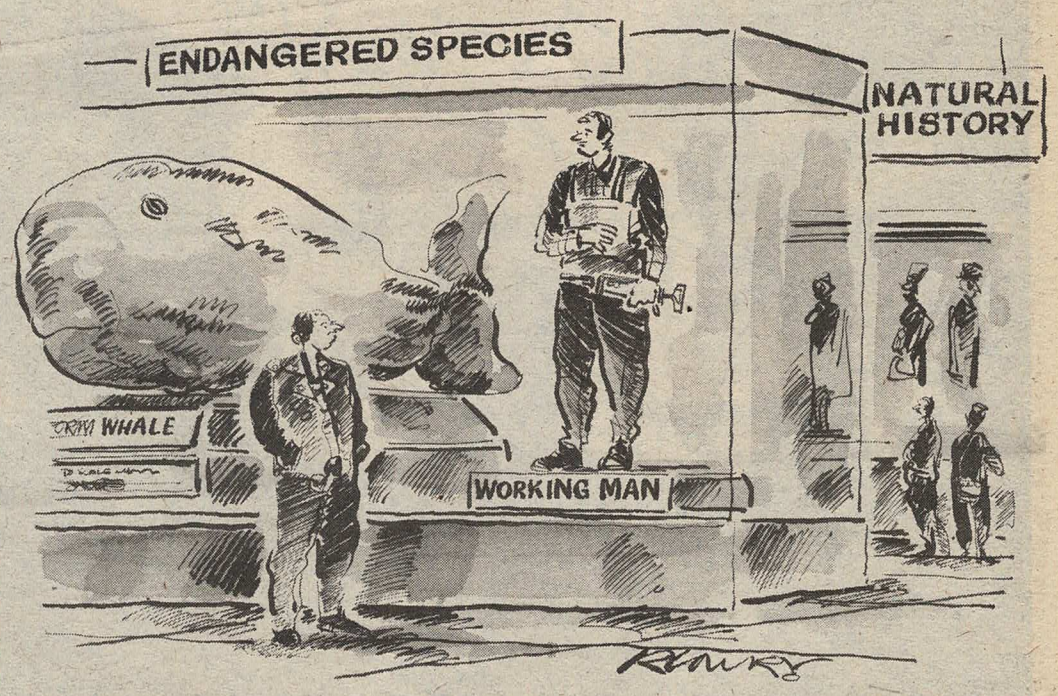
THE DISCO. This part is easy. Most clubs will have their own equipment, and the average console is fairly clearly laid out (you've seen one, you've seen them all). However, should you be using a church hall or a disused railway carriage, then either consult the Yellow Pages for a small cheap hire firm, or better still, try a local school. Schools often hire equipment from people who don't charge much, and pumping the relevant teacher is probably the best way of getting cut-price functioning gear.

PUBLICITY. In a small town, word of mouth is usually quite effective, but in larger places handbills should be printed. Try a local printers, make a friend at art school, or steal a Xerox machine. The local paper should be approached – you could get free publicity if you make out your club has news value. Otherwise, ads aren't that dear. If you're using handbills, give them out after gigs or to record shops in the area – anywhere you suspect your future chic clientele will gather.

And the world is your ostrich . . .

(The Pipeline opens at 10.30 on Tuesdays. Admission £2, coats 20p to Janine. Thanks to John, Jude, Carol and Pedro.)

lowry



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SPK SPEC ● TV FORTUNES LOST AND WON ●

SOAPIES - THE AXEMAN COMETH

IRENE CARA is fast becoming the black Diana Ross. She dropped out just in time. Her former classmates have one more term before being shown the trap door.

Leroy! Bruno! Doris! Tossed aside like last year's legwarmers! What will become of them? Will Leroy fall foul of the law for impersonating an Imagination roadie? Will Bruno succeed in his ambition to become the thinking man's Bobby Crush? Will Doris, the life and soul of the Bar Mitzvah, overdose on chicken soup, or is that just wishful thinking? We will never know. . .

Over here *Fame* is rated right up there with such one dimensional deities as Elsie Tanner and Esther Rantzen. Coco, darling of the leotards and lollipops set, has been the biggest non-pop cultural landmark for pubescent girls since Olga Korbut (not that I have been a pubescent girl for a good few years now). In the ratings according to BARB, *Fame* (one of only three American TV series that appears in the top ten shows of all four channels) pulls in 7.80 million viewers a week – the BBC has only two programmes which are more popular.

Meanwhile back in the States *Fame* has flopped so horribly that the axeman cometh. The folks in the Flyover probably found those exuberant, ethnic Kids a touch unsettling – that seething mass of scantily clad black and Hispanic youth whooping and whirling, consistently coming on like meticulously choreographed Mau Mau, the song and dance merely metaphors for pillage and plunder. Very *exotic*, which is what they like about it in merry olde England. Even most of the moronic majority like the *idea* of a multi-racial society – so long as it is operating in another country.

Even after the storylines let their minds go blank (the first few episodes of the first series) and the weekly guest appearances became hideous eyesores (Jimmy Osmond as a mentally deficient ham – typecasting's finest moment) *Fame* had its moments, it got by. Because somewhere between being patted on the head with Mickey Mouse and kicked in the teeth with My Lai, you get won over by America's musicals. But then, "*I'm going to have my moments, I'm going to learn to get by*" somehow does not have the same ring about it.

Recently glib and glum pundits on *Did You See?* decided that *Fame* reflected the America of Reaganomics – self-help, individual effort, a solipsistic morality, ring-the-bell-Mac-I'm-on-the-bus, all that. Obviously the opposite is the case – the youngsters have a sense of community that is at times alarming. If someone has a problem it is *always* talked out, usually with the aid of tap dancing and a cast of thousands. At the small screen N.Y.H.S.P.A. group therapy is as compulsory as the communal shower after games at any old comprehensive.

Nothing like real life of course, but . . . oh, I can't go on with this. .

THE KIDS FROM *NME* (concerned): Gee, what's wrong, Tony?

ME (clenching teeth, voice choked with feeling): There's something that I just gotta say . . . (singing) . . . Now . . . as I watch the ships go by . . .

THE KIDS FROM *NME* (joining hands and singing): He's rooted to his shore!

ME (brushing aside a tear): And I keep asking myself why . . .

ALL (voices soaring, sobbing helplessly and turning to face a seated Roy Carr, his eyes wet with emotion): We're so happy now! Oh God we are happy now! (Freeze frame and roll credits - go straight to Welfare line - do not pass GO, do not collect £200 or immortality).

Another import soon to be chopped is the great *Cagney And Lacey*. According to the BARB ratings it pulls 8.55 million viewers a week, the second most popular programme on BBC – only Fang's *That's Life* does better. It is being axed for being, in the words of the network spokesman, "too butch". Shame! Nobody ever canned *Starsky And Hutch – the* big girls blouses of the '70s – for being too effeminate.

If *Starsky And Hutch* was the American cop show at its worse it certainly had some stiff competition in that monstrous spate of a decade ago. All those candy-sucking paraplegic cowboys that took the advice of the small town stripper to the young Gypsy Rose Lee – "*You gotta get a gimmick, Gotta get a gimmick, If you want to get ahead*".

All those overweight underwashed baldheads that the hippy fraternity saw as some kind of right wing conspiracy immersing the masses in reaction (surely no propaganda was ever so dull). From *Starsky And Hutch* to *Law And Order* the TV boys in blue always tend to be self-regarding, mawkish show offs. The best police force in the world of the box are invariably women – from the wondrous painted avengers of *Charlies Angels* through our own *Juliet Bravo* and *The Gentle Touch* to the soon to be lamented *Cagney And Lacey*.

What I like about them second best is that the villians *sometimes get away with it.* This is a massive nod towards reality for a cop show. The most brutal, realistic depictions of the police ever were also the most innocent and they were made 50 years ago – all those monochrome mean streets sagas that Hollywood made during the Depression. When a suspect was picked up in these films he was *automatically* slapped around – just like in real life. There was a real innocence about the brutality depicted, they showed it without thinking about it. If anyone truly showed the way it was – is – these days they would never get past the pilot episode, they would get crucified for leaving the artifice out of the art.

What I like best of all about *Cagney And Lacey* are the opening titles when they are apprehending some criminal and a flasher wearing nothing but his dirt mac approaches them, reveals all, and they just carry on carting their suspect away, giving the flasher this real *withering* look. I guess that's what the network man meant by too butch. I shudder to think how Starsky and Hutch would have handled the situation.

One show that will be spared the axeman until Judgement Day – at least – is *Top Of The Pops*. It is as good as the records the people are buying and – despite the crawling conceit of prattling DJs, despite the hired dancing strumpets flaunting their uninteresting wares (the girl dancers are just as bad), despite the time wasting on reviews of the Monaguesque charts – despite all the odds – it prances on, oblivious to the years, flaunting its frippery like Baby Jane Hudson.

Top Of The Pops CAN NOT BE SPOILED OR HELPED.

Lately it has featured an epidemic of heads that I would have been quite happy to see the axeman claim as his own ten years ago. Rod, Elton, David – it could have been *Unforgettable*, the cabaret of the living dead.

Unforgettable is introduced by the ageless Fluff and comes from the ludicrously named Cinatras – cavernous and gaudy, truly Mecca of Meccas, you can almost smell the stale Brut. The titles feature little West End landmarks that look so great lit up at night in titles and in real life daylight look so small and sad, just so much gilded squalor.

The show itself mostly features frozen haircuts and grins, acts whose hits have dried up but whose chins keep on coming. Its main appeal is morbidly mirthful fascination but there are enough flashes of former glory to provide the odd moment of mild magic.

In last week's episode Mud did their slightly apocalyptic 'Tiger Feet' and I was saddened to see that their line up has changed. Where did he go? That young bass player who wore Christmas decorations for earrings? Surely *he* was unforgettable? A cast of thousands of session singers regularly fills the endless stage, sagging under the weight of their halter backs, white suits and capped teeth, for the ritual mutilation of some standard – why do standards always suffer at the hands of people who have none?

Next an anonymous, unidentified black singer mimed 'Me And Mrs Jones'. He did this little dance on the spot and grimaced with emotion. He looked like a punchy middleweight.

Then Bo Diddley came on and ran through his paces without emotion – another payday, he seemed to shrug. But even on automatic pilot the man was magnificent and – despite the rank absurdity of his place of work – he surely had the mark of a man who was going to live forever.

TONY PARSONS

Iene Cara fast becoming the black Diana Ross

Pic Peter Anderson

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

SPK

SINAN

FILMS

Marat/Sade **– Brook**
Repulsion **– Polanski**
Seven Samurai **– Kurosawa**
Fellini Satyricon
The films of Hitchcock and Resnais
Dr. Strangelove, Clockwork Orange, 2001 **– Kubrick**

MUSIC

Associates
New Order
Siouxsie & The Banshees
Grace Jones
Japanese Bunraku & Buddhist Chanting
Indonesian Gamelan music
Arabic, Tibetan, Australian aboriginal, Pygmy, American Indian rhythms and chants.
Mongolian and Chinese wailing.

WRITERS

Sylvia Plath
Jorges Luis Borges
James Joyce
Yukio Mishima
Virginia Woolf
J. G. Ballard
Samuel Beckett
Franz Kafka

LIKES

The Munsters
Monty Python
Peter Cook
Get Smart

GRAEME

SOUNDS

Neu!
Can
Cluster
Harmonia
Kraftwerk
PiL
Harry Partch (who made all his own instruments out of found objects)
Liaisons Dangereuses
The same ethnik music as Sinan

FILMS

Eraserhead **–Lynch**
Kwaidan/Woman of the Snows **– Kobayashi**
All the films of:
Fritz Lang
Tarkovski
Buñuel
Syberberg
Shroeter

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V-DISC DATA ● BONSAI FOREST TAKE ROOT IN THE MADNESS CAMP ● END GAMES' ENDLESS AIRPLAY

RECORD SPOILS

WHENEVER it comes to armed conflict, Uncle Sam manages to make a killing on more than just the battlefield. Between October 1943 and May 1949, the enterprising ol' fella ran one of America's most uniquely successful record labels.

Victory Records (better known as V-Discs) came into being in '42, when the AFM (American Federation of Musicians) slapped a two year union ban on all domestic recording.

Enter the US War Department who, realising that brass bands blasting out Sousa marches were in no way sufficient to boost the morale of Kingdom of Swing conscripts and deter them from mutinous thoughts, circumvented the AFM ban to launch V-Discs: its exclusive to service personnel label.

During its existence, V-Discs released over 900 12-inch 78s – a format that offered an extended playing time of six and a half minutes per side against the usual three and a half minutes maximum on the standard ten-inch single.

Not only did all the participating artists donate their services free of any payment, but many prefaced their discs with a few carefully chosen words for the troops. These avoided patriotic Kill-A-Gook-For-God homilies in favour of a more personal approach. Sinatra introduced himself thus: "Gentlemen of the Armed Forces, this is the hoodlum from Hoboken . . ." Louis Jordan, having stated he was "making some V-Discs for you cats overseas," then suggested, "Get groovy and latch onto some of this jive".

Small, but effective comfort if you were thousands of miles away from home crouching in a fox-hole with a spring-crank portable. Nevertheless, V-Discs served their purpose, for an estimated eight million platters were shipped overseas.

When, in 1949, the V-Disc operation was discontinued, the terms of the agreement didn't allow for any over-stock to be sold off as military surplus, so the order was issued to destroy all existing components. This took much longer than anticipated because – being wartime – V-Discs were the few platters made from unbreakable vinyl. Because of the exclusivity of much of the V-Disc catalogue, a lucrative black market trade spread so rapidly that the FBI had to be brought in to confiscate large quantities of mint discs which had fallen off the backs of tanks and into the arms of racketeers. At least one record company employee served time in the slammer for illegal possession of 2,500 singles. His defence: he'd just taken them home to play for his own amusement!

Such was the magnitude of the enterprise that it took noted researcher Richard S. Sears all of 15 years, 1166 pages and a few million words to annotate, in minute detail, the V-Disc phenomenon. In terms of completeness, Sears' tome (published by Greenwood Press) easily supercedes any previous discographical ventures. If Capt. Bob Vincent received the Legion of Merit for organising V-Discs then Richard S. Sears deserves a similar award for compiling its history.

As to what eventually became of these recorded treasures: legal obstacles have made it impossible to officially re-release all but a limited number of sides. Locating 'clean' V-Discs has spawned both its own World War Two memorabilia junkies and fast-buck entrepreneurs.

In countries like Italy – where copyright law is viewed as a minor irritant best ignored – a quick rummage through the souvenirs of nostalgic one-time G I Joe girlfriends has uncovered sufficient V-Discs for local labels to produce dozens of album compilations or, as in the case of the Hoboken Hoodlum, a three disc set.

So much for the spoils of war!

ROY CARR

Adrian Thrills weighs up the nutty boys' riposte to Respond.

IN THE four years since they first shuffled their loafers in the name of lunacy, Madness have never been a band noted for nurturing any music talent other than their own.

While their pork pie hatted peers The Specials and The Beat were ploughing time and money into their respective collectives 2-Tone and Go-Feet, the Camden Town bogus dancers stuck resolutely to the straight and nutty. Their main concern has always been their own career and the resulting success speaks for itself.

This summer all that is set to change. With a quartet of quality albums and countless classic hit singles under their belts, the nutty boys have now decided to form a label of their own. Though the project has yet to be officially christened – Camden Records was considered until it was discovered that one already existed – the first signing has already been made.

The band in whom they have placed their faith go by the name of Bonsai Forest and, along with their credit-worthy comrades The Flips, they are practically the only thing that makes a trip down into the murky bowels of the North London pub circuit a worthwhile proposition.

Bonsai Forest aim to entertain. Catch them in a crowded hostelry on a hot night and it is hard not to be carried along on the wave of warmth, wit and intimacy that they generate – a charged but congenial atmosphere not that different from the spirited camraderie that reigned at an early Madness gig.

Nutty bassist Mark Bedford, producing the first Bonsai single 'The Great Escape', is quick to point out the musical chasm between Madness and their new signing, but he also acknowledges the similarity of spirit: "I don't want to come over as the old man of rock, but I do see something of ourselves early on in the Bonsais. They want to make good records, but they also want to enjoy themselves. They don't take themselves too seriously."

The humour is most evident when the group are onstage. In the studio, the musical merits of the Hackney five-piece come more to the fore. The single, which also features Funboy band members Nicky Holland and Ingrid Schroeder, is crisply focused and excellently constructed, the occasional clutter of their thrusting live sound

Bonsai boys Pics Clare Müller

TR-END GAMES

OVER THE last fortnight, I have heard End Games' new single 'Waiting For Another Chance' on my local station (Radio Clyde) approximately 35 times. And I've seen them on STV once or twice. It's almost as if the West of Scotland media have finally found someone they can plug to death instead of ignoring. As they say, there's nae weirdos in *this* band, wee man. *They* are in the mould of typical glossy popsters: smart, clean, image conscious and totally accessible.

Or are they? Even after more than 40 hearings (it plays in bars too) a tiny spark of something hummable remains in the catchy chorus and the lean beat of their pop sensibility. They could almost be a Spandau stripped of the operatics and pretensions.

End Games are fronted by the somewhat dissipated Davy Rudden, with Paul Wishart on flute and sax, David Murdoch on keyboards and Douglas Muirden on bass and keyboards. Brian McGee and Willie Gardner make up the sixsome, Brian being the original drummer with Simple Minds and the power house that the End Games motor runs on, and Willie the golden voiced guitarist formerly from the long defunct Zones. Both became full members of End Games last Christmas coinciding with the switch from Phonogram to Virgin. That, and the release of this new single signalled a change in approach for the band – albeit a subtle one, a lightness of tone in comparison to the dance floor optimism of their previous release 'First, Last, Everything'.

"We're a lot more disciplined," Davy explains, "now that we know what market we're going for – the money market! We've toned everything down to concentrate on writing good, commercial songs."

The commerciality of the new singles is obvious, but End Games don't see themselves as purely disposable pop.

Brian: "It's good *quality* music. If you want to call it pop then we're going to be bracketed as throwaway stuff. I've never done anything I would consider lighthearted or throwaway, although I can see that a lot of people might think that this single is like that."

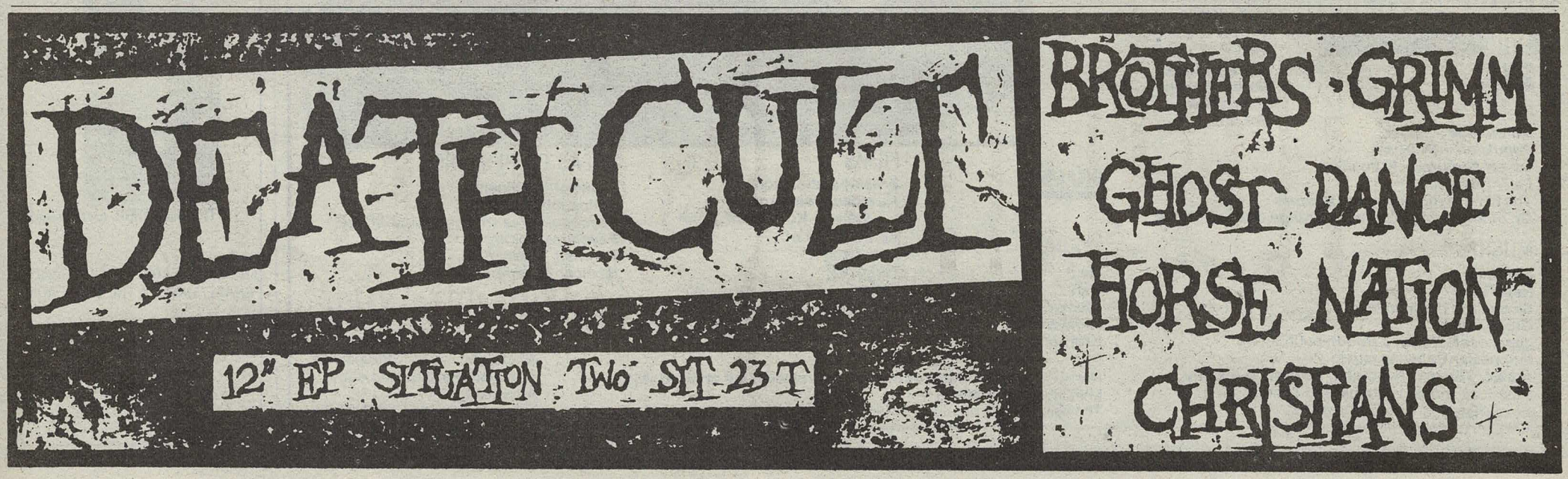
Davy: "The songs are about what people want to hear about – the good things. I think we're like a polished ABC (is this possible?) with a strong crossover for the clubs."

Davy Rudden's research into club sounds is renowned, to the extent of earning the band the nickname 'The Suicide Squad'.

"The advantage of doing the clubs socially," Davy reasons," is to catch what's going on there, what people are listening to. That way you can catch a mood through other influences." Nice one Davy, sure, I believe you.

End Games' new earnestness is firmly directed at the chart. And, if success can be measured by a combination of determination and chaos, then the race is on.

ANDREA MILLER



FASHIONS' FOOT IN THE SHOP DOOR ● DOLLY DEALS ●

BONKERS OVER BONSAI

almost totally absent. An almost anthemic celebration of summers past, it has echoes of everything from early Haircut to the band's hero Elvis Costello.

Bonsai Forest were born out of the same East Anglian flurry of musical activity that produced The Higsons. Based in Norwich, where he was at college, singer Dave Cummings formed the group from the ashes of The Right Hand Lovers, the city's premier 1977 punk crew. Guitarist Paul Whitehouse and bassman Chris Barter were joined by Dave's brother Brendan on drums and finally by saxophonist Ashley Ewar. The Bonsai beat had begun.

After re-locating themselves in London in summer 1981, they adopted the then highly unfashionable approach of working their way up through the sweatpits and beer cellars of the pub circuit, primarily because those were the only venues where they could get dates.

In an age of shrinkwrapped high gloss pop, such a traditional approach seems almost anachronistic – at best a throwback to the packed pub gigs of punk and 2-Tone in the late '70s, at worst a hopelessly downbeat, drab cul-de-sac of little or no consequence. But a good Bonsai show is far from cheerless and the group naturally counter the allegations of drabness. This is *not* a pub rock revival.

"Our approach might be anachronistic in fashion terms," says Dave. "But I don't think it is anachronistic in terms of entertainment. If people go away satisfied after a good night out, isn't that enough justification in itself? You can say that it is old fashioned to play the kind of dives that we do, but that set-up is never going to die. There will always be a place for bands playing in front of an audience, many of them their friends, to generate a good feeling. From a grass-roots level upwards, that kind of excitement is always going to be valid."

Their earthiness is mirrored by a deep distrust of the music business and its cynical marketing games.

"People are sold this idea of pop as some kind of useful rebellion," continues Dave. "But it's nothing of the sort. It's the most capitalistic structure going and people just swallow it all up. Things have got to come round to a healthier way of looking at pop music again, the kind of attitude that prevailed a little in the years following punk."

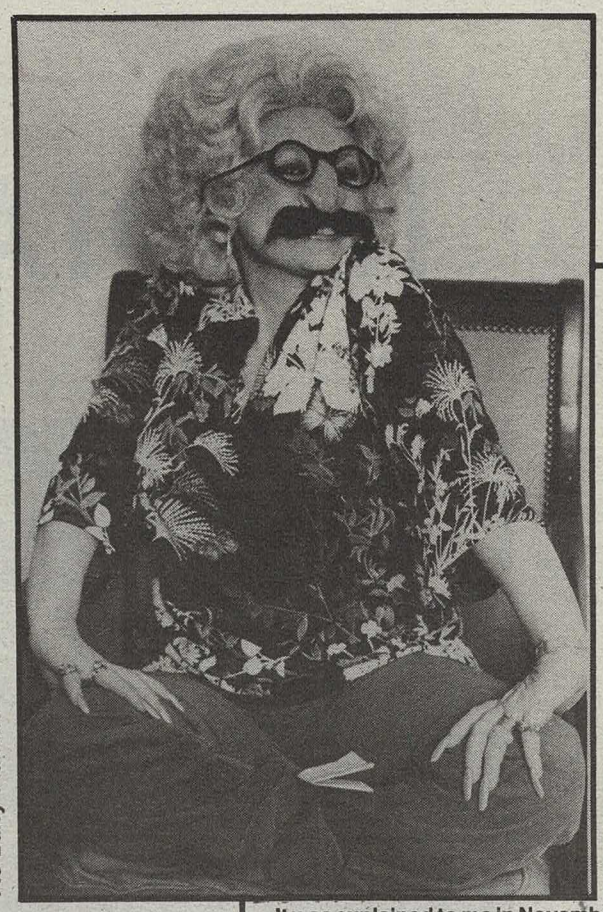
In addition to Costello, bands that are admired and respected for their integrity as much as for their music are their mentors Madness, their regular co-headliners The Flips and the lost but not forgotten Undertones. As the main writer, Dave also emphasises the importance of the group's songs.

"The songs have always got to be the heart of any group, which is what makes someone like Elvis so great. People sometimes regard him as an anachronism, the man out of time, because of the way he looks and his approach, but his talent should overcome considerations like that. The only thing that maybe holds him back is that he is perhaps *too* perceptive. But things are bound to come round to a better way of thinking sooner or later. Bands shouldn't be concerned with building themselves to suit the trends of the industry, they should be able to stand outside all the crap."

Brave words indeed, but it is always easy to revel in idealism with only one foot on the bottom rung of the ladder. The real test comes with the first flushes of success.

For the time being, Bonsai Forest are one of the best nights out in North London and the first block in the nutty boys' riposte to Respond. Madness have twigged to what's going on and certainly aren't hedging their bets. By next year they could be shouting timber.

Davy, End Games' frontman, describes them as a polished version of ABC!



Pic Barry Plummer

TALKIN' DOLL-ARS

IT HAS never taken Dolly Parton sermons to get people into shows, films and record stores – but contrary to some assumptions, very little of her art is 'obvious'. What it *has* always been is honest or, as she says on 'Burlap And Satin', the LP she's about to unleash on the UK: "*You have to play the hand that life has dealt you/And it's a gamble either way/So view the stakes and know the odds . . . Do all your dealing from the top*".

To catch the full brilliance with which Dolly breathes modern meaning into such country cliches (ramblin', gamblin' and jealous hearts account for some of the album's best writing), you'll have to wait for the LP. And even then you may not realise it represents the final culmination in a Five Year Plan that would put Chairman Mao to shame.

It was explained to me in November of '78, on the day Dolly released 'Heartbreaker' at a modest 800-plus reception in the Cafe Royale. In her dressing room for a rest and re-wig, Dolly pointed out that she'd begun both a novel *and* an autobiography, "but my plan calls for makin' movies and playin' Vegas before either of them sees the light of day". Not *just* movies either: "First I'm gonna do movies that let me show a little of what I believe in and let me write some of the music. Once I've done Vegas and I've done the movies I want to – this is the thing – I'll have a real wide audience and eventually I can put out a whole album that's almost all Dolly Parton."

Well . . . Vegas and the movies came and went and 'Burlap And Satin' is Dolly's most ambitious album yet. Not just because she has written six of its ten tracks or because each side's closer makes an absolute point about the religious faith which grounds her. (Dolly runs 38 companies now: "All my business decisions are taken after checking with Scripture," she explains – a process which can involve three days of meditative fasts.)

Nope; the over-riding ambition of 'Burlap And Satin' is to convince the listener that the fabric of life, whether rich or rough, will ever be troubled by eternal questions. According to Dolly, these deserve to be fought out with dignity and passion "and my trump card, which is humour".

Currently, Dolly's "takin' three months off on the farm" to write and ready herself for *Rhinestone*, her third film. She'll be Executive Producer and will be calling the shots on her co-star – no less than Sly Stallone, who hasn't a bad word for his new boss. Is he nervous about the undertaking? Apparently not ("Dolly's positive thinking is a match for even mine"). Maybe he's part of the *next* Five Year Plan.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Should you be an up-and-coming young designer with ideas and clothes to sell, you will invariably need a place to sell your work. Shops, however, are very hard to come by; the Kensington, Camden and Camden Lock Markets are a possibility, but the hip young Prices and Caplans are liable to end up doing hackwork for chainstores.

Unless, of course, they visit 188a Kings Road Chelsea, home of the Academy. The heart of Hip Visitor's London now boasts a shop specifically geared to showcasing and selling the work of different designers – and every three months, the current occupants of the shop are replaced by a fresh influx. At the moment, English Eccentrics are using the premises to show off their industrial print autumn/winter wear, but in three months time, another designer or set of designers will be in the Academy.

Baldev Thethy, the shop's owner, is a former architect who turned to fashion because he found it gave him more opportunities to avoid compromise. He saw, however, that other designers were coming across blocks in their careers; blocks like bureaucracy that a shop on the lines of the Academy could remove. Thethy is keen on the inventiveness and energy of British designers, and obviously others think so too, for Macy's were around in the first week, placing six hundred orders.

Who knows, you may yet not have to design trouser-suits for C and A's. . .

DAVID QUANTICK

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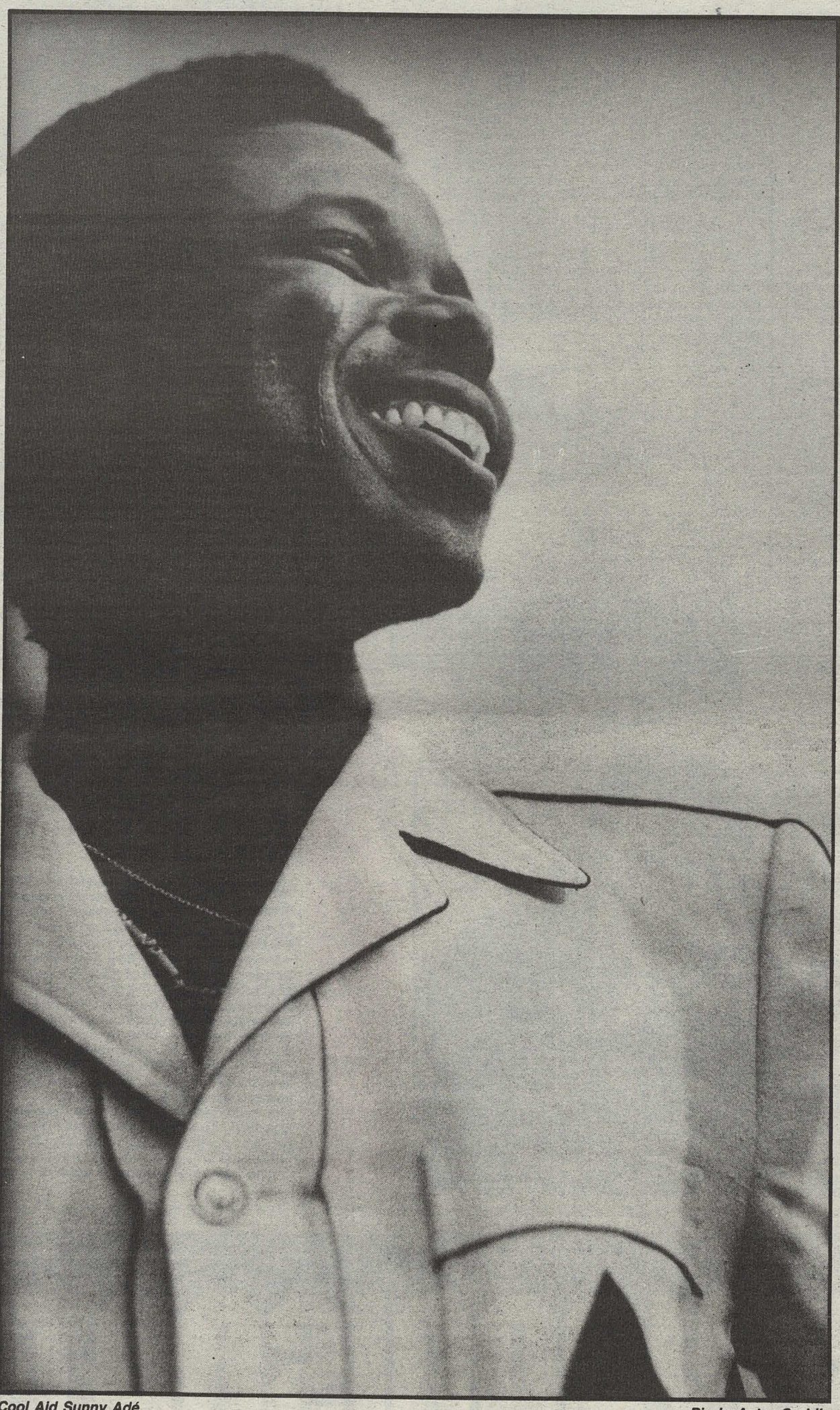

Cool Aid Sunny Adé — *Pic. by Anton Corbijn*

I AM AT some pains to describe my feelings towards the music of King Sunny Ade and his celebrated African Beats.

Certainly his recent London concert which I attend is occasion for the gathering of many free spirits from many a prior encounter and occasion as well of one of those damp, near delirious events of swaying limbs and smiling faces. Happy and one.

Yet there persists a sense that the mood is at least as much the audiences's tentative discovery of itself as it is the music, that an attraction of kind is the contributory fact of its success.

And the music.

It is both exhilarating and joyful, an interweaving of drum patterns and electric guitars, maracas and shakers and call and response vocals. It sounds like and indeed its hypnotic effect is very like a Baptist revival congregation. Other times it could almost be some Portugese folk song or some cassette playing in a Turkish kebab bar along the Greens Lanes, or a Shadows solo.

The predominant steel guitar is at once moving and dispassionate. Somewhere a false note jars. An overall impression is of a conservative spirit at play.

The ensuing conversation takes place in a service apartment at Notting Hill where Sunny Ade is staying.

JUJU MUSIC is originally a derogatory term employed by colonial parties to describe the juku juku sound made by the African tambourine in traditional Nigerian music.

So why have you taken the name juju to describe your own muse?

"Actually, I have been trying my possible best to make it clear to other musicians that play juju music to find a new name unto it. But Rome was not built in a day.

"All along that juju music is as been the name for that kind of music before I was born. So eventually it would take a long time before we could change it. Because actually why we didn't really put the pressure so much on it is that is the identity to our kind of music, which has nothing to do with religion or rituals or anything, because we won't call black medicine or black magic or anything like that juju.

"Anything called juju we know that it's music. Way back in Africa we don't recognise anything juju but that type of music. It is the music that has been living with people for decades and nobody complain about it."

Would you like to see another name for it?

"Well, I'm thinking about that at the moment. But this present one, until when people recognise the type of music, I'm afraid to change it."

What is the difference between highlife and juju?

"It is a lot of difference in between. Highlife music they use horns. And the way they play highlife music is like someone sings and then they respond by way of like a chorus, but they don't sing harmonies like juju music and they don't play talking drums the way we playing talking drums now. They don't have the rhythms, they only build on the horns or they base their music on the bass line. We base ours on the talking drum and on the harmony.

"That's the difference. And I play much more guitarist than highlife. Highlife have only one or two guitarists, they don't have steel guitar, they don't have vibraphones, they don't have talking drums, they don't have shaking maracas like we have. We can play highlife music with our juju music but highlife music cannot play juju music."

This vast sale of your records in Nigeria is to Yoruba people?

"Not really Yoruba. Everybody buys my records. Regardless to language. Oh, they're checking the music and occasionally they're checking the lyrics. Sometimes I sing in Yoruba and explain it in English what I stand about.

"Yeah, we have more than 200 languages in Nigeria alone and we have over 400 dialects. But the main languages is four: which in the western part of Nigeria is Yoruba speaking area, in the northern part of Nigeria is Hawusa speaking area, in the eastern part they speak Ibo. Then we have English in the centre."

And your talking drums speak Yoruba?

"Yes. Not really everybody can understand it, but when we play sometimes the way our majority of people respond to it, so people have to go along with them. Occasionally some people will be asking each other what is the talking drum saying. They will explain to them in the audience and they carry you along with it. Sometime the talking drum can speak in English, or any language you want.

"It's like when you're speaking and someone is translating into deaf and dumb language. It depends on the way you press it. When you're playing syndrum you can tone it the way you want to speak what you feel you want it to speak. It's like on guitar or any instrument or any horn, you want it to pronounce what you want it to pronounce and it will."

HOW DID you find experimenting with dub?

"Well, dub. Way back in 1969 we've been using that kind of dub. The band was only about three years young. I used to hear this dub system from the music of Okeh jazz. They used to repeat on the guitars, echo as well, and from then I love it very much and I introduced it to my own style.

"When we record for Island, I think they using the same studio for Bob Marley and other reggae musicians, and the engineer is a Jamaican man and he's just trying to put his own style, I think probably for commercial purposes, using it to make sure everything going on fine."

I understand that when he was mixing the dub on 'Ja Funmi' he took away some of the talking drum at first, but you remonstrated it must stay in because of what it was saying.

"I say that, but not I mean to say that he is not right, The music was recorded in the Republic of Togo in West Africa and we carried all the tapes down here to London to mix, and that is his first time of hearing the music. He might have been hearing juju music, but he has never listened to it on the board for 24 tracks and he has to start getting it together.

"You know, he started from the drums kit, the bass drum, and then when he get to talking drum he really doesn't understand what it is. And I have to tell him that, OK let's do it this way. This is the lead drum and this is the rhythm drum, I play the music, and within one hour he really get into the music.

"So, I really really really appreciate what he does and I congratulate him, because it is not easy to get known to somebody's music without you been listening to it for a long time, And he got it within one hour. Now he can mix the whole band in the concert and in the studio.

"There's a lot of messages going on in Jamaican drum music. It depends on what kind of message. When you hear a drum play you can translate the voice of the drum or you can translate the beating of the drum into your own kind of language or your own kind of feelings."

And what do you hear in Jamaican music?

"Well, I can translate it into my own language that they're preaching liberation, they're preaching love as well."

Is your juju music preaching liberation and love too?

"We are talking mostly upon love. The talking drums is not talking liberation. If you talk peace there will be no room for violence, just continuation of peace."

BUT PEOPLE *are* oppressed and men with guns make sure they stay this way. Love and peaceful remonstrance have no influence on those who control.

"Like that question you are driving me into politics. I don't deal with politics at all.

"The only thing I preaching so hard in my music now is love. And then peace. There is peace in the world is only people doesn't allow it to move or to be expanded. I don't at any time like to involve into politics, and I have never sung any song saying give power to the people since I have started playing music. I say let the young ones grows. The ones in the government are human beings like me and you."

I await confirmation.

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SINGLES

BY DON WATSON

WELCOME to a single column with a difference. In honour of the first British summer in seven years, we have brought the entire operation out of the review dungeon of Carnaby Street and relocated it in a garden in Cricklewood, where 'midst screaming brats and splashes of suntan oil, bronzed limbs and bikinis, lazes the livid white, soggy, string-like physique of your hose, sorry host DON WATSON, who has rashly decided to follow the example of last week's man in the hot seat, Barney Hoskyns, and bring you a column with a moral . . .

And the message of this week's column is . . . Action! (Cheers). Hang on, there's more here. The message is Action Outside! Yes, action outside Parliament, action here in the garden, action in the streets and above all ACTION OUTSIDE THE CHARTS!

If you wanna be a pop star — forget it. You're probably some terminal bore of a creature with a sock fascination and there are *far too many of you around.*

As Bohnski pointed out, the cold cabbage water of British pop is the result of success supplanting every other motive and emerging as an end in itself. Worse still, all these aspiring stars are deadly serious; success is no roguish game, as it was to ABC, it's a goal to be reached by means of grim determination.

Which is all by the way of explanation that most of the new British records in this pile are as exciting as a bottle of Hai Karate at Christmas and are now happily melting in the sunshine.

The other message of this column is DON'T DESPAIR! We do have a single of the week, and not just one but two.

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

D-TRAIN: Don't You Wanna Ride (The D Train) *(Prelude)*
HOLY TOY: Lada Vada/Soldier Toy *(Uniton)* Two totally different records, slung together out of sheer perversity, and because they share one quality — a joyous enthusiasm for their own existence.

D-Train's double A side pairs by far the two strongest tracks from the LP 'Music' and manages mystifyingly to put some freshness into 'get on the beat' dance invitations. Vital electronics hold a guitar solo of straining histrionics and that synth twist snaps the happiness barrier.

D-Train revel in the sheer *power* of their musical potential, and that's a delight you don't feel so often these days. No fears, just a searing sound, which in this heat is almost unbearable. And it's getting hotter. Rrrrride it!

There's an intangible power also behind Holy Toy, the group led by Polish political refugee Andrej Nebb. Again a double A side, taken from the excellent LP 'Warzawa', Holy Toy sound like Yello might if Dieter Meier was in enforced exile and not a dilletantish transit.

'Soldier Toy' is a blood and thunder evocation of sufficient malevolence, but it's the manic passion of 'Lada Vada' that genuinely captures the energy, a crazy collage of sound delivered with an all embracing force that could melt the majority of records here without the aid of the sun. This sound swaggers with intent and, for once, doesn't sound as if it was slung together in the gap between opening hours.

Fresh and forceful, excited and exciting — the antithesis of 'I Love You', but equally essential. All hail the new Dada.

WHAM!: Club Tropicana *(Innervision)* Oh no! More soulboys go soft. If Linx are anything to go by, when they start singing songs in that holiday mood it's time to carve the headstone.

There's always been a queasy element to each Wham! single. 'Wham Rap' got full marks for spirit and negative numbers for political vision. 'Young Guns' had guts but was patently a classic from the closet, with George asking his mate what precisely he was doing with a mere *gurl* when he could be having fun with him, while 'Bad Boys', as Julie Burchill pointed out, poses the question, "Just what was a 19 year old doing living with Mumsie and Daddikins anyway?" What they all had was the musical clout and the macho shout, some hard core content that the young grits could go for.

Now what happens? The lads make a buck or two and we're back in the cocktail lined lands of sophistication with 'Club Tropicana'. Palm trees on the cover, delicately chopping guitars and a voice that's like an overdose of Bird's Angel Delight. What are they trying to do, make peace with the mater and pater? If so you've done it boys — my neighbours loved it.

Bad boys go rotten, pop dreams go pap. Conclusive proof that pop corrupts and pure pop is pure corruption.

CARMEL: Bad Day *(London)* *"I must say, I do think it's a mistake for young, white English girls to try to give an exact imitation of Lady Day, since the best possible imitation that's conceivable would come about two million miles from what Billy H, at her best, can do to you."* — Colin MacInnes, *Absolute Beginners.*

OK, so Carmel's voice may not be an *exact* imitation of Holliday's, but it's certainly a mistake for her to hold up the comparison that she does. Citing Billie, Edith Piaf, the young Aretha Franklin, Ornette Coleman, Dizzy Gillespie and John Coltrane in your press release and then going on to claim from that basis you're going to make "radical music which is likely to set standards others will follow" is being mighty ambitious. Predictably, Carmel fails to deliver.

She'd love to be the mysterious soul standing on a windswept cliff, invoking the spirit of the storm from the tumult of her emotion, and I'd love to see her succeed. What we hear, though, is a brat with big dreams, flapping her arms and trying to fly.

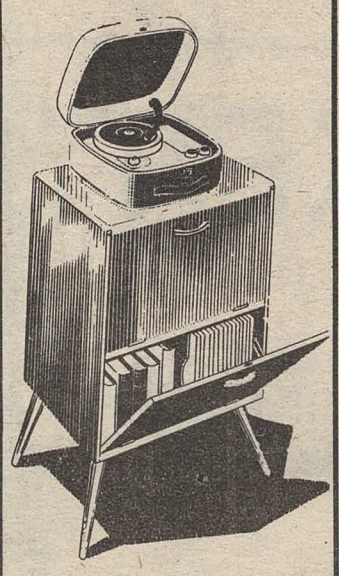
As with Sade, there's too much spoiled smugness showing for the gloom and the pain to sound convincing.

One of these days she'll shut her eyes real tight, concentrate very hard, strain till the sweat stands out on her brow and out of her mouth will flow the spirits of Billie Holliday, Edith Piaf and the young Aretha Franklin. Then the divine trinity will join together as one and *strangle the hell out of her!*

Revelation of the week: Carmel is cold custard.

M'TUME: Green Light *(Epic)* After my passionate affair with M'tume's wonderful 'Juicy Fruit', I have to admit to being totally unmoved by 'Green Light'.

'Juicy Fruit' worked its magic deep at night, with its soaring sexual charm reaching peaks untouched by mortal man and exceeded only by Marvin Gaye. It was subtle and insidious where 'Green Light' is blatant and sadly unexceptional.



Don't get me wrong guv, there's nothing wrong with the odd bit of blatant sexuality, but this one just doesn't cut it. The wonderful Tawatha, who sweetly skewered the consciousness with her irridescent soul scream last time, sounds vaguely embarrassed by the material she has to work with here.

"I'm coming to ya, my body's hot/I wanna see, just what ya got," she opines with all the rabid sensuality that you used to save for the hymns at school assembly, and who can blame her, it's not exactly poetry is it?

While we're on the subject of blatant sexuality . . .

BOOTS SEX DREAD : Tickle Tune (Rinka) I smell a spoof here. (The garden is immediately invaded by the Cricklewood Gay Rights Campaign.) No I said *spoof,* with an *s!*

Anyway, here he is, the first gay reggae man, or, as he prefers to call himself, the Trenchtown choc ice boy. But is it serious? I was beginning to have my doubts about half way through 'Tickle Tune', and by the time I got to the end of the B-Side I was convinced this was a set up.

It starts innocuously enough, with the normal Rasta lament tone: *"Me black and me proud and me Rastafari/And me a hooom-o-sexuaal."*

From then on it gets increasingly funny and increasingly filthy, and by the time it gets to the B-Side and you hear what happens to Boots with a shopping trolley and a wide variety of groceries, well . . . c'mon, it's a joke, isn't it? Isn't it?

One thing I can safely say, judging from the looks I got from the garden next door is that this will not become a family hit in Cricklewood.

BRUCE FOXTON: Freak (*Arista*) Interesting lyrics to this one. *"I am his keeper / He's my bread and butter / No one will ever take that away"*. As we all know, though, they did. After years of a meal ticket on the trail of the Weller crusade, Foxton finds himself alone and forced to work for a living.

All of which seems to have disturbed him not a little, sending him reeling into the territory of rocky bombast and rewriting David Lynch's *Elephant Man* for his debut single. *"I'm a freak,"* he wails in a tear jerking fashion on the wind off. What can you do but pity him?

Worse still he's standing there on the back cover with those beagle eyes saying "Go on then slag it off — God knows I expect you to". If there's one thing I dislike, it's kicking beagles.

Sorry Bruce but no matter how hard I try, I can't get a kick out of this, so you're going to get a kick out of me. Oooh I hate myself sometimes.

HIT PARADE: Bad News (*Crass Records*) Produced by Penny Rimbaud and released on the Crass record label, this four track EP by Crass's Northern Irish prodigies retails at the minimal price of 80p and gains the usual value for money award, but when it comes to content we're getting into the realms of the *distinctly dodgy.*

Inside the sleeve there's a disclaimer (the last refuge of the scoundrel) protesting that The Crass viewpoint on Northern Ireland, and H-Block in particular, is strictly humanitarian. On the record itself though, what you find is a scarcely veiled paean to the ideology that surrounds the IRA.

"What do you find in Her Majesty's prison/ Those who can't accept the system/ People who have wrong ideas/ People who they think dress queer."

Which all paints a very noble picture of the Republican rebel. The trouble is, while I'm sure there's hundreds of basically innocent people locked in inhumane conditions, you've got to admit it's pretty damn inhumane to plant a bomb with the certain knowledge that innocent people are going to be killed.

The concluding line caps it all: *"That's what you'll find in any prison/ Victims of the state oppression."*

Oh yes, and of course rapists, child molesters, murderers and other such scum. Sorry if that sounds like a *Daily Telegraph* editorial but Crass ought to realise that this is the reaction stuff like this elicits.

It can only damage the credibility of their eminently sensible stance on subjects like nuclear weapons. Sermon over.

THE ICICLE WORKS: Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream) (*Situation 2*) One of the breed of Liverpool bands under the delusion that The Crucial Three are the beginning and end of modern music, and who make their living out of rehashing the riffs of The Favourite One. In The Ricicle Berks case it's obviously Julian who's God, hence this most important sounding nonsense about birds, children and flying around indecision, all couched in sincere sounding melody. Slushy!

THE FARMER'S BOYS: For You (*EMI*) Another of the crush of imitators, this time round the bastard son of Postcard, altogether more twee, with hints of humour here and there across the double single package, but precious little ironic brilliance. Make mine an Orange Juice.

TALKING HEADS: Burning Down The House (*Sire*) You can just imagine the advertising poster for this one: "David needed our home, he'd burnt down his own".

Back without the full blown fake funk, but left with a seasick synth to go with the familiar choppy guitar, Byrne sings in that old nerve jangling semi-hysteria and tries to persuade us once more of his arsonist tendencies. He doesn't want to set the world on fire, just wanna Byrne a hole in your house.

Obsessions I've heard of, but isn't this one getting a bit much David? David! Put down that box of matches!

THE TOM TOM CLUB : The Man With The 4 Way Hips (*Island*) While David plays with fire, his rhythm section run off to the beach and play with physical jerks. The band noted only for writing a rap for Wittgensteinians and journalists prove once again how *wet* and *weedy* they sound when they start to sing. More drivel about beaches and dancing — pass the matches David.

APB: One Day (*Oily*) White boys play funky, go down a storm in America and get to support James Brown. On this evidence I can't imagine why the lads sound more than a little flat as they sing: *"They say the time you're most awake/Is the time that you are born."* And I say the time you're less awake is when you're listening to an APB record for the third time round, trying to find something good about it.

THE WEATHER GIRLS: It's Raining Men (*CBS*) Bemusing timing for reissue of The Weather Girls' fine ditty, which reminds me of the *Fame* theme tune, without making me want to throw up. Great vocals and hilarious lyrics: *"It's raining men / I'm gonna go out and get / Absolutely soaking wet."*

Rumours that Boots Sex Dread is to record a bestialist version called 'It's Raining Cats And Dogs' are absolutely unfounded.

STILL LIFE: My World (*Funzone*)
VISION: Love Dance (*MVM*)
GARDENING BY MOONLIGHT: Diction And Fiction (*Innerdisc*) Why do we need these bands? All marked by the common badge of crushing mediocrity and suffering from a form of ambition you could describe with the aid of a cash register.

Vision are Kajagoogoo crowd whose song about sex is about as thrilling as my last bank statement. Still Life are too ugly to be Kajagoogoo and sing a song of slight melody and astounding vacuity, while Gardening By Moonlight are serious artists in possession of a very small rhyming dictionary and very little else. Meltdown!

THE MEKONS: The English Dancing Master (*CNT*) Tony Parson said they made the Sex Pistols sound like Paper Lace, David Bowie said they took over where T. Rex left off, Lester Bangs (who'd never heard them) said they were turdlike and The Mekons (just for a laff and because they're nice guys) agreed. Then they broke up — what we journalists call a short but eventful career.

Now they're back together again, mainly due to pressure from panting fans in foreign parts, and here is their first bizarre release. Hold it, it appears they've turned into a mutant Morris dancing crew, feedback guitars meet violins over a flat but catchy chorus. Bemusingly it works and we all tie handkerchiefs around our heads and ponce around the garden cadging money from passing tourists.

QUANDO QUANGO: Love Tempo (*Factory Benelux*) Oh dear. Quando Quango are the type of band you'll find splashed across the pages of *Monotony Mentor* being called the greatest thing since sliced Joy Division or whatever. I'd dearly love to herald this as a danceable solution but all it amounts to is more brain pollution; a clumsy dancebeat, a downright *atrocious* voice, Blancmange type lyrics and the odd Devotoism (*"Feet beat up the beat"*) slung in for good luck. A void.

THE BELLE STARS: Indian Summer (*Stiff*) The only problem about summer is that people will insist on writing songs about it. Nothing against summer *sounds*, you understand, but records with Summer in the title usually smell like the milk I left out overnight. This of course is the great advantage of British summers — hearing the Radio One Roadshow getting rained off and watching all the cash in records fail miserably. This particular wobbly slab of enforced jollity could make you pray for a downpour.

ONE MILLION FUZZTONE GUITARS: Men's Hearts (*Monsters In Orbit*)
RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY: Take It All (*Red Rhino*) Two noble outsiders here. One Million Fuzztone Guitars have a wonderful name and a wonderful motto: "To make as much noise and annoy as many people as possible". Not enough of that around nowadays. The single is powerful trash rock, would probably be highly offensive if you listened to the lyrics, and lasts for two minutes and 40 seconds. Final proof that this lot are on the right track.

So too are Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, who are lumbered with the worst name *ever* but are improving rapidly after their non-descript debut single 'Beating In My Head'. 'Take It All' has the nerve to be downright depressing, which is fine by me, there's a slight glint of black humour and more guitar than ought to be allowed on one record, ebbing and crashing backwards, forwards and sideways. A great promise indeed.

HERBIE HANCOCK: Rock It (*Columbia*) Ex jazz youngblood turned fusion bore discovers horrible scratching noise and makes undoubtedly the most annoying record of the week. A hit.

LEVEL 42: The Sun Goes Down (Living It Up) (*Polydor*) So, as the sun goes down, we must bid farewell to this suburban paradise and leave all the inhabitants of the Cricklewood garden working extremely hard at trying to live it up to this rather dull dance record.

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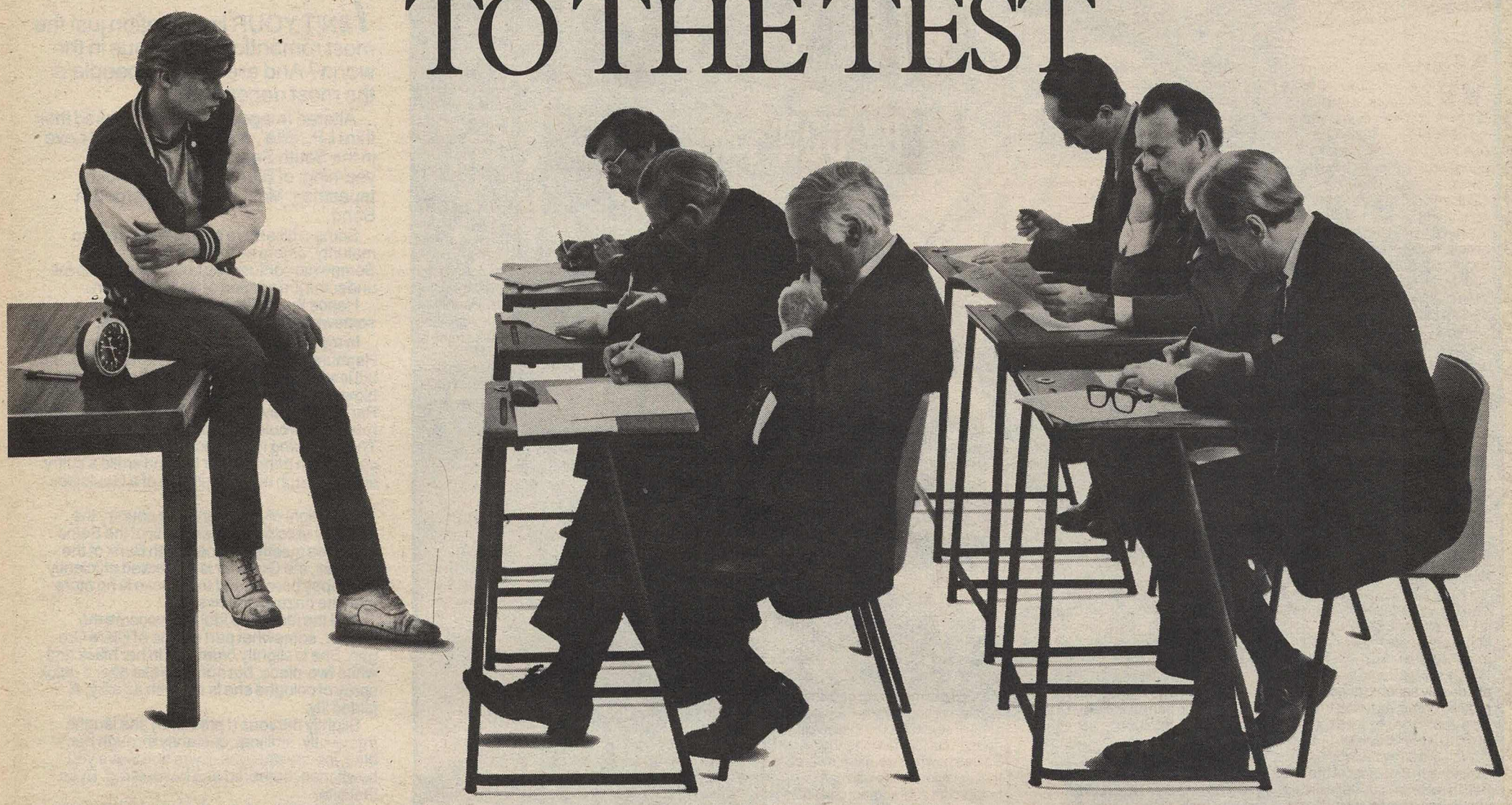

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BARCLAYS

SO WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE NOW THAT YOU'VE GROWN UP, CLARE?

Clare: "I was so much younger then I'm older than that now."

The Audrey Hepburn of the '80s pop dream? Or just little Miss Taloolah Gosh in an evening gown? ***David Dorrell*** asks if ***Clare Grogan's*** look is *worse than her 'Bite'. Photos by* ***Peter Anderson***

ISN'T YOUR imagination just the most romantic rendezvous in the world? And aren't other people's the most deceptive?

Altered Images have just released their third LP, 'Bite'. A swirling current of Love in the South Seas, of elegance and yearning, of Blue Lagoons and lush tapestries. Most of it was recorded in Soho.

Some critics have seen it as a paean to maturity, others as the art of artifice. Somewhat confusingly both judgements fall under the jurisdiction of Sophistication.

Hence the reality of their attributes is somewhat obscured from public view.

In my mind this meet was with Audrey Hepburn, and I pictured our *tete-a-tete* so: the fall leaves of a rich, brown October would be blowing lifelessly through the dusk of a Parisian boulevard when slowly, idly, an ebony robed idol would swan into the shadowland. Then, pausing for a second, she would stare coldly from beneath her hat and smile a sultry smile through the blue smoke of a Gauloises . . .

In the light of day in another country the actuality unfolds: the Left-bank of the Seine crumbles quietly into the South Bank of the Thames, the Gallic air is dispersed efficiently by a nippy breeze and the smoke is no more than the haze on the river.

And the idol? The idol has become the dapper, somewhat pert outline of Clare Grogan. She is slightly crumpled in her black and white two-piece, but nonetheless after a quick spray of cologne she is as fresh as a lily. A gilded lily.

Slightly nervous (I presume) she laughs frequently; smiling constantly through her blue, ice-crystal eyes. Eyes that leave you bewitched, bothered and bewildered. Eyes that bite.

'Bite' itself has seen the Images in their new, altered state. Guitarist Jim McKiven and drummer Tich Anderson have been replaced by Steve Lironi, an octopus of sorts, who manages both percussion and guitar.

Or as Clare would say, "We lost a lead guitarist and a drummer and gained a smart alec – who can do both."

On the surface, Altered Images are beginning to sound like the overture for a Scottish Spandau Ballet.

A resumé of the album seems to substantiate that fact; in addition to the core of the group there are saxophones, keyboards, backing-vocalists and strings. And although only three of the six months of the slate's production were in the studio, two producers were used – Mike Chapman (October and December) and Tony Visconti (March).

Undoubtedly, it is the height of sophistication. Most debutantes on the social scene would scream with envy. But of course this is the second coming and, as such, it was orchestrated with a consummate eye for detail. An eye as flawless as the one that belongs to Clare Grogan.

Like Spandau she has seen the transition from cult to success and from success to failure; only to find that spring has unveiled a new cusp of brilliance and potential – an honour conveyed upon them not by the mouthings of the media but presumably by the fickle public speaking. Only in this case it wasn't so much as a shrill scream but a demure invitation. And its acceptance smacks of compliance to a strict dress code and the embracing of an effete ritual. It's the success of compromise. Stagnation.

RSVP Clare?

"WE HAD started changing even before we brought Steve in. I think a lot of people are putting our change down to our new producers and the introduction of Steven . . . but Johnny and Tony and I had already written (or half written) a couple of songs that went on 'Bite'. And we were talking about how we, kind of, wanted to subtly move away from what we'd been doing. As time went on we realised that maybe we couldn't do it subtly because nobody had any time for us. Then we decided we'd have to make it a bit more drastic.

"Groups move on," she continues with a certain fidelity. "Think of how Madness have moved on! Nobody really noticed the change, but now it's like black and white almost. Whereas we were in a position where we couldn't really do that. So finally we just had to

come out and say, Na na na – we *hate* ribbons and we *hate* birthday cake! – you know?

"One of the worst things that could have happened is we could have turned really nasty and gone overboard and tried to be dead smart. I think that would have been worse because that would have been going from one cliché to another. I could have come out in black leather biker's gear and started swearing – being really rude to people – just to prove a point. But it would have proved nothing in the end."

Then, what of survival in the charts?

"I think that the good thing about Britain – and also a bad thing – is that the market is so fickle. Annie Lennox said this I think – and I agreed with her so much – you're as good as the single that you release at that time.

"I keep on trying to tell people that 'Pinky Blue' wasn't that much of a disaster," she says, almost imploring belief. Well, certainly not financially or saleswise. Artistically and creatively, we're not very proud of it – but we're certainly not ashamed of it. I think it was a good thing to do . . . I'd've rather 'Pinky Blue' happened *then* than we tripped up later on. We could have gone on and on writing 'Happy Birthdays'."

THEIR OWN change isn't the only marked event in their short history – over the last year there has been an almost unprecedented backlash from the press. Indeed up until spring, Miss Taloolah Gosh had become the rag doll to pull to pieces: Baby Clare was an unwanted child.

Or as Ms Grogan recalls: "The music press really slagged us off. I'm quite proud to say that we got some of the world's worst reviews ever written. At the time it was really upsetting . . . everybody likes praise . . . they don't really like to be told that they're a pile of rubbish.

"We wanted to change *as well* – even before we read those reviews. They were nothing to do with our change," she adds with an air of disdain. "I'd hate to think that any journalist would flatter themselves by thinking that they'd been *so* perceptive that they'd written something and then it did come about. We'd been feeling that way for a long time – that we'd been doing something wrong. It was getting really
pathetic, I can say so myself.

"But sometimes people forget how young we were . . ."

And this is the truth. Clare is the eldest member of the band, and yet she is only just 21. Still, you could be forgiven for thinking last year that she was only 12; I know I did.

So what brought on the change from school girl to working woman?

"Well . . . I just felt so misrepresented . . . and the worst thing was that I was beginning to play on it. And that I am ashamed of. I saw this screaming *child* on television and I thought, Clare, you fool, you fool . . .

"But it wasn't that bad – I don't think that it ruined my career permanently. I think it was a mistake that I walked into. It was a successful formula, people bought our records, we did a sell out tour this time last year . . ."

All this she remembers with a wistful smile and an air of casual acceptance. After all she is back in the charts to success . . . even if all they can manage this year is a three date summer tour.

Still, this is the summer for 'Storm Music' and in particular the season for remembrance, for B-movies. And while the cover of 'Bite' with its studied nostalgia is far from sinister it is a symptom of the greater malaise. But who cares? Clare Grogan as a slightly plastic Audrey Hepburn is still a great image . . .

"THAT ISN'T 'my new image'," the lady claims. "We decided we'd have to do something pretty drastic to make people realise that I wasn't going to parade about in ra-ra skirts for the rest of the century. And I'm not going to parade about in black evening gowns on tour!"

Are you sophisticated then?

"Sophistication is a very misused word with us. I think we've *matured* a lot, but I'm nor sure if we're completely 'sophisticated' or anything. . ."

Well then, do you trade on sex?

"I just get really embarrassed by that. First and foremost I look on myself as being the lead singer with Altered Images – and not particularly a selling point. I just feel like one of the members of the group. I don't think I'm gonna be the next Debbie Harry and I don't think I 'use' sex. I thought when I first came out that one of the things I wanted to be was quite 'sexless'.

"If I wanted to be 'sexy'," she adds, whilst adding some more make-up for the photos, "I think we could've done more riskier stuff than we've done. I don't think that we've ever crossed over into that pure sex thing . . ."

But what of the sex kitten on the sleeve?

"Doing the photo was like doing an acting part – it was just dressing up. It also represented that the group had grown up as well. I'd love to think of myself as the new Audrey Hepburn . . . but I'm not going to flatter myself with it."

Then what does she see as the best-selling point of 'Bite'?

"Well, I think on 'Bite' we've made a real attempt to cross over . . . slightly. I really believe that people who would never have even thought about Altered Images will go out and buy it. And enjoy it.

"Before we were treated as a 'jingle' group . . . last year we wrote hooks and this year we wrote songs. I think that is the difference."

And yet people still say, I hate Clare Grogan's voice?

"Well, I do think that I'm a love-hate personality. I've gotten to accept that. There's no in-between with me – and for along time there was no in-between with Altered Images. But now I think there is and it's up to me to *grate* less on people. But I certainly don't do it intentionally, though I'm quite glad I grate on some people.

"I think people are overcritical of me – people over react to everything I do. It just proves how much attention they pay me – you know?"

Although her answers seem riddled with vanity they are not. Ostensibly, they are acknowledgements, and so she continues: "People are always picking up on everything I do – and they're constantly winding themselves up about it. Just *ignore* it. If you don't like it *stay away*," she stresses. "But they don't . . . they just come back for more . . . they're masochists . . .!"

We laugh. After all, as Clare says: "It's show business. I just want to entertain people."

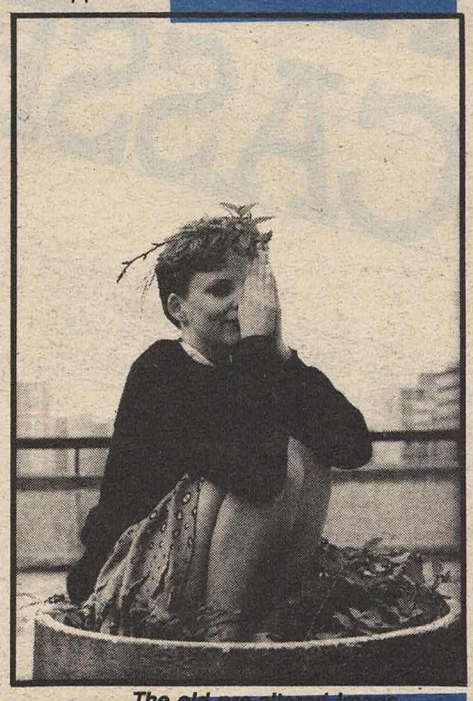
What about the other levels? Would you write political songs?

"I just don't feel capable enough to write songs about that kind of thing. It's totally irrelevant . . . and maybe," she sighs, "If we all loved each other a lot more we wouldn't have to worry about right-wing Governments.

"I suppose as I experience life more the songs will become more mixed. But I just don't like people who write about things they know nothing about. I don't know anything about unemployment, I have never been poor, I don't know what it's really like to suffer, so who am I to write about that? I've never experienced it. And please God, I don't want to . . . and it's not because I don't sympathise one million per cent with people who do. But I do think it's a bit bloody patronising to start writing songs about it. . ."

And there we finished, though I did take the time to ask: Is Taloolah Gosh dead? To which Clare replied: "No. Taloolah is still with me. She's in my bag. I carry her around now . . . my alter-ego!"

It was a romantic rendezvous, but it's in someone else's imagination that the sophisticate lives on. Because as you can see Clare is still just plain Clare – for all the silks and sapphires . . .



The old pre-altered image.

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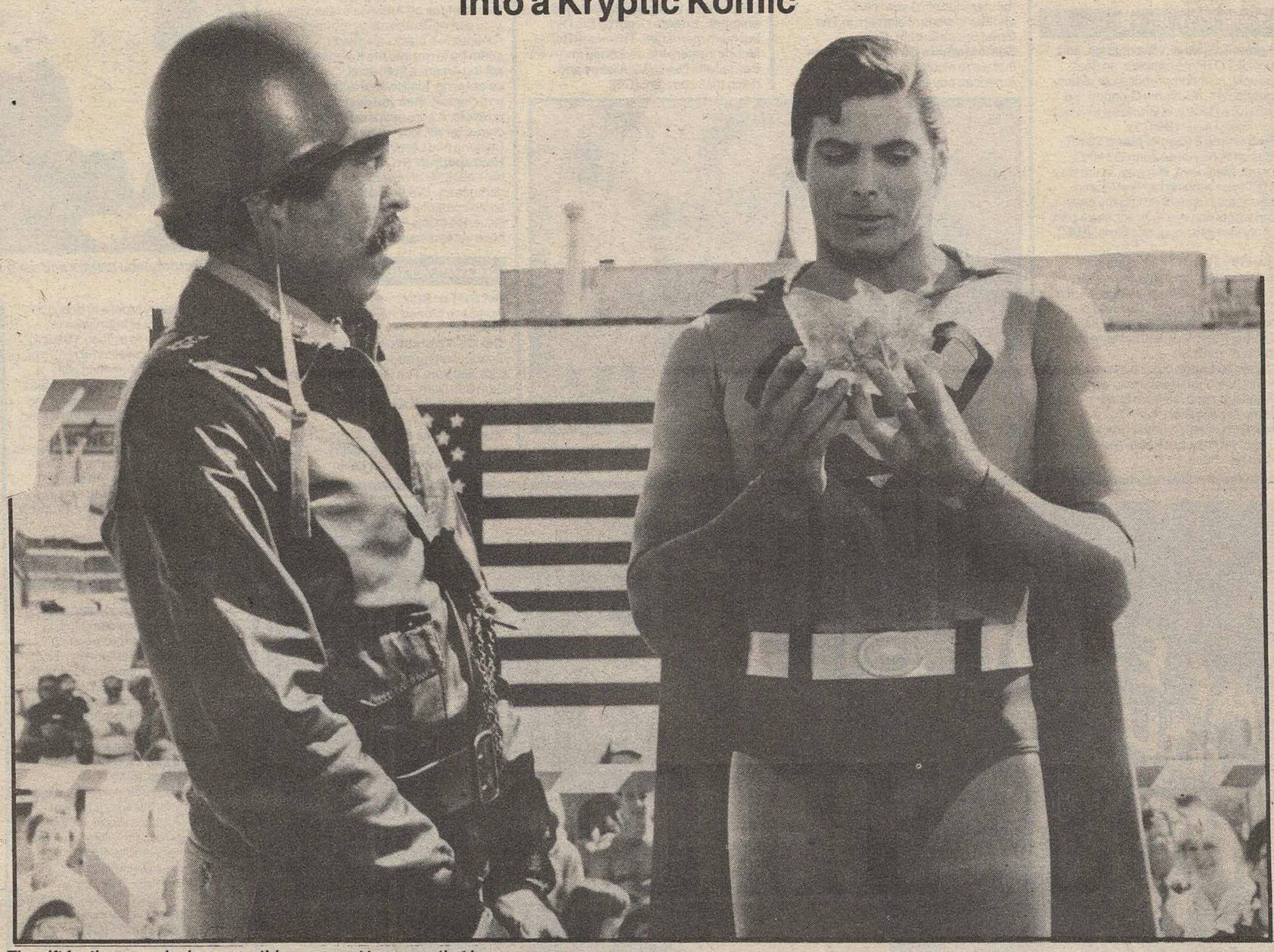


The gift for the man who has everything – except trousers, that is.

Superman III

DIRECTOR: Richard Lester
STARRING: Christopher Reeve, Richard Pryor, Robert Vaughn (Warner)

CHRISTOPHER REEVE is a wise man. A greedier or less confident actor would remain the frontspiece of a film series until the role fell apart beneath him or her, but Reeve is kissing off Krypton in the wake of the most consistently enjoyable film so far, and of a performance in the key role of Clark Kent that he is unlikely to better.

In *Superman: The Movie* all the heavies took the field to introduce the myth: it took nearly an hour to get Reeve onto the screen, and the film lurched unevenly from the pomp and circumstance of the arrival of a saviour from a doomed planet and Marlon doing all his Brando-type gubbins (to earn a fee that in itself sold the film, demonstrating beyond all doubt that the producers meant business) to the effervescent clowning of Gene Hackman, Ned Beatty and Valerie Perrine. We also got the Fortress Of Solitude, the *Daily Planet*, Lois Lane and all the rest of the regulation Superman hardware.

***Superman II* was a darker and more violent affair entirely, concentrating on what was basically a fight scene dragged out to full movie length as Reeve – stripped of his powers by sex with Lois Lane – first watches helplessly as three renegade Kryptonians with powers equal to his mash up New York, and then regains said powers so that they can mash *him* up.**

This time around, all the trappings of Krypton are removed: no phantom parents hanging around that massive cold-storage warehouse offering inspiring platitudes, no space travel. Even the *Daily Planet* crew appear only in a brief framing sequence, during which Lois Lane (Margot Kidder, written out for cheeking the producers) announces that she's going to be out of the country and then splits, arriving back a couple of hours later to say that she's back. Lester and Leslie and David Newman, his scenarists, presume sufficient audience familiarity with the Who's Who of the Superman myths to relax and tell the story.

The plot isn't exactly the kind of thing that would have kept Dostoievski awake at night pounding the pillows and moaning, "Why didn't *I* think of that?" Basically, it retakes bits from the first two movies and blends the theme of the villain, his henchman and his moll creating fake natural disasters for profit (with Robert Vaughn, Richard Pryor and Pamela Stephenson replacing Gene Hackman, Ned Beatty and Valerie Perrine) with a subplot that threatens the integrity of the myth (instead of losing his powers, Superman becomes spiritually corrupted and must regain his Honour, Prowess etc before he can defeat the bad guys).

What makes *Superman III* so hugely enjoyable is the deftness of the Newmans' script and three outstanding performances. As Ross Webster, the living epitome of capitalism gone totally berserk, Robert Vaughn performs his slimy act – a speciality which he has mastered to the point where he makes Larry Hagman look like the very model of upstanding decency – to absolute perfection. Given some superb lines and the surest mastery over the delicacies of comic exaggeration that writers and director could create, he sends up the 'Robert Vaughn role' like a champ. If he retains this form, the upcoming *Man From U.N.C.L.E.* movie should be quite remarkable.

Reeve's Clark Kent has become, finally, a major comic (or – less ambiguously – comedic) creation. The comic-book Kent is simply a superhuman's ongoing impression of a dullard designed to distract public attention, but Reeve invests the man with the glasses with a wit and charm that suggests that Superman genuinely enjoys being Kent and observing the reactions of others to his outrageous squareness. In the comics, Kent is Superman's creation, but Reeve and Dick Lester turn the tables in *Superman III:* it is Superman who has been created by Kent, and Kent – in turn – is the Kryptonian's real self.

Nowhere is this more perfectly depicted than in the sequence where Superman turns nasty. His costume filthy, his features stubbled and contorted into a perfect villain's leer and the black dye washing out of his hair, Superman mashes up a bar, has it off with Pamela Stephenson and aids Vaughn's nasty schemes before an outraged Clark Kent materialises before him to recall him to his true purpose in a metaphysical barney taking place in a scrapyard.

Vaughn and Reeve notwithstanding, it is Pryor's movie. Gus Gorman, dole-queue deadloss turned computer sorcerer, is a 'soft' Pryor character rather than a hard one (you weren't expecting the Pryor of *In Concert* or *Sunset Strip* in what is essentially a hip Disney movie, were you?) but his greedy, weak-willed but Basically Nice character gives him plenty of scope for bouncing off Vaughn's cold, greasy pompousness. It is on Pryor that the film is launched: we see him in a setting very far removed from the icy splendours of Krypton, waiting in line in a Metropolis welfare office, getting kicked off the dole while as beaten and suppressed a bunch of people as the casting directors could find look stonily on. In despair, he signs on for a mail-order computer course and discovers his genius for computer crime, which brings him to Vaughn's attention.

All of which gives him a wonderful opportunity to bluster, cringe and do impressions. There are at least three stellar hams having a lot of fun with their roles in this movie, but even Reeve and Vaughn pale into near insignificance when Pryor gets going. When he dresses up as a US army general in order to present Superman with the piece of synthetic Kryptonite which makes him Not Nice, his abstraction of the harrumphing and glaring that tends to characterise high-ranking military officers is irresistibly gleeful. His inclusion in the film may well seem to suggest a cynical attempt to attract black audiences who certainly didn't have a representative on the screen in either *Superman: The Movie* or *Superman II*, but his presence transforms the movie altogether, grounding and settling it, providing a kind of substance that its predecessors – despite their superior production values – lacked.

The Three Stooges

Superman III certainly lacks the technical virtuosity of its forebears. You don't have to be overly picky to locate some outrageously sloppy opticals and superimpositions. Figures blur and waver against their backgrounds – particularly in the Leaning Tower Of Pisa scenes – in a manner that might be vaguely excusable in a TV movie but definitely doesn't belong in something as accomplished in its other aspects as this.

Large sections of the film take place in Smallville at a high-school reunion which reunites Clark with Lana Lang, his childhood dreamboat. She comes equipped with a son, as Spielbergesque a cute juvenile as your worst suspicions would expect. Lana – as portrayed by Annette O'Toole, all red hair, green eyes and trembling chin – seems no match for Lois Lane's snappy, hardboiled approach, but then the Superman mythos has always been big on small-town mid-Western values.

Apart from minor-league regulars like Jimmy Olsen (Marc McClure) and Perry White (Jackie Cooper), the film's most viable supporting performances come from Pamela Stephenson (doing a Judy-Holliday-as-Betty-Boop job that should keep her employable in movies for awhile longer) and Annie Ross starched to the back teeth as Robert Vaughn's dour Nazi sister. The roles all seem to have been created to allow the actors to take off and wail.

Lester certainly hasn't lost his unsettling facility with heartless slapstick – there's a scene in which Pryor accidentally skis off the top of a Metropolis skyscraper to land, cursing, in the middle of traffic and a lengthy credit sequence depicting various interlocking catastrophes – but there is a freshness around this movie that belies its elderly mythos and shopworn plot. What makes *Superman III* an almost wholly pleasurable experience is the excellence of its script, the total appropriateness of the casting and the wit and sureness of its principal hams.

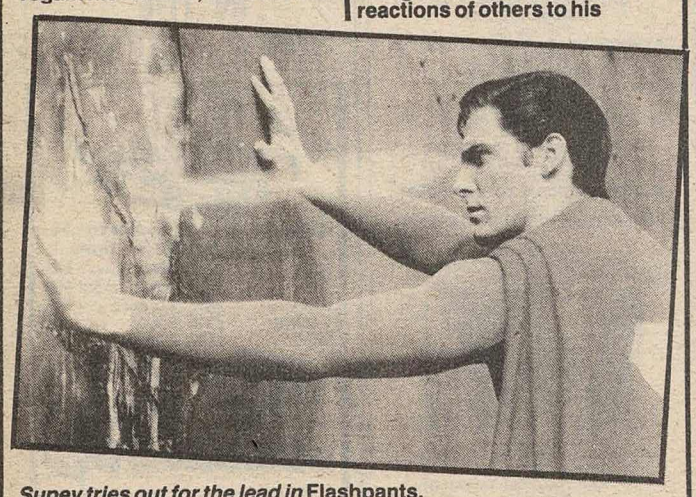
Plus it's a genuinely subversive left-wing movie, so don't worry about supporting reactionary art by going to see it. True! I can prove it! Pryor's Gus Gorman is a totally harmless character until they start to piss him about over his dole, and the havoc he wreaks once they kick him onto the streets and into computers spells an unmistakable message: *don't fuck about with the unemployed.* This is the first unspoken message of one of America's most successful movies, and if Ronald Reagan should know anything, it's the power of the movie.

The second Author's Message is that capitalism run riot is an unambiguously evil force. Vaughn is prepared to destroy the entire Colombian coffee crop ("Colombia has two major industries," he hisses at Pryor, "and coffee is one of them") through Pryor's reprogramming of a weather satellite in order to protect his monopoly. It is a joy to see Superman mash up this profiteering scum. Yep, it's truth, justice and the socialist way!

This is the last Superman movie (maybe it should have been billed as such; one hopes the Salkinds aren't planning to replace Reeve with some junior Roger Moore for *Superman IV–XVII)* and, despite the economy special effects and the absence of any Brandos or Hackmans, it's the wittiest, the most energetic and the most consistent.

Richard Pryor is the *real* Man Of Steel, though. How about *Gus Gorman II*? This bumbling, blustering computer whiz is definitely a character that should be seen again.

Charles Shaar Murray



Supey tries out for the lead in Flashpants.

"That's all. Bye!"

ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JULY 21

Fame. This week, for a change, and unlike *TOTP*, no cripples, no deaf people, no incomprehensible elderly gentlemen, no Jimmy Osmond. So what are Doris and Bruno up to? Just . . . love. Tame! **(BBC 1)**
Butterfield 8 (Daniel Mann 1960). Built around vulgar John O'Hara's novel. More love, in a way, in the way. Liz Taylor winning her first Oscar, Laurence Harvey winning my envy: tart wants rich boy (sounds like a part of my life right now). Not tame. **(BBC 2)**
Six Fifty Five In The Fifties And Sixties. Bill, Ben, Little Weed, Mr. Turnip, Malcolm Muggeridge, Muffin The Mule, Zelda from Guk and of course the silliest of them all, Sally James. Peter York will not take part in this one. **(BBC 2)**
Carry On Laughing. This week's British Celebration starts to warm up. Great farts and fatties in history — Sid James as Big Dick, AJP Taylor warning Dylan Thomas. Howerd, Dale, Hawtrey, but Peter York won't stain his shoes. **(ITV)**
The Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant (Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1972). Sin and slavery to savour. With Margit Carstensen and Hanna Schygulla, creaturely guilt, a dialogue between melancholy and joy, and it isn't really for the complete Briton. **(C4)**

FRIDAY JULY 22

Please Sir (Mark Stuart 1972). The great Guyler, pre-Maxwell Alderton, the class full of 25 year olds . . . another important element in The Great British Dream. **(ITV)**
Some Mothers Do 'Ave 'Em. Now that we're nicely oiled by numerous American buy-ins, from *Topper* to *Cheers*, the British 'comedy classics' seem horribly quaint. **(BBC 1)**
Summer Harty. Russ back to explore further his own cheerful irrelevancy. **(BBC 1)**
Switch. If it can keep up the pace and shut Issue up, the best since *So It Goes*. This week, the laughing Elvis Costello, the laughable Animal Nightlife, the videoed Voltaire, Ballet, Heads. **(C4)**
Mothers By Daughters. Last week British Babs Windsor was reduced, or enlarged, to tears — not by Big Dick, but mum memories. This week Bel Mooney enters the darkened ring with Bernadette Devlin McAliskey and discusses strength. **(C4)**

Hanna Schygulla (left) and Margit Carstensen (right) in **The Bitter Tears Of Petra Von Kant** *(Thursday, C4).*

Boris Karloff Presents. Himself, in *The Prediction*, playing a part that actually predicts Benny's current role in Crossroads. **(C4)**
South Of Watford. First in a series of five. My good friend Steve Taylor tries to do something different with this year's major ruin David Bowie, filming at Milton Keynes but avoiding the pizza. Take care, Steve. **(ITV)**
The A Team. The Wonderful World of Reagan, which brought you T.J. Hooker, fires off America's latest hit. Vietnam vigilantes riding around America in a black van, never seeming to run into the Knightrider, saving America from itself, celebrating 'justice' more intensely and clumsily than you ever thought possible. A sure success: the Mr. T. character will take away the fans from Stallone and Leroy, easy. **(ITV)**
Hellzapoppin' (HC Potter 1941). Nice allegory of how Britain set up its democracy. I've heard that there are some comedians still under the influence of this film: Blue Rondo have yet to discover it. **(C4)**

SATURDAY JULY 23

Get Set For Summer. Modern Romance crease their trousers. **(BBC 1)**
The Main Attraction. Tommy Cooper hatting about amidst more outtakes from The Great British Ber-Dum Ber-Dum — Chas and Dave, Pam Ayres, Frankie Vaughan. **(BBC 1)**
The Tube. See again the worst set of interviews in television history. **(ITV)**
The Levin Interviews. Levin interviews Henry Moore to bring the second worst set of interviews in television history to a close. **(BBC 2)**
Hot For Dogs. Unwelcome return of Supersonic Mike Mansfield with something 'highly individual'. So girls will slip their knickers over squirming hips, Modern Romance will iron their trousers, etc. etc. **(C4)**
The Heart Of The Matter. The Greene Way with guilt greasing the next four Saturdays — will put me in a good mood to go down The Wag and hit a few twits. Jack Hedley finally, properly, escapes Colditz. **(C4)**

Olsen and Johnson (centre and centre) in **Hellzappopin'** *(Friday, C4).*

SUNDAY JULY 24

Summer Arts Festival 1983. Notice how this week we are compiling a definitive list of The Excruciating Irresistible British Personality. The judges for this competition for 11–18 year olds (Dance, music, painting and writing) include John Cooper Clarke, Bonnie Langford, Humphrey Ocean, Arlene Phillips. Peter Skellern, Kim Wilde, and Paula Yates. It makes you think. . . and that's without mentioning presenter Bragg. **(ITV)**
The Fugitive. Getting warm . . . Martin Balsam guests this week, for you regulars at Archie's Place. **(ITV)**
The Outsiders. John Pilger makes the acquaintance of Australian playwright David Williamson *(Gallipoli, The Year Of Living Dangerously)*. Pilger's interviews are as cloying in their way as Levin's. Lock them up together. **(C4)**
Whose Afraid Of Virginia Woolf. (Mike Nichols 1966). Healthy shouting. Taylor's second Oscar. **(BBC 2)**
The Green Tie On The Little Yellow Dog. A further addition to our compilation this week of British Miracles. Arthur Askey in his last recorded performance standing on two legs and swatting out that damned Bee Song. **(C4)**

MONDAY JULY 25

The World Of Wildlife: Sexual Encounters. How to pick up a crab in a wine bar; come in from the side. What scent to wear for attracting moths. Fed up with chicken and sheep? Switch on. **(BBC 1)**
Motives. Anthony Clarke takes his psychiatrist's chair from radio to TV and should prove himself as the best interviewer on screen along with Mavis Nicholson. George Best first: Best'll need more drinks here than when he was parked. Tears? Could be. **(BBC 2)**
Archie Bunker's Place. As different from the early Bunkers as the new *Happy Days* is different from its first series. American love to mess around with their cast, changing it every series until by the end the original people barely exist. Think of how the dad in the music shop in *Mork And Mindy* became the cute couple in the cafe. It even happens in their cartoons — in *The Fantastic 4* **(ITV)** they've replaced the Human Torch with a computer-robot, for no good reason. *Archie Bunker's Place*, meanwhile, is no *Cheers*, but it's preferable to Keith Waterhouse's first flop *The Happy Apple*. *(C4)*

TUESDAY JULY 26

Schoolgirls At Six Fifty Five. Bare legs and Sally James. I won't know which way to turn. Over, I suppose. **(BBC 2)**
The Freddie Starr Showcase. As always, with Freddie and his Amazing 20 Year Old Comedy Act: still impersonating Fanny Craddock, bless him. Someone else who helps make Britain what it is today. **(BBC 1)**
Crossroads. On form at the moment, plotlessly plastic like never before. Max Wall is back, acting to the technicians behind the camera, reacting to his cues exactly five seconds before he should. Whilst Max is around, there'll always be an England, of sorts. **(ITV)**
Black. The Tuesday Documentary. Griff Rhys Jones is featured spiking himself on the pricks of 18th and 19th Century prejudice as he helps add a fictionalised tang to this apparently tough inspection of British racism. **(BBC 1)**

WEDNESDAY JULY 27

Blue Peter Goes Silver — 25th Anniversary Flies The World. Late entrants into this week's British Circus, and necessary ones. John Noakes and Peter Purves doing things with Crabs and Valerie Singleton in the Sahara. From 1968. Some of us were alive then. **(BBC 1)**
Letters Home. Or weren't, as the case may be. After the week's jolly British jamboree, something to sober you up, or intoxicate you, depending which side you come in from. A tele-version of the path Sylvia Plath took between 1949 and her suicide in 1962 — mother by daughter is at the heart of it, or mother AS daughter. Anna Nygh is Sylvia, June Brown her mother Aurelia. **(C4)**
Opinions. If The Depression Lasts Till 1996 . . . But seriously . . . **(C4)**

Paul Morley

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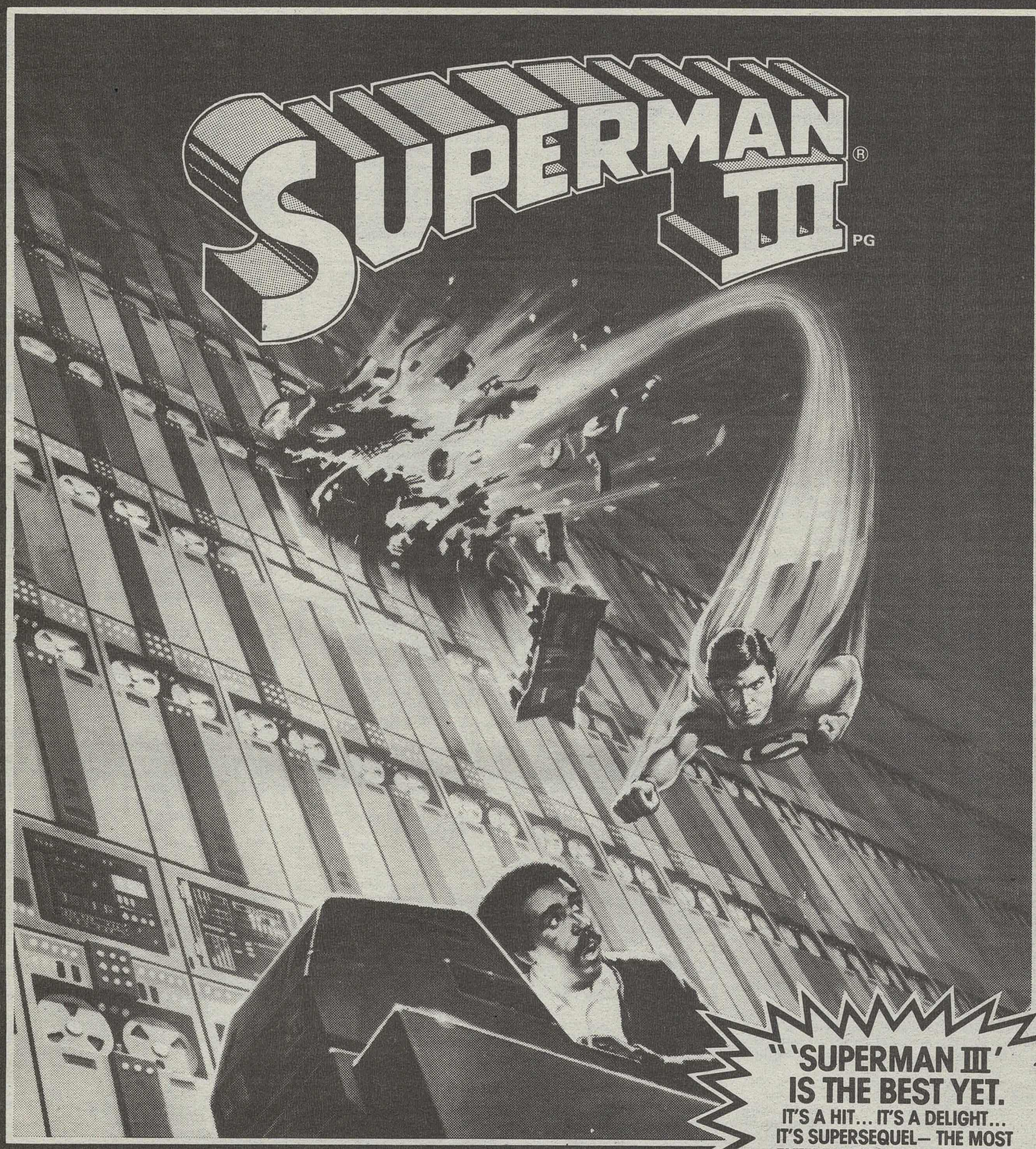

"'SUPERMAN III' IS THE BEST YET. IT'S A HIT... IT'S A DELIGHT... IT'S SUPERSEQUEL— THE MOST ENTERTAINING AND AFFECTING SUPERMAN YET" — TIME MAGAZINE, RICHARD CORLISS

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In the three years since they emerged from the shadow of Joy Division, New Order have become the world's leading and most wilfully independent group. All without the help of Media "friends". Now they don't have to talk to anyone, they've perversely decided to open up. This story follows them from The Hellhole of Trenton, New Jersey to The Funhouse of New York, where they're making a video to accompany their Arthur Baker collaboration.

BY CHRIS BOHN PHOTOGRAPHY: ANTON CORBIJN

SOME PEOPLE try to pick up girls and get called assholes. This never happened to Pablo Picasso. Not in New York.

Visitors to The Funhouse, a Puerto Rican club on 26th Street between 10 and 11, would do well to heed Jonathan Richman's advice.

Pablo's Spanish is the loving tongue here, but really it is physique that talks big with the locals.

Bohn enters through the hideously mocking grin of the giant Joker mask that forms one of its doorways, stumbles through the carny bric-a-brac, feeling like the circus geek, and tries his strength on the test-your-punch ball in club's amusement arcade.

He gives it the best he's got, yet it barely registers wimp. Fortunately nobody's looking.

So while his luck's holding he passes on the arm wrestling machine and slips back into the crowd. He is hardly less conspicuous among the Puerto Ricans, whose gleaming muscles bulge through T-shirts cut off directly below the chest and shorts slashed at the groin.

"If you're English you don't stand a chance," Simon Topping – ex of A Certain Ratio and presently in NYC studying timbales – has already informed his Mancunian colleagues in New Order. "Ask a girl to dance, they hear your accent, look you over and laugh in your face!"

Anyway, dancing in The Funhouse is largely a solitary pleasure. The most company people ask for is their own reflection in one of the hall's many mirrors. The sound system is more than enough to keep them occupied. The DJ spins fabulously disjointed funk tracks. The nuttier the breaks the better the dancers like them, responding to each echoed rimshot with delighted jerks, throwing their heads back and squealing their heels across the floor to stuttering sequencers.

It is a matter of pride to the dancers that they stay abreast of the mercurial changes.

The Funhouse is where Planet Rocker Arthur Baker comes to test his latest mixes. "He reckons if he can get through to these meatheads he must be onto a winner," goes the local logic. These early hours he's onto his sixth version of New Order's 'Confusion' which, when he's finally satisfied with the audience response to it, will be their next Factory US 12".

As it plays the three boys and one girl of New Order mingle with the crowd unnoticed, checking the reaction for themselves. It is enthusiastic, as indeed it should be.

'Confusion' is the result of an extraordinary collaboration bringing together the opposing temperaments represented by New Order's methodical pursuit of excellence and Baker's poltergeist spirit. Though it began as an uneasy experiment New Order rose to the challenge of working at speeds and in conditions unknown to them.

"It's the only time we ever sat down to write," recalls bassist Peter Hook with a shudder. "And God, was it hard! Arthur Baker just stood there staring at us, sort of going, go on go on, write something, and we were walking around in circles thinking, fucking hell, isn't it time to go home yet? We don't normally work well under pressure."

"He'd start a drum machine off and send one of us in saying, have a go on that synthesiser," expands guitarist Bernard Albrecht, nee Dicken. "See what you can come up with. So you're standing there thinking what the fucking hell am I doing? You'd do something and he'd go, that's alright, turn off the drum machine, start the tape rolling and say, right play it again. And even though there'd be a minute's worth of mistakes in it, he'd just say, fuck it. It's alright.

"The one thing he doesn't like about English records, he told us, is they're too neat and clean. And I agree."

It is not out of vanity that New Order are listening to themselves in a New York club at 4.30 am. Having just played the final date of a gruelling American tour in Trenton, New Jersey a few hours earlier, they would rather be back at their hotel celebrating the fact with some sleep.

But even at this hour duty calls. They must film the video for 'Confusion' before returning to Britain, specially as Charles Sturridge, whose previous credits include *Brideshead Revisited*, has been flown out to make it. Don't let it be said that Factory don't do things in style. (Sturridge was brought in, incidentally, on the instigation of Factory's Tony Wilson. They met at Granada TV, where Tony holds down a day job and for whom Sturridge completed *Brideshead*.)

At the point of filming, the group still weren't sure of the storyline outside the fact that a Puerto Rican dancer fitted into it somewhere.

Echoes of *Fame*? Not unless it's at New Order's price . . .

THE ROCK of America is riddled with bores. It has become such a commonplace activity that talking music here is about as exciting as discussing the weather.

Bohn would be the last person to bring it up, but at every stopping point on his odyssey down Broadway to the Paradise Garage, where New Order are playing their NY concert, he is earholed by a weevil wiv' an anecdote.

The hotel bellhop recalls every blow struck at a Talking Heads concert; a soda jerk gets frothy about all the new English bubblegum groups he's had the pleasure of serving; a cab driver hands him a thesis on how Ritchie Blackmore revolutionised America.

If in Britain forming a group is – as Julien Temple has said – about as rebellious as joining the army, in America being *into* rock is on a par with being in the civil service. *Being into rock* is being part of a non-productive, non reactive glorified fan club there to service the needs of an idol elite.

Anyone tenuously linked with rock – and that can mean as little as having the right haircut and an English accent – has the sort of credit rating that will earn him a free cup of coffee at Bleecker Bob's Greenwich Village record store, so long as he's prepared to put with the world's loudest and oldest juvenile shooting off his latest *Weltanschauung*.

The clubs provide some sort of refuge from all this mundanity partly because the music is too loud to talkover, but mostly because the clubs themselves are so gaudy and great, and the music they play so expertly functional and supremely anonymous that people gratefully *use* them – the clubs and the music – and move on. Unlike those people who've immersed themselves in the rockpool, they're not overcome with the need to talk about it all the time.

Tonight, however, is not a typical one for the Paradise Garage. Normally a gay black disco, it has been leased at great expense to New Order for the concert. Few of the regulars are evident in the audience, even though the same group is responsible for a stateside – indeed worldwide – club hit in 'Blue Monday'.

The slyest, most perfect, driest and most sexual of dance records, 'Blue Monday' is a model of anonymous functionalism, the work of a group who assert quality above novel identity.

And you can't believe how refreshing that is until you've heard any one of a stream of British hits screaming "*love me, love me, love me!*" from every Anglophile store, radio station or club.

Nevertheless, despite themselves, New Order's concert draws an audience in awe of the group's name and reputation, based on the impressions they got from reading the British music press. They are at once given a lot to live up to and even more to live down . . .

"What people write about us is usually five miles wrong!" mutters Bernard ruefully.

"All these Americans know all the stuff, but all they do is stare," says Peter Hook at once flattered, frustrated and flabbergasted by their American experience.

"It's really weird. The first half dozen gigs before we got to New York we went down pretty well – a bit too well. It was like they were just waiting for us, we didn't have to win them over or anything. We'd already won. All we had to do was play. They were all shouting 'Dreams Never End'! 'Ceremony' – just like they do in Britain. At least we've had some lively over the top audiences there, but here the only lively audience we've had was in Austin, Texas. Otherwise we haven't had to struggle, meaning there's no point to doing it really.

"Preaching to the converted isn't any fun is it?"

That's as maybe, but it doesn't take long before American audiences become slightly unsettled by what they're seeing.

Brought up on the New Order mystique as fostered by the British music press, their reverence is duly shattered by the group's offhand and nonchalant stage manner, the long pauses between songs and maybe even the summery sight of Bernard Albrecht in grey shorts, looking like nothing if not a devilish choirboy. Once the music starts sinking in, it is obvious, too, that this isn't the same group who made the heavy emotional demands of their first LP 'Movement' and their early singles.

It is as if they've digested the darkness and rigour that informed those great, albeit gloomy records and no longer feel the need to bludgeon people with their seriousness. That period still informs the present New Order, but in the interim they've become lighter, freer and extraordinarily playful; which isn't to say they're any the less affecting, just that they now touch a broader spectrum of feeling and experience.

New Order have become a truly fearless group, one that refuses to be intimidated either by their peers' trends or the desires of the audience. They will take you – if you're prepared to let yourself go – from the swollen heartbleed of 'In A Lonely Place', through the impishly turbulent 'Temptation' and slamdance of 'Confusion' and onto the entirely different joyous plane of most of 'Power, Curruption And Lies'.

Within the framework of one song — such as 'Your Silent Face' — they'll couple the banal and comic with moments of true beauty. The song is hooked into a stunningly simple and subliminal sequencer pattern that serves as both rhythm and melody; it is topped with a ridiculously insipid OMD type synth tune, which would have spoilt it, had it not been rescued by Bernard's gently spiralling ocarina. The words follow a similar trajectory – one moment reflective, the next hilarious. Could you imagine the old New Order so carefully drawing the listener into a tissue thin web of sensitivity only to abruptly eject him with the kiss off lines: "*The sign that leads the way/The path you cannot take/You caught me at a bad time . . . So why don't you piss off!*"?

If any song marks the lucid New Order, it is that one. Where the early records were written under the shadow of Joy Division the songs from 'Temptation' onwards feel looser, more natural.

"Well when we first started, I tried writing serious lyrics and I was just shit at it," remarks Bernard candidly. "So for the second LP I just wrote down whatever I felt like. I didn't really care whether the lyrics were good or bad on the second one so I was more relaxed.

"On the first one I felt so selfconscious because I was coming after Ian, who was such a great writer. I wanted the lyrics I wrote to be good. They were alright, but they were not wonderful. After I'd said, fuck it, I started to enjoy writing a lot more. Ironically, the songs on the secnd LP mean a lot more to me. And because they're less selfconscious, they're more truthful to myself.

"With 'Your Silent Face', well we wrote that one in the studio. Because we wrote this very beautiful emotional music, we thought to put a beautiful very emotional vocal line over the top was a bit obvious. So we put down a quite nice vocal line and some nice lyrics, but by the end we got stuck for a couple of lines.

"Everyone was thinking of really beautiful, poetic, meaningless lyrics. Then I thought, instead of having something beautiful, poetic and meaningless, we might as well have something dumb, idiotic coarse and meaningless. An absolute contrast to the rest. Even roses have thorns . . ."

THE FOUNDATIONS of America's Rock, based on a fake bonhommie, Boy Howdy beer and cheesy McDonald's grins, are easily undermined.

The New Order Way of doing things makes them quake a little, not because it's calculated to, but because their genuinely casual approach, often at odds with the highly disciplined music they're playing, constantly disrupts the mood of the night. Some interpret their laconic, incommunicative stage demeanour as arrogance. Others think it's funny. A worldwide complaint seems to be that their sets – at around 45 minutes – are too short.

"Usually we're not contracted to play a specific time, so we come over here and play a set which we think is long enough, but not so long that we get bored," explains Peter Hook. "But everybody seems to think it is too short, I don't know whether that's a compliment or not!

"We play 45–50 minutes because it feels right to us. We almost caused a riot in Rotterdam once. The promoter gave out notices warning that this band only plays 45 minutes, so if you don't like it don't come in!

"That we don't play encores is another big beef with people. Once, just as an experiment, we played seven numbers, went off, came back on and played three more. We played our usual ten numbers, but because everyone thought we'd done an encore they weren't bothered!"

Not everybody's so easily pleased, as Bernard recalls with a smile.

"One kid in Sheffield a couple of years back said, you didn't play such and such a song tonight and you only played for 45 minutes. You've shattered all my dreams. Give me my money back! Fucking hell, I almost bottled the bastard! And he said, me three other mates would like their money back as well!

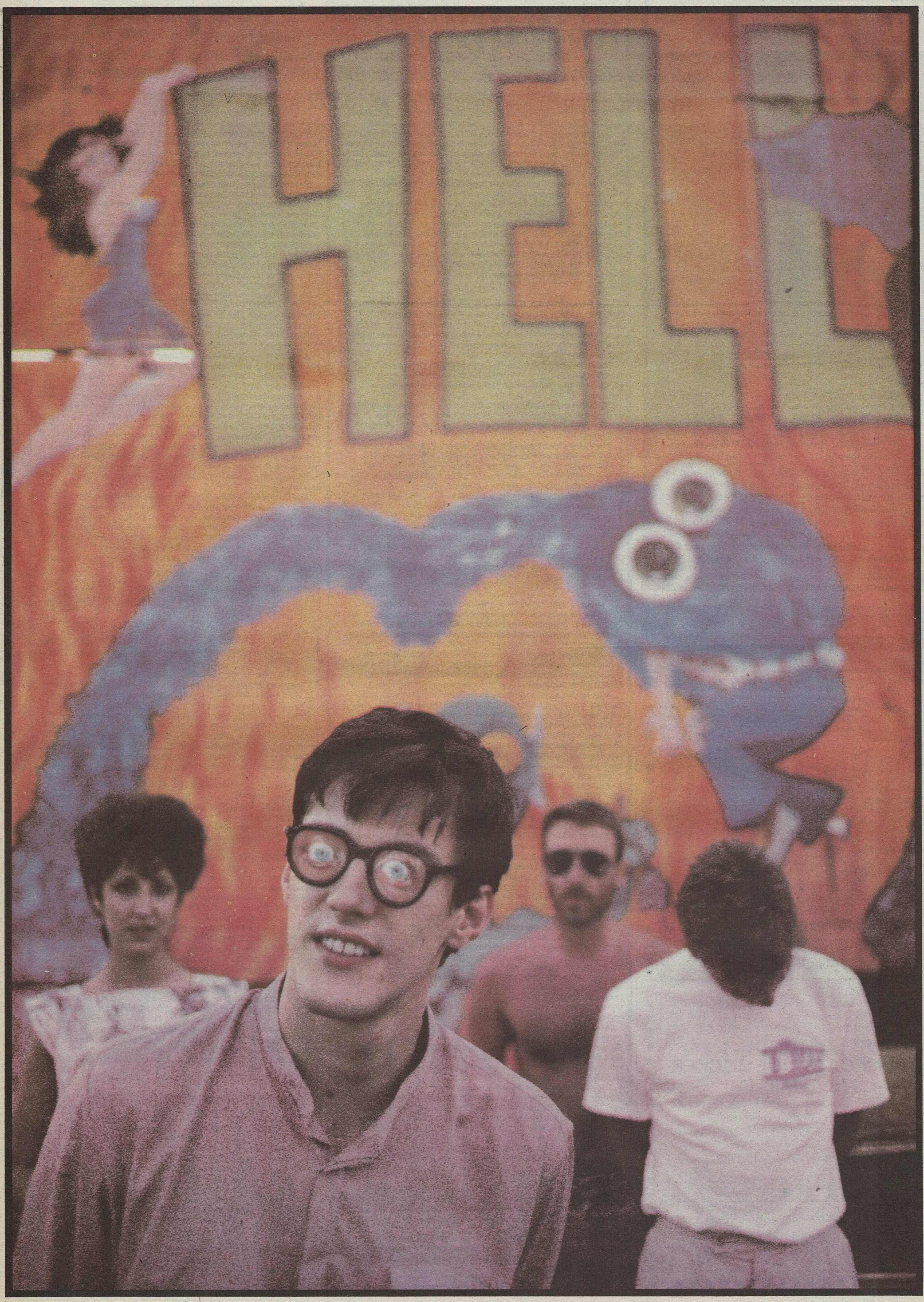
"I dunno," he expands, "we shouldn't really categorize people I suppose, but I know the type. We have the studious type with glasses and a fringe and we have the nasty little men with chips on their shoulder type who do that sort of thing. And the kind of people who have just read about you and expect you to be *exactly* what they've read."

"There's a lot of nutcases who buy our records I can tell ya," says drummer Stephen Morris, "who come backstage after a gig.

CONTINUES OVER

WHEN THERE'S NO MORE ROOM IN HELL

NEW ORDER PROWL THE NEW YORK STREETS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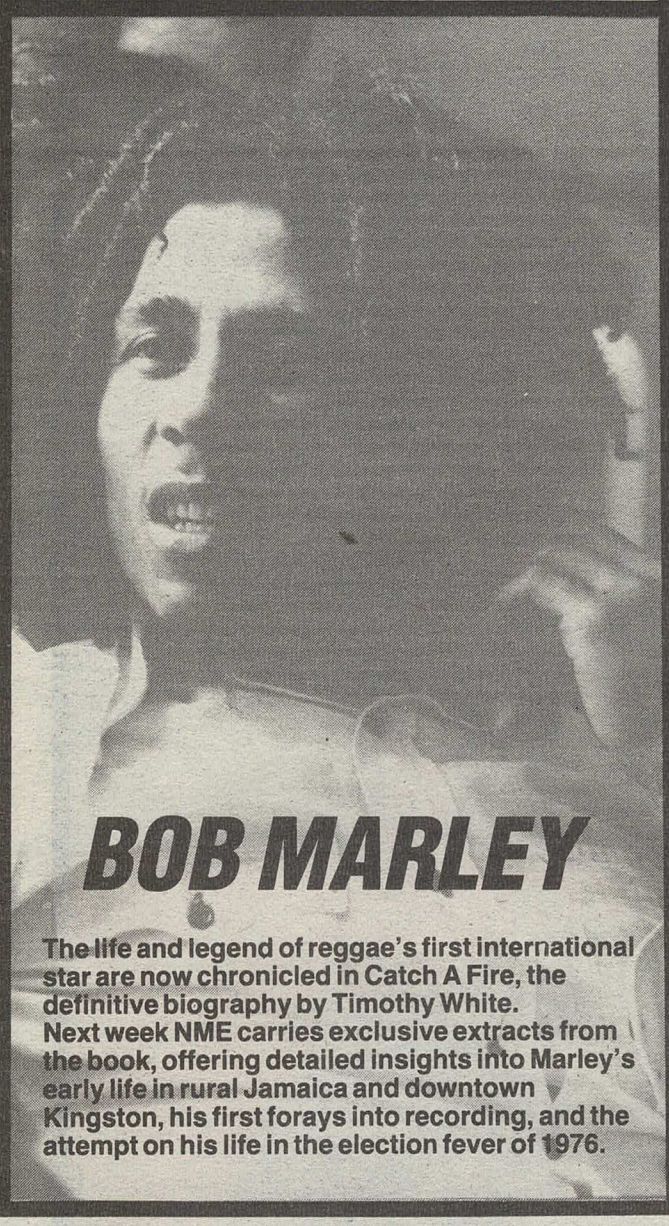

BOB MARLEY

The life and legend of reggae's first international star are now chronicled in Catch A Fire, the definitive biography by Timothy White. Next week NME carries exclusive extracts from the book, offering detailed insights into Marley's early life in rural Jamaica and downtown Kingston, his first forays into recording, and the attempt on his life in the election fever of 1976.

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NEW ORDER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

You know: why didn't your play any Joy Division songs? Why did Ian Curtis kill himself? Some get really worked up about it."

"Or they come in and tell you, you're a load of rubbish, you are," chips in synth operator and second guitarist Gillian Gilbert. "Imagine! It's like if you were in a pub and somebody said, you're a load of rubbish you! You'd flippin' hit them round the ear'ole. But you're supposed to just sit there . . ."

"Or go, *oh yeah, you're right*," mocks Steve. "*Soddin' hell. Fucking hell, I should give it up now.*"

Later Bernard tells Bohn the biggest mistake people make about them: "Thinking we're serious. Because we're serious about the music they think we take everything seriously. Like, the other night a kid came backstage after the gig and asked us to sign an LP. Hookey told him to shove it up his arse. We were only joking, but because it's us he took it serious and went away hurt.

"I dunno," he sighs. "They take everything you say so seriously, as if you *mean* everything . . ."

BERNARD BREEZES in to the breakfast room of the Holiday Inn, tired yet affable as always. He takes a long sigh, "fooKINell!" by way of morning greeting and proceeds in his quiet spoken Lancashire burr of a voice and with a gleam in his soft eyes to relate various anecdotes and pranks that have occurred during the tour.

The most unlikely concerned a 65 year-old stringer for a German teen magazine based in LA. He wanted the group pictured in Micky Mouse ears! Surprisingly, only Bernard refused.

"Then I made the mistake of sitting in the pram we use to push around the video equipment," he laughs, "and while I was jammed there he rammed the ears on me head and took the photograph!"

Another night the group's highly unconventional manager Rob Gretton tempted the lighting man with 100 dollars to join New Order onstage and sing for one number.

"He stood there with the lyrics to 'Cries And Whispers' shivering like crazy. You could hardly hear him!"

The best and cruellest prank, however, took place at London Brixton and involved Joy Division biographer Mark Johnson, an American who dogs New Order's every move. At their recent Ace concert, they got the number of his 'bike announced over the PA, saying it was blocking an entry. When he rushed out to move it, he saw New Order's roadie van hurtling up the road with his 'bike lashed to the top.

And there you were thinking that The Stranglers were the bad boys of British pop.

PERHAPS BEFORE New Order depart NYC for Washington DC, we should brief the President about the group.

New Order are the phoenix who rose from the ashes of Joy Division, from Manchester, who were the last popular group from Britain to probe heart and soul with stark candour. They never attempted anything so conceitful or deceitful as writing anthems for doomed youth, but the rigorous explorations of self, as personified by vocalist Ian Curtis's words, were uncannily right for the moment.

After Ian killed himself and Joy Division as such no longer existed, popular music took fright and for the large part regressed into its present state of mercantile infantilism, as if nobody wanted to take the risk of running so deep again. Thus *phun* became the dictate of the day, a pervasive cynicism gnawed away at any ideals that survived punk – to an extent a necessary stage in pop's sweet growth – and business acumen became the ruling aesthetic.

The greyly unimaginative post punk indie boom wasn't particularly encouraging to the independent cause; and because the media is only capable of operating in terms of epic sweeps, they swept out the imaginative and inspired along with the rest.

The three surviving members of Joy Division, meanwhile, auditioned a new singer but, finding no one suitable, brought in untutored musician Gillian Gilbert – Steve Morris' friend – and renamed themselves New Order.

How about an introduction to yourself, Gillian? She is, incidentally, an attractively down to earth and funny Mancunian who has the sort of accent that explains John Cooper Clarke's popularity.

"I vaguely knew Joy Division," she whispers. "I used to rehearse next door to them in Manchester when I was in a punk group, just before their hit. I used to go and see them and then I got to know Stephen – I sat next to his sister in geography, which is a coincidence really. Ha ha. I think it was one night at Liverpool Erics and Ian had hurt his hand on a bottle or something, so he couldn't play the guitar for one number. It wasn't a very big bit, so as I could play guitar a bit, I played that one number.

"Then, some months later the others called me. I think they wanted someone without any knowledge of guitar whatsoever to remind them of when they started and couldn't play. I think they were also looking for somebody who didn't have any particular style, so they could work them better into the band."

"We didn't really want anybody who could play," Stephen concurs. "If we got someone who could he might not fit in with the way we write songs and stuff, so we decided the best thing to do was get someone in fresh. Gillian was the only person we knew who couldn't play. We'd seen her play before and she definitely couldn't!"

They spent a year writing and rehearsing a completely new set, retaining only two unrecorded Joy Division songs – 'Ceremony' and 'In a Lonely Place' – which they released as their first single.

Anticipating the intense media interest focused on their return, they sensibly avoided its glare. With admirable perseverance they stuck to their own way. Being a sensitive collective beast, the media took New Order's unwillingness to cooperate personally and thus had them and Factory – the Mancunian independent they'd allied themselves to – figured as hostile, sullen and incommunicative.

The lack of exposure hasn't harmed them any. Through a series of infrequent international tours and the odd date at home, they've become the best selling independent group in the world, racking up club and radio hits in Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Europe and America.

That they've done it their way – that is, with a minimum of fuss and the emphasis on quality, not personality – is something they quietly cherish. Even if it has meant odd interpretations of the New Order silence.

"I just don't think the group should be at the forefront," asserts Peter with some authority. "I don't think we're that important. If we've got something to say, we say it. If we haven't got anything to say it doesn't mean we're dumb. It just means we don't fancy shouting our mouths off, or something like that. But I consider the music very important because it affects me, so I don't see why it shouldn't affect other people as well. I find it exhilarating, depressing, happy, sad or whatever. I just don't think our personalities need to be pushed."

The seeds of their mistrust of the media were sown when they were still Joy Division.

"In the very early days before 'Unknown Pleasures' the music press detested us and that was a kind of driving force to go on," says Bernard. "When 'Unknown Pleasures' came out we were suddenly wonderful. We went from being the most unpopular group in the world to the most popular. Fucking ridiculous!

"I remember reading one live review of a gig at the Moonlight Club. We played three nights there and got wonderful reviews from all of them, even though one night we were shit, really bad. And the review from that night said, this group was so good they made me want to piss in the face of God! And we were fucking appalling! When I read that I just thought the whole press thing with Joy Division had gone completely over the top."

Shy and conscious of their own privacy, they stopped doing interviews three years ago. Most importantly they didn't want to get sucked into the music industry mainstream.

Says Bernard: "We were worried in case once you started you would begin to do things the way everybody else does and that would have been boring. So to keep our noses clean . . . It's been pretty enjoyable the way we got where we are today. It's been really good the way we've done it because we've not gone through the system and I, for one, feel better for it. I don't mean because I've done things honestly. I mean, each to his own."

From the distance they've so admirably maintained from the pop maelstrom, its absurd manifestations must appear ridiculous. From the other side, the constancy of New Order and its Factory allies might be mistaken as old fashioned or slowwitted.

"I think this idea of being hip or not being hip is a fucking load of shit," Bernard forcefully states. "It's a trap that music has got into. If you see the progress of music as a maze, well now it has arrived at a dead end. The idea of hip has stopped people expressing themselves as much as they should do, because they're afraid of not being hip. Like, you can only be hip if you've got this rhythm or these instruments, otherwise people will stop listening to you!

"I think it's terrible because it's stopped people producing music unselfconsciously. They're too conscious of whether what they're doing will fit into the mould or not. Hip is making a lot of people very narrow minded. Hip is like a chain reaction. A music paper gets very narrow minded in its approach, the people who read it get that way and eventually it works its way into music. Then everything starts going in one direction. The music scene in England now doesn't allow for any kind of fringe to be successful."

THE ONTARIO cinema, located in one of Washington's black districts, specialises in lurid Spanish pictures. But tonight they're featuring New Order. That is, if they arrive.

Bohn and Corbijn travelled down from New York in the relative splendour of an Amtrak train, passing through the Baltimore of *Diner*, Philadephia and across the Delaware. Shortly before Wilmington the train pulls up outside a plant called Destruction Of Confidential Records. Bohn ponders whether he should throw in his notebook, but decides that no guilty secrets are contained therein.

So much of what New Order says is good sense and the way they've ploughed their money back into Manchester by way of The Hacienda club is exemplary. Their attitude ought to serve as as a strong example in these times when popstars would sell their soul for a line – preferably on a mirror but otherwise in a teenzine. Not to mention the nobility of their art; he is pleased to publish it.

The group travel down by air shuttle, arriving at Dulles ("'sDullesfuck!" sneers Simon Topping, who is guesting with the opening act Quando Quango) Airport. Half an hour before the show is due to begin Steve Morris, Peter Hook and manager Rob Gretton are still missing. Quando Quango, also a Factory act, are sent out to appease the restless audience with their stylishly aloof and bemused funk.

It works fine, but the four songs they've brought with them don't last long. In the meantime the three have arrived "ratarsed pissed" on melon ball cocktails. Hookey immediately falls asleep under a dressing room table and later melts into the night.

He's still playing hookey when the group, already hours late, must go on. They start without him and try to pass off Rob Gretton as the Third Man, but even from the back it is obvious that this figure in drooping tracksuit vest and shorts flailing away at the cymbals, often as not missing them, is not the right man.

Midway through the second song, Hookey shows. "Ah, the black sheep returns," mutters Bernard, while shooting Hookey a rueful glance. Hookey straps on his bass, looks out into the audience and apologises: "Hi shitheads!"

A new order: being pissed means never having to say your sorry.

TO COMPENSATE a new, healthy Hookey arrives first in Trenton, New Jersey. Hardly a prestigious finale to the tour, it is a godforsaken, rundown place, the equivalent of a northern milltown after the mills have closed down. The venue is once again in the black quarter.

Next door parents are holding a carnival to raise money for the baseball Little League. It is here New Order go for a photo session, gathering in front of something called The Hellhole.

What's on the other side?

"A vision of what's to come for them's that misbehave," pronounces the ticket collector.

Duly warned, New Order stop squabbling over who should wear the funny glasses and line up for their portraits. Bergmanesque visions of the grim reaper no longer hover behind the music of New Order. *Cries and whispers* have transmuted into *smiles on a summer night.*

New Order have struggled with the Meaning of Life and come out winning.

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

MENTAL INDIGESTION

SHALAMAR

The Look *(Solar)*

MAKE THAT move right now Jeffrey . . .

In last week's *MM*, whilst tearfully revealing Shalamar's forthcoming split, Jeffrey Daniels credited *MM's* coverage of the group as *the* reason for Shalamar's enormous British success. He's wrong. In truth, it was Jeffrey Daniels' performance on *Top Of The Pops*, bodypopping to 'A Night To Remember', that catapulted Shalamar from cult status to Major Success Story.

Since then Jeffrey has dominated proceedings. His assimilation of British fashions, his articulacy and, of course, his engaging dance routines have all gone to shape Shalamar into more than just another faceless Solar act.

Like Motown, Solar works on the factory line principle. Take two boys, fairly good looking ones who can at least sing in tune, add a pretty woman and mould accordingly. Surround them with talented songwriters and producers, teach them a few dance routines and how to handle interviews, ("Yes, we just *love* America, Solar and our fans",) and unleash them two a penny until one sticks.

Daniels' determined individuality, however, has upset this particular apple cart, causing friction twixt company and group, and with their popularity behind them, Shalamar have now taken a much stronger role in the making of this record.

On last year's 'Friends' LP, which spawned those titanic '45s, Jody Watley helped write two of the songs, Howard Hewett only one. With 'The Look', Howard has helped pen three of the tunes whilst the production credits are shared by the group and their mentor Leon Sylvers III.

In keeping with Daniels' outlook, Shalamar have gone for a 'modern' funk-a-day sound, mainly electronic keyboard backings pinned down and, in many cases, overwhelmed by a crushing rhythm section.

It all adds up to a patchy, inconsequential LP which misplaces energy and rush for the controlled subtle arrangements of their previous work. A lot of the time their delightful vocal interplay, which made records like 'Make That Move', is forsaken for dull electronics that sorely lack freshness. Compare the pungency and sharpness of 'There It Is' to the bull-headed approach of the single 'Dead Giveaway' and you start to get the idea.

Occassionally this welding together of frenetic music with Shalamar's sweet, if indistinct, voices works well – on 'Closer', 'Over And Over' and the actual title track – but for the majority of the songs here the direction is Nowheresville, their content lumpy and unappealing as they rush past uncontrollably.

(There are also two obligatoy ballads on offer but both are your usual sickly Vegas fare. .)

Perhaps the best example of this LP's malaise can be summed up by the back cover photo which depicts the three of them dressed up to the hilt in Worlds End clothes, posing awkwardly in their colourful fabrics and not ever understanding that The Look, any look, comes naturally, with style and grace. It can't be forced and here, both musically and image wise, Shalamar sound and look exactly that.

Paolo Hewitt

BAUHAUS

Burning From The Inside (*Beggars Banquet*)

IT CAN'T be long now before some bright spark puts out a 272 × 197 mm book called something like *The Illustrated History Of The Cheekbone* (5 pages, £15.50) featuring all the great masters of the performance art from Kafka to Dietrich to Debbie Drool. Indeed even I am hardly a non-starter in these stakes ("Exquisite" – *The Sunday Times*) but without doubt the most recent addition to this select band is Mr Peter Murphy, anorexic Cinderella of the cassette commercial set.

He really should have sat in that swivel chair in that wuthering house forever, letting his cheekbones do the talking, but his tonsils had to get in on the act. What a mistake this was!

The first thing that must be said is that Mr Murphy is nothing more than Jayne Mansfield to Norma Jean Bowie, two huge protuberances (aforesaid cheekbones in this case) acting as determined decoy from the entity's basic lack of originality and appeal. There are a whole batch now of acts who must grow to loathe their former heroes because whenever the real thing decides to make a comeback, the fortunes of the imitator (think of Men At Work v the Boys In Bleach) take a nosedive.

There must be many young crooners fallen upon hard times who ten years ago on gazing upon the strange face of Mr Bowie must have vowed passionately to themselves, "One day, David, I'll be just like you!" and who now, whenever they see him romping around on top of a) the charts and b) Chinese girls, must pray with passion "Dear God, let him drop dead, let him drop dead soon so I'll be the best David Bowie around!"

Bauhaus sound like David Bowie in the wee small hours of the '70s, those days when he was prancing around in frocks working up an effete sweat and singing shrill, raunchy, rockist songs about FRUIT FARMS and BEING NOT QUITE NORMAL. To paraphrase the old great – platform boots and madness are never out of date! The old "Rabbit" Burroughs cut-up method that He used to use before He sobered up has obviously been employed by these people on the album sleeves of their Thin White (Yellow now actually: everything about Bowie has turned yellow) Mentor Himself.

The impression Bauhaus try to give is one of being sumptuously deranged; of course the songs are called things like 'King Volcano', 'Honeymoon Crown' and 'Antonin Artaud' (what, nothing about Jean Genet?). 'Slice Of Life' starts off very cute, very sex-kitten, very Astrud Gilberto but soon becomes shrill and monotonous; 'Who Killed Mr Moonlight?' is a great title, like a Graham Greene short story, but features one of those mournful little pianos that can't quite get started and words like "*Someone shot nostalgia in the back*", which to my mind is an obscene misuse of our own dear language. The shrill, flamboyant decay they strain so hard for is overwhelmingly undesirable after a while – hear this, all you David fans, and understand how Angie must have felt in the weeks leading up to the separation.

If I had a fiver for every time words such as "sanity", "madness", "assassin" and "loonatik" are mentioned, I'd make Adnan Karshoggi look like a panhandler. (Also contains the word "wank" – seven times in two minutes, I think! Don't these kids have *stamina*? – and "bastard" (once). Just a word from your censor.) Bauhaus, like The Cure, Tears For Fears, Blue Zoo, Talk Talk, A Flock Of Seagulls and Blancmange, all those New Neurotics, like to give the impression they are fresh from the fruit farm.

The Cure, on *Top Of The Pops* a few weeks ago, were singing some neurotic song ("*Visiting time was over*" – that one) and they were accompanied by a dancer in a cage, wearing little more than rags, seasick makeup and a glazed, abstracted stare. She was pawing at the air and making confused gestures and it was obvious that she was meant to be not all there, if you get my drift.

I had to laugh, but it made me think. What if some poor wretch had just come out of a Clinique for real and was trying to cheer themselves up by watching a nice pop programme? The deification of depression has been with us for a while now, revived by the revolting New Order, and it really is a bad thing; one can only hope that one day the leaders of these bands will find the guts to follow the example of kingpin Ian Curtis and practise what they preach.

Neurosis is NOT glamourous, it is NOT an adventure or a rebellion, neurosis is a pathetic whine of defeat, a wilful wallowing in powerlessness, a luxury that no one can afford anymore. Have a cold bath, pull your socks up, snap out of it – God, these New Neurotics make me feel like Baden-Powell.

We need a rerelease of Napoleon XIV's masterful 'They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Ha' to clear the air – although there's no chance what with the Social Workers' Convention occupying the Palace of Westminster for the next five years (*they* need a short sharp shock to put them off playing at fruitbats). There's nothing wrong with any of them, you see, that a few hours of ECT wouldn't put right.

Julie Burchill

Bauhaus illustration: Ian Wright

VOULEZ-VOUS BOOZEZ AVEC MOI?

Paul Young gets a ringing in his ears. Pic Peter Anderson

PAUL YOUNG

No Parlez (*CBS*)

SIMPLY FOR not being Kevin Rowland or Paul Weller or Martin Fry, Paul Young fully deserves his Number One. And 'Wherever' is more than a proficient cover: it's one of the few convincing confessions of shame pop has produced. Also, I'm pro-anyone who isn't a *Face* pin-up wearing street suss in the cut of an epaulette. In July 1983, Paul Young's ABC hand-me-downs are rather sweet.

But one headpiece – homburgs and trilbys not excepted – doth not an LP make, and the upshot of 'No Parlez' (Quel Title!) is that 'Hat' is a bit of a fluke.

Paul Young is the ex-singer of The Q-Tips, who, if memory still serves, were one of the true sounds of the suburbs, a kind of Jack The Lad's Midnight Runners. If ever there was a sound of Young Penge – which must remain in doubt – they were it. If ever the suburbs got off the wall and on the make, their ears were full of Q-Tips (rather uncomfortable, come to think of it.)

Of course the press detested them. Yobbish, rockist jingoistic, The Q-Tips couldn't have been further from inner city styling if that had been their sole concern. The semi-decency of the odd Q-Tips song (eg 'Stay The Way You Are') did not count. They were the very meaning of Unhip.

'No Parlez' is a lot worse not because of Young's hard rock tonsils: give me a poor boy's Paul Rodgers over some sanctimonious soulboy's attempt at black falsetto anyday. It's worse on account of a gentleman by the name of Laurie Latham, whom somebody unwisely contracted to produce this record. A less sensitive architect of honky soul structures it would hurt to imagine. His track record is not known to me, but this idea of stylish dance sound is pretty clear. Rule 1) Overdo everything. 2) Clot each song with languid Japanesque swathes of synthified bass. 3) Flatten drums at the back of the mix and submerge every beat beneath a shroud of electronic percussion. 4) Lose all trace of guitar. 5) Avoid anything which might appear to add to a song's power of clarity. In sum, Latham, if that is his real name, fashions surroundings more appropriate to a record by Ultravox or Queen than to, say, a record by Culture Club.

Which defeats the album's purpose. For make no mistake: someone, somewhere along the line, is grooming the lad for the "Club" club. He's damned if he's going to get left behind by the likes of Wham! (make that *two* exclamation marks). Thus, 'No Parlez' is crowned by a full-scale dissertation on the libido called, hang on . . . 'Sex'. Sex! Where have I heard *that* before?

The reason why neither 'Sex' nor much else on this record works is obvious when you alight on the inner sleeve's 'Royal Family' photo album of roadies and groupettes monkeying about in shower stalls: Paul Young is still a Pub Rocker! (As, unfortunately, is Laurie Latham.)

Hopeless! Hand the boy over to Respond or Levine (or Langer & Winstanley, purveyors of simplicity to the pop gentry.) Get him away from these hairy drunken people. Make him go out with Tracie. For heaven's sake give him a club identity!

Because when Boz Scaggs meets The Fun Boy Three in the De-Staxified 'Iron Out The Hotspots', or when Bad Company release their Basement Tapes of 'Broken Man', or when that awful Bowie person inspires horrors like 'Oh Women' and 'Ku Ku Kurama' (*"we are lovers of the world tonight"*, no less), or 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' comes in for a dose of chest-beaten torch-bearing, great things do not happen. The young bucks of the Ford Capri set do not *need* a scuzzier Robert Palmer.

But I shouldn't need to labour over such conceits to steer you from this atrocious record. And yes, I *am* the one who thinks Cliff Richard has more "soul" in his left earlobe than Gary 'True' Kemp has in his whole fat face.

For now, Paul Young wears a mean hat but no speak el lingo.

Barney Hoskyns

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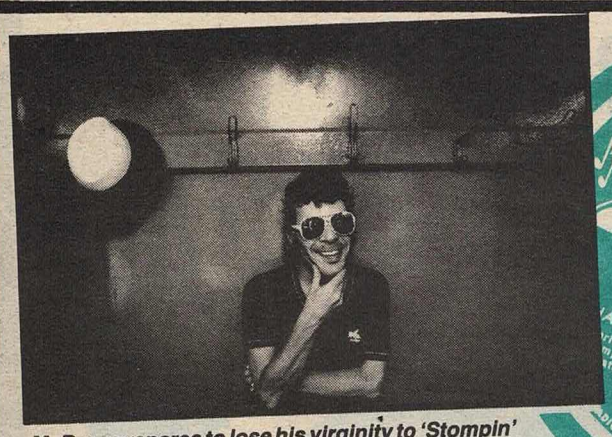


Mr Dury prepares to lose his virginity to 'Stompin' At The Savoy'. Pic Anton Corbijn.

IAN DURY reviews the LP that began life as an NME cassette

FIRST CLASS STOMPS

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Stompin' At The Savoy (*Savoy/Arista*)

THIS LP started life last year as an *NME* compilation cassette of music recorded for the Savoy label in the '40s and '50s. These items, jukebox favourites of their day, range in style from R&B to Be-Bop. Here we have songs and instrumentals with all the passion, dexterity, humour and rhythmic brilliance of jazz combined with the gimmicky appeal of great popcorn.

Included are numbers by the mighty Fats Navarro, Joe Turner, Art Pepper, Charlie Parker and Johnny Otis. Not to mention H-Bomb Ferguson. Every track is a work of dancing genius, and Roy Carr's bionic sleeve notes complete a lovingly assembled and truly valuable record. Get it. Got it?

From before Fats Waller to since Funkadelic, jazz musicians have always made the best pop music. This is because they play with more feeling and skill than anyone else. Jazz is the link between great bands like James Brown's Famous Flames and Earth Wind & Fire. The best session players in today's popular music, Steve Gadd, Abraham Laboriel, Herbie Hancock, or arrangers and producers like Quincy Jones all came from jazz. Hard men like Ornette Coleman would rather starve than switch, and mainstreamers like the MJQ or Brubeck are popular in their own right, but many many jazz players have to bend towards the breads. Luckily limitation cannot diminish art and talent is adaptable to need. Not to mention George Benson.

Here within may be heard Charlie Parker playing pure bop and pure pop with equal joyous wonderment, and when the amazing Babs Gonzales sings 'Ornithology' it makes you really glad that Big Al Jarreau was working at Hammersmith Odeon the other week.

Any jazz musician who slags pop music, and many still do, should hear this record, as any pop musician who pops jazz should and many do. These barriers are all bollocks. Witness Charlie Parker's album with a string orchestra or Albert Ayler playing with the Pretty Purdie soul band. Not to mention Jimi Hendrix.

Of all music it is jazz that can most inspire, but to an unaccustomed earhole it might come as cacophony. The sweet pleasure of 'Stompin' At The Savoy' will help to change fixed attitudes. Education becomes enjoyment or we stifle of stupid.

There are 18½ diamonds in this collection. At an estimated publishing royalty of 1p per tune (and it won't be more for sure): if 100,000 people buy this piece of fine art, the Charlie Parker estate would receive two thousand quid. Not to mention Slim Gaillard.

Ian Dury

Some original Savoy stompers.

BONGO MAN FURY

KANDA BONGO MAN

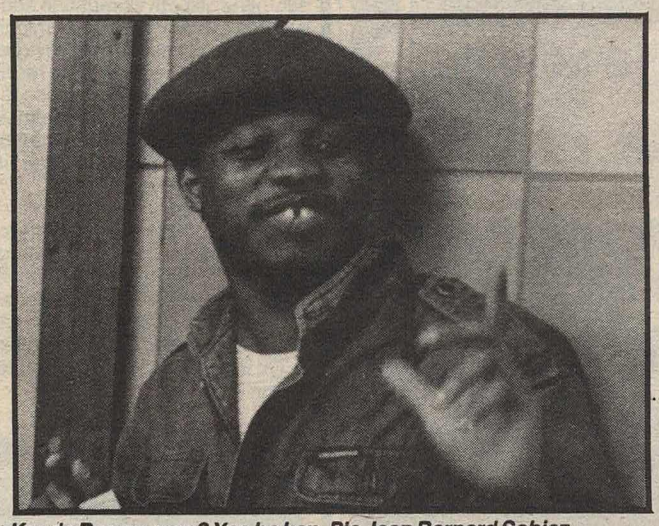
Iyole/Mazina Djessy/Dyna (*Afro-Rhythmes*)

TWO FRENCH imports from a man whose appearance on these shores made a big impression. Each LP has four prime dance systems from the Zairean singer we met in Viv Goldman's Afro-Paris travelogue: a light, fetchingly shy voice that leaps out of a glittering show of guitars.

Kanda fronts a spare five-man group with three fretboards on hyperdrive – crisply put across, locked into a straightforward first rhythm, the second record cuts deepest with two smart episodes in 'Iyole' and 'N' Sambi-Carol'. Take an intermission in the habitual search for a summer soundtrack and needle your local store into ordering copies. You might find the sun shining on your stereo every time you put these on.

Richard Cook

(Distributed by Earth Works, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W10.



Kanda Bongo-man? Yes he kan. Pic Jean Bernard Sohiez.

SOLAR KNIGHT

GLADYS KNIGHT & THE PIPS

Visions (*CBS*)

SEEMS LIKE everyone is going Solar. Light to the touch but good to the bone, it's the radio sound of now. The perfect pop-soul marriage, made in a haven of soft, adhesive funk, it has us all in the calming palm of its hand.

The formula is an open-shut case, guaranteed to melt in seconds: guitar picks out a song's signature, keyboards fall away in long, lush trains, chords step on the offbeat, piano motors melody, and harmonies flow and fold in irrigating loops. It is the antithesis of soul melodrama. These effervescent sparklets do only one thing, but they do it the best: in Shalamar's words, make you feel good.

When no less than Gladys Knight And The Pips wander into this ken, it suggests that the grasp of the sound has matched its reach. And 'Visions' is no safe harbour: the Pips may be refugees from depressing Ashford & Simpson jobs, but this group does not don new sounds as protective blankets. 'Save The Overtime' is enough to prove they are as inventive and dexterous as ever.

The great advantage of the Sylvers formula is that it's malleable. More than anything, that is what makes 'Visions' the Pips' most cohesive, full-bodied music since Van McCoy's masterful 'Baby Don't Change Your Mind'. You know from the immediate punch of 'When You're Far Away' that the formula has adapted to them and not the other way round. The Sylvers' connection with Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis (which yielded last year's 'High Hopes' for S.O.S.) continues to pay useful dividends here. Side One expands into a perfect run through alternate styles and tempos – the ravishing grace of 'Just Be My Lover', the scorching cyclone of 'Don't Make Me Run Away' – which might be taken for granted in a Shalamar but wouldn't normally be expected of peers like The Pips.

A clue to the surprising excellence of 'Visions' is its neat division of labour. Rather than have a single producer calculate the correct ratio of dance to sentiment, the set is intelligently shared between two camps: one, the official Solarites (Edmund Sylvers and partners); the other, veteran songsmith Sam Dees, in conjunction with the group itself. A healthy duality is the result, with neither team cramping the style of the other. When Rickey Smith of the Silverspoon squad gives his 'Overtime', Dees corresponds through the breathless 'Run Away', the album's crown.

The only personal disappointment is 'Seconds', not the Bacharach song but a Dees cut that Patrick Adams last year turned into a massive love stampede for Loleatta Holloway and the Salsoul Orchestra. Here delivered by Bubba, with Gladys dipping in as chorus girl, its ambitiously jagged arrangement never really takes off. As for the seagull schmaltz of 'Hero' – a brief transport back to Jim Weatherly days of firesides and tears big as baubles – so what: if Jack Nitzsche can get away with 'Up Where We Belong' and rape, surely Gladys may be permitted this little bit of kitsch in the night. *Eine kleine* pifflemusik is not a cardinal sin.

With 'Visions', Gladys Knight finally enters the '80s. Save the overtime for her.

Barney Hoskyns

I-LEVEL GRILLED

I – LEVEL

Minefield (*Virgin*)

THESE DAYS good British dance music, be it white or black, is as rare as full time employment in the small Irish border town of Strabane.

To go through the parade of derivative practicioneers of the last few years would be depressing and space wasting, but just compare the present releases from Junior or Freeez to the likes of The Isleys or Brass Construction. The differences aren't much to do with style or culture but the sheer *class* and instinctive force of the Stateside groups and the pallid, scratchy efforts of their British counterparts.

A three-piece studio outfit who enjoyed Stateside success prior to their present ascendancy on the home front, I-Level specialise in lame gushy songs that have been battered rather than bolstered by all manner of percussion. Their lyrics are corny to the point of hair-tearing inanity, the aural equivalent of being placed in a giant fish tank and surrounded by enormous gaping moronic grins. Bloody horrible.

I-Level present the same manifesto as any dance band – dance and be happy, forget your worries, try a little romance. Hardly a capital crime, though once in a while it would be nice to think that if you shook their noggins there'd be something more than two marrowfats rattling. But without zeal or conviction in the music, their sickeningly puerile rejoices are tired and repetitive.

I-Level seem to want to appeal to kids from nine – 29, naive teenies and freewheelin' trendies. Either way, if 'Teacher' is for the pubescents then it's ludicrously affected, and if 'Give Me' is for themselves and their peers then I fear progress in the mental health stakes has been very slight.

Despite the guitar, drums and keyboards nucleus being augmented with horns and strings the music is tacky and rootless. The usual topical 'n' tropical riddums float over routine backdrops. There is no drive or substance to tie it all together, just an ever-ready insistent thump thump. The thump-thump is their answer to everything. When in doubt keep them moving, keep them happy, keep them sedated.

Singer Sam Jones has, like Clare Grogan, one of *those* voices that make it impossible for me to like the group no matter how good the music. But, unlike Aftered Images, I-Level are never likely to present such a dilemma. Jones' voice sounds like it has been drained through a mouthful of Slush Puppies and is the ideal complement to a song like the sticky, sickly self-confessional 'Treacle': *And treacle you do the funniest things to my mind/ Oh treacle (repeat).*" Aaaaargh! As someone used to say, Quick, nurse, the screens!

It's not surprising I-Level enjoyed favour in New York. Their aural mush is great listening for white middle class MTV boppers who never want to stop being breast-fed or hear any nasty black street funk. So they eat MacDonalds (the only solid food you can practically suck through a straw) and listen to I-Level. The latter, while allowing a little polite ass wriggling, has a soothing effect like being patted on the head by a large clammy hand.

Such is I-Level Music – it means never having to grow up, never having to worry or never having to get moving. They present no threat to the docile Brit-funk beast. They play dance music but with no heart, no brain and no muscle. It's no sort of dance music at all.

Gavin Martin

IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T B. B. KING . . .

B.B. KING

Blues'N'Jazz *(MCA)*

A FEW years ago, B.B. King let it be known that there were three albums that he had always wanted to record: one album of country songs, one swinging, jazzy tribute to Louis Jordan and one album of 'standards'. The latter is still to come, but B.B. took care of the country album with last year's masterly 'Love Me Tender', and 'Blues 'N' Jazz' contains two Jordan tunes set like jewels amidst a selection of compositions by King himself and assorted others.

The title is a slight (*very* slight) misnomer: what this album actually contains is the blues taken to big band heaven and swung to a turn. Against a background that recalls the finest moments of the Kansas City swing of the '40s and a horn section that burns so hard it could probably set light to a wet mattress, stellar soloists like tenorist Arnett Cobb, trumpeter Woody Shaw, pianist Lloyd Glenn, vibes master Warren Chiasson and an uncredited violinist frame B.B. King himself who – at 57 – is on such superlative form that the only adequate description would be to say that he sounds more like B.B. King than ever.

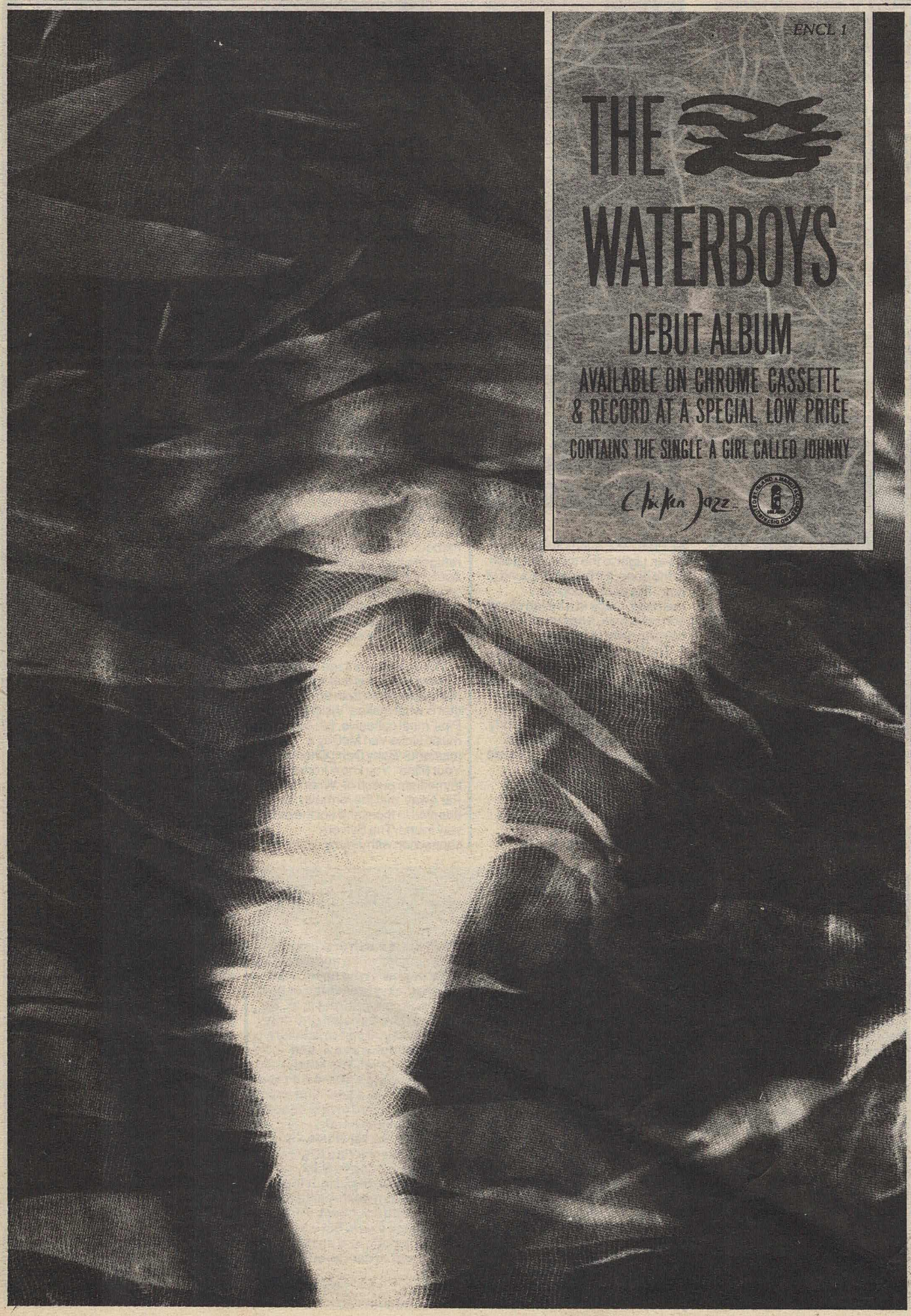
Both his voice and guitar seem richer and more expressive than at any previous time in his 35-year career. There is a raw youthful fire to his Memphis sides from the late '40s and early '50s which others can these days approximate far more convincingly than King, and a similarly compelling audacity and aggression in his celebrated live recordings from the mid-'60s (check 'Blues Is King' or 'Live At The Regal' for confirmation), but this album forms a perfect counterpoint to the modernist funk experiments of his Crusaders collaborations a few years ago.

Leading off with Louis Jordan's 'Inflation Blues', a passionate burst of indignation so pertinent in the Reaganomic era that it should be played to death by any radio programmer with slightly more imagination than a cold potato, 'Blues 'N' Jazz' has all the ingredients for a good time: humour, courage, a lot of excitement (check the rampaging instrumental 'Rainbow Riot' with its positively incendiary horn section work), an endless supply of deft little touches like the casual Wes Montgomery octaves that introduce 'Teardrops From My Eyes', love gone bad, love gone good, some celebrations, some tears and B.B. King.

It also has Calvin Owens' arrangements, which hurt not at all, and more of B.B.'s own songwriting than for quite a while. This kind of fierce commitment to seeking the highest in one's art transcends bourgeois notions of 'professionalism' or 'productivity' or 'career longevity'. This is *love*. You should hear it.

Charles Shaar Murray

The Blues Boy gone good. Pic David Corio



. . . O EL RAY DE SALSA!

TITO PUENTE & HIS LATIN ENSEMBLE

On Broadway (*Concord-Picante*)

SALSA may seem to have been just one of last summer's countless off-the-peg distractions, but at source, it's music that is eternally more durable than the whims of fashion-obsessed dilettantes. Stateside, Salsa is the cultural equivalent of reggae — the popular music of the largest immigrant community to whom Spanish is the loving mother-tongue.

Though — aside from Santana — Salsa has never been subjected to the kind of big-bucks media propaganda as almost every new pose in disposable mainstream pop, worldwide it probably remains the most prevalent street-beat and is infinitely more credible than some of the questionable image shapes currently thrown by certain funk-punk parodists.

Throughout his illustrious career, the prolific Tito Puente — a dab-hand on both vibraphone and timbales — has anticipated impending major change, fashioning the musical overlays to comply with all the newest stylistic devices but without ever compromising his intrinsic values. Here, the resilient Puente fronts a nine man band that carries the clout of a combo twice that weight.

In a remarkable display of almost 50 minutes of proud, defiant polyrhythms, the main instrumental voices prove to be guitarist Edgardo Miranda, pianist Jorge Dalto and the robust Rollinesque tenor of Mario Rivera.

Puente's tantalizing 'Jo-Je-Ti' — a fiery hand-drum workout — might drive other percussionists to ram their fists in the nearest vice out of frustration, but it's the extended 'On Broadway' which supports Puente's right to the coveted title, *El Ray* (The King). Taking the basics of George Benson's familiar flaccid arrangement of The Drifters' classic, Puente restates it in a vibrant manner that completely eluded the over-praised fusionist.

'On Broadway', with Tito Puente, is another kind of adventure playground!

Roy Carr

STEVIE NICKS

The Wild Heart *(WEA)*

NEVER THOUGHT I'd be citing Stevie Nicks as a force in revising the stock histories of man-and-woman but with 'The Wild Heart', she shakes off her cloaks and rings of fog to shine with unexpected chemistry and heat – on an LP essentially concerned with loss.

Romantic loss with a capital 'R' of course, but there's little vamp posturing; this is one by a lady *for* the ladies.

Basically this is Nicks' first success at dealing with the *realities* of the soul's conscription by romance rather than just its scripts and scenarios; instead of dawdling fancifully over details she looks at least some of the essential complications straight in the eye.

If you doubt it, check out the second track, co-written with new female colleague Sandy Stewart. E Street Band expert Roy Bittan sets Stevie's spiralling vocals against a synth programme which opens and shuts like an accordion around an anthemic chorus of female voices. Ex-flame Jimmy Iovine's production woos Nicks' voice like nothing on earth on this track, and the result is so far the epitome of Stevie's solo work.

Two other tracks benefit from Stewart's talents on synthesiser: the soulfully aggressive 'Nothing Ever Changes' and 'Stand Back' which leads Side Two, an enacted vignette of the conflicting emotions called up by humiliation. Strong radio stuff and – as on other tracks like the more descriptive 'Gate And Garden' – a free interplay of female vocals adds depth of both feeling and meaning.

Similar beauty is audible on a new duet with Tom Petty, backed by a subdued Heartbreakers. There's also 'Enchanted' – a ladies' romp of a rocker about being found wanting but then recovering one's pride – and more familiar florid touches with 'Sable On Blond' and 'Nightbird', the two least satisfactory tracks on the LP, together with its most intentionally ambitious cut, the 6.02 minute 'Beauty And The Beast', a long and highly-orchestrated meditation inspired by Cocteau's film.

This whole LP is an impressive success not just for Nicks, not just for Iovine, not just for its spirit of female collaboration – it's a nice triumph for musical collaboration itself.

Cynthia Rose

MAT SNOW on the new biog that marks a Stone's 40th birthday

MICKEY MOUTH

JAGGER
by Carey Schofield *(Methuen, £7.95)*

PRINT

"NO OTHER twentieth-century entertainer, with the possible exceptions of Garbo and Valentino, has been accorded anything like his mythological status." So claims biographer Carey Schofield of her subject Mick Jagger.

A bold assertion and one I'd dispute in detail – what about Chaplin, Presley, Ali, Sinatra? – but it can't be dismissed out of hand. And as His Satanic Majesty's 40th birthday falls later this month, publishers' logic decrees that this milestone (ho ho) be celebrated with The Story So Far. Jagger himself has embarked on an autobiography, assisted by *The Sunday Times*' John Ryle, but since it won't emerge until next year, Carey Schofield's *opus* is guaranteed a good run on the airport bookstalls.

Carey Schofield wrote the quickie biog of the semi-legendary, and very dead, French criminal Jacques Mesrine and also contributes to *Harpers & Queen*. And as she quotes no personal knowledge of Mick Jagger, you might expect a dodgy scissors-and-paste job glossed into cute journalese. And this is largely what you get. But curiously enough, such a style reflects the life and times of her subject as faithfully as did Nick Tosches' sanctified Southern preacher moonshine in *Hellfire*, his biography of Jerry Lee Lewis.

Schofield's text fair zips along, hurtling from one glib generalisation to the next with a hack's instinct for good copy. For this reason the bulk of the book concerns the period of growing up, stardom and notoriety. And rightly so, for that is by far the most intriguing stage of his life. Since about 1973 he has coasted on the previous decade's achievement, doing little of any intrinsic interest apart from his continued ability to do it at all.

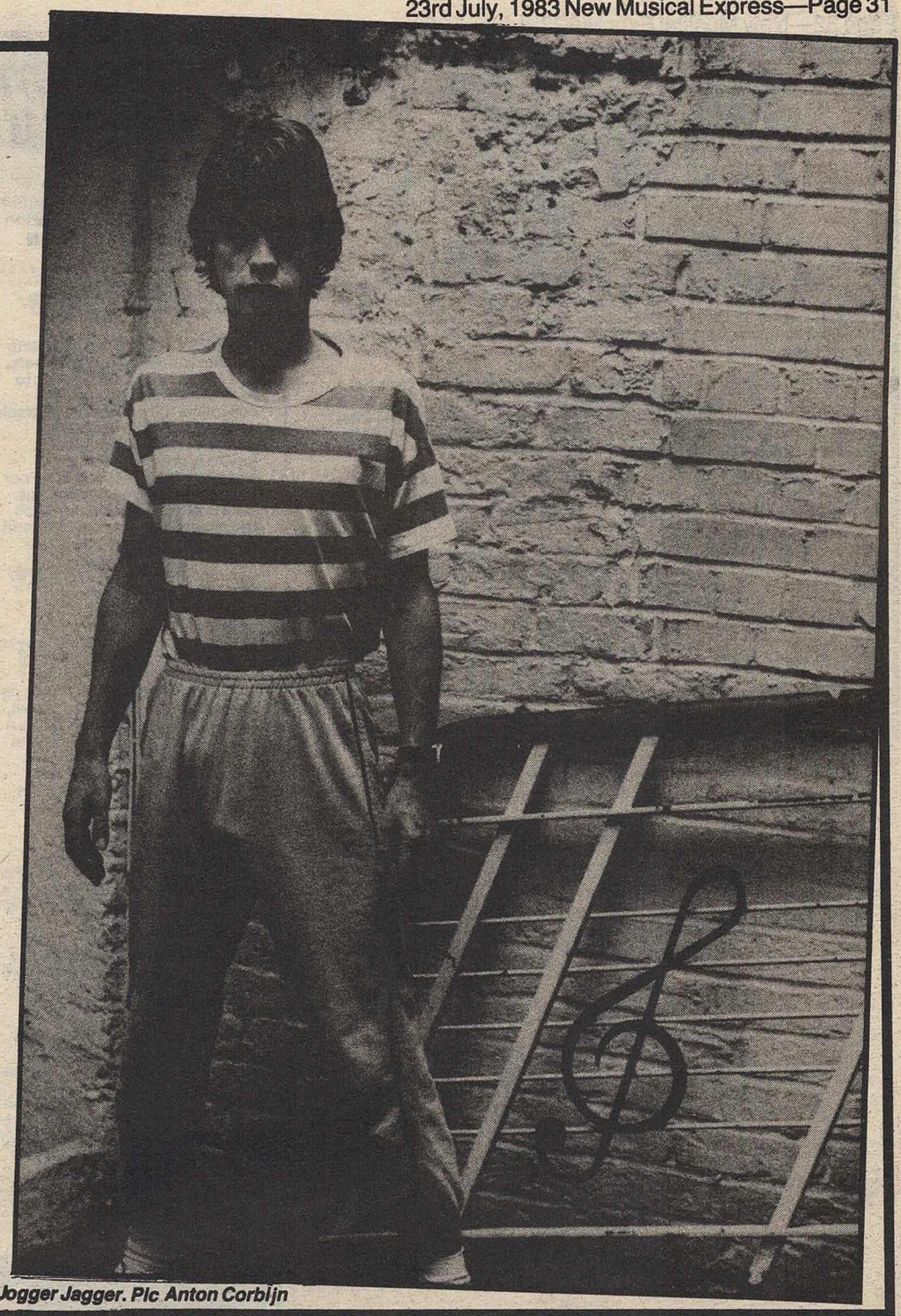
The last ten years has only been remarkable for the increasing scale both of the Stones' irrelevance yet also their commercial success, for the occasional great song, and for Mick's inanely flashlit love life. Dull stuff really and too recent in the public memory for worthwhile detailed recollection, so Carey Schofield whistles through it before boredom sets in.

Especially enjoyable are her potted analyses of such weird phenomena as the lower-middle class or the spirit of '68 ("Vietnam provided a handy umbrella for protests in America – most people could find something to object to in the war . . ." Tell it to the Marines, Carey!) Such verbal poppers as *"soupcon"*, *"deracinee"*, *"ingenue"*, and my favourite *"jeunesse dopee"* are felicitously sprinkled in her text, a bizarre amalgam of demotic raciness, pop sociology and coffee-table *apercus* (it's catching). The way she tells it depicts more about the man and his moment than do the overheated, myth-building 'dissections' by Antony Scaduto and Gamake Marks-Highwater.

But there's quite a lot left out. It's fair enough to compress most of the '70s narrative, but you can't make entire sense of '67's paranoid events without at least mentioning 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby?', its accompanying drag-queen promo, Brian Jones in an SS uniform, and the '66 Albert Hall riot. Nor does she include 'Little Red Rooster' in an otherwise blow-by-blow account of '64–'65. Nitpicking maybe, but if you're not fascinated by trivia, why read the book at all?

A favourite ploy is the unattributed quote. I'd love to know the identity of the mysterious "observer" who has so much to say about Mick's meanness, fag-haggery, bourgeois instincts, cowardice and sadism. But for every anonymous slur there is a well-attested compliment, and these contradictions preclude any definite fix on what Jagger is actually *like*. The most persuasive opinions are ventured by his old friend and the writer of *Performance*, Donald Cammell: "He can be very sort of blank as a human being, like a lot of good artists are, like the best actors," Schofield quotes him as saying. "It's a sort of emptiness, being not quite centred. It's got something to do with narcissism. It's thinking always in a mirror, living in too many worlds."

And until Mick himself reveals more of the man behind the mirror, Carey Schofield's entertaining potboiler is ideal holiday reading.



Jogger Jagger. Pic Anton Corbijn

XTC

Seven Inch Single
and Limited Edition Picture Disc

WONDERLAND

A Side: 'Wonderland'
B Side: 'Jump'

VS606

Virgin Records Limited

RECORD NEWS

GIRLS CAN'T HELP IT release their second single for Virgin Records on August 1, titled 'Rhythm Of The Jungle'. It was originally a US hit for The Quick who, in turn, have produced this version. It's available in both 7" and 12" formats.

RICKIE LEE JONES' new single, for Warners release on July 29, is her version of the standard 'Under The Boardwalk' — which has been covered by many artists, and was a hit for The Drifters (1964) and Tom Tom Club (1982). It's an edited version of a track on her ten-inch album 'Girl At Her Volcano'. The B-side 'So Long' is also from the LP.

● Two new singles from the other side of the lake – 'Crazy'/'That Girl Is Hot' by **Stone** on the Sound Of New York label, and 'Excitation' coupled with an instrumental version by **Brutus** on Philly World. They both come in 7" and 12" formats, and are out this week through PRT.

● CSA Records (through PRT and Jet Star) release a new single by **U Brown,** the follow-up to 'Tu Sheng Peng', his reggae chart hit earlier this year. It's the title track from his upcoming album 'Jam It Tonight' – and the B-side is 'Black Princess', which isn't on the new LP.

● **Dancin' Machine** are described as America's most spectacular street dancers – five dancers, acrobats, body poppers, back spinners and breakers. They've already worked with the likes of Frank Sinatra and John Travolta, and they'll soon be making some British TV appearances. Meanwhile, they have their own single issued by Magnet this weekend, 'Down Street'/'Serious Dance Teach Mix'.

MINT-COOL.
THE NEW MOUTH FRESHENER
BY GOLD SPOT.

More nostalgia

READER'S DIGEST are releasing another of their compilation sets, this one as a logical follow-up to their 'Remembering The 40's' collection. It's a nostalgic 32-track double-LP titled 'Sentimental Journey', featuring original harmony groups of that era – including The Ink Spots, The Four Aces, The Andrews Sisters, The Mills Brothers, The Modernaires and many more. It costs £6.99 and is available only from Reader's Digest, Dep. 5330, Freepost, London EC99 1AB (state whether LPs or cassettes required).

● Cherry Red release a six-track 12-inch compilation called 'The Eyes Of Barbara Steele' – comprising 'If She Doesn't Smile (It'll Rain)' by **Fantastic Something,** 'Cast A Long Shadow' by **The Monochrome Set,** 'On My Mind' by **Marine Girls,** 'It's A Fine Day' by **Jane,** 'Feathering The Nest' by **Kevin Hewick** and 'Invisibility' by **Eyeless In Gaza.** Although specifically for export, it's available in the shops in limited quantities.

● **John Miles** has a new single released by EMI next Monday, a self-penned number called 'Song For You', produced by Gus Dudgeon. It's taken from his upcoming album 'Play On', due out on August 8.

● **Holger Czukay's** single 'Cool In The Pool' is reissued by EMI on July 25, with an edited version of 'Oh Lord Give Us More Money' as the B-side, and both tracks are taken from his 'Movies' album. He's currently working in Can's Cologne studio on his new album, which includes a seven-minute version of the Chinese National Anthem!

● Three new singles are released on July 29 by Flicknife Records (through Pinnacle) – 'No Sign Of Life'/'Taste Of Power' by Birkenhead band **Instant Agony,** 'Leaders Of Tomorrow' coupled with 'Dayo/Breakaway' by **Major Accident** and 'No Romance'/'Rich Bitch' by Preston outfit **The Genocides.**

STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE, comprising Glaswegian singer-guitarists Rose McDowall and Jill Bryson, release their debut single this weekend on the 92 Happy Customers label which was formed recently by Bunnymen guitarist Will Sergeant (distributed by Rough Trade). It is 'Trees And Flowers'/'Go Away', with an extra instrumental version of the A-side on the 12-inch format. The star-studded backing includes the Madness rhythm section, plus members of Fun Boy Three, Ravishing Beauties and Aztec Camera.

EDDY GRANT – whose 'Electric Avenue' has just given him a No. 1 hit in the States, where he's about to start a major tour – has a new single released on August 5 by Ice Records, distributed by RCA. It is 'Till I Can't Take Love No More'/'California Style' (7" and 12") which Grant wrote and produced, as well as playing all the instruments. It's taken from his upcoming album, due out in the autumn – details to follow.

● This weekend **Richard Thompson** releases the single 'Wrong Heartbeat'/'Devonside' on Hannibal Records, both tracks taken from his recent LP 'Hand Of Kindness'. He'll be appearing in the Fairport Convention reunion next month, and is lining up a major tour for October.

● With nine previous albums to his credit, **Ivor Cutler** this week releases his first-ever single on Rough Trade Records, 'Women Of The World'/'Counting Song' — both taken from his upcoming album 'Privilege', due out next month. Meanwhile, Virgin are reissuing one of his earlier albums 'Jammy Smears' at budget price.

● **The Marble Staircase** finally have their much delayed debut single issued by Whaam Records, 'Still Dreaming'/'Dark Ages'. They are currently rehearsing with new bassist Andy Howell for a string of dates.

● **Murray Head,** who's recently collected two gold albums in Europe, releases his debut Virgin album on August 1. It's a nine-track set called 'Shades'.

● **Brenda Russell** — who has written songs for the likes of Earth Wind & Fire, Anne Murray, Roberta Flack, Jermaine Jackson and, more recently, Joe Cocker & Patrice Rushen — has her own single issued by Warners on July 29, the self-penned 'Two Eyes'/'Stay Close'.

● The debut single from **Michael Lovesmith** is 'Baby I Will', taken from his upcoming album 'I Can Make It Happen' and released this weekend in 12-inch form by Motown, with the seven-inch to follow on August 12. Same label also rush releases the debut album from **Finis Henderson,** called simply 'Finis'.

● **Coati Mundi,** shortly to be involved in the Kid Creole world tour, has a new single out on Virgin this week — taken from his album 'The Former 12 Year Old Genius', it's called 'Oh! That Love Decision'. The B-side of the 12-inch is Beefheart's 'Tropical Hot Dog Night' and the seven-inch coupling is titled '? Part One' (and that's not a typing error).

● **The Laughing Clowns'** second UK album, titled 'Laughter Around The Table', is released by Red Flame this week. The label is also in the process of preparing a compilation of contemporary Australian music, and in the autumn will be issuing an album by Sydney-based experimentalists **Severed Heads** titled 'Since The Accident'. And next month, Red Flame is bringing over Melbourne band **The Moodists** to record here, and for a lengthy UK tour.

● The Utility label is the brainchild of Charisma's chief Peter Jenner, whose object is to make high quality records at a cheap price, by cutting costs to the bone. It will also feature new and original talent, and the first release is a seven-track album by **Billy Bragg,** which should sell for under £3. And getting into the spirit of the project, Bragg is doing his own promotion on the LP.

● Scottish band **APB** – who've been doing very nicely, thank you, in the States – recorded their new single at Radio City in New York. Titled 'One Day' and coupled with 'Help Yourself', it's out this week in both 7" and 12" formats on Oily Records of Aberdeen, with distribution by Fast Product and The Cartel. The band will be playing some UK dates to promote it, before returning to New York next month.

Pick of the new releases

REMEMBER – ONLY 134 SHOPPING DAYS TO CHRISTMAS

WEEKEND (Simon Both, Spike and Alison Statton) are splitting up to pursue their own separate careers, and their final release is a mini-album called 'Live At Ronnie Scotts', recorded at the London club in March this year. It's on the Rough Trade label, and it should sell for around £2.99.

H2O, whose very first single 'Dream To Sleep' recently achieved Top Twenty status, now hope to emulate that feat with their follow-up – titled 'Just This Side Of Heaven', it's released by RCA this weekend. The Scottish band are currently in a London studio recording their debut album, to be released in the autumn coinciding with a UK tour.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD (Gee Bello, Tubbs Williams and Nat Augustin) have their new single 'Jealous Lover' released by EMI on July 25 in both 7" and 12" forms. It features Dee from Wham on backing vocals, and it's taken from their upcoming album 'Shock Treatment', due out later in the year. The group have been spending much of this year writing new material and playing sessions with George Clinton, Melba Moore and I-Level.

SHRIEKBACK release their "ultimate dance package" through Y Records on July 29, featuring remixes of their most danceable cuts. The double A-side seven inch is 'Lined Up'/'My Spine (Is The Bassline)'. The 12-incher has a sinuous dance mix of the former title, a planet mix of 'Into Method' and a monstrous dance mix of 'Accretions', plus 'My Spine'. The band will be touring extensively in the autumn to coincide with the release of their second LP.

BIG COUNTRY release their debut album 'The Crossing' through Phonogram on July 29. It contains ten songs written by the band, including their first single 'Harvest Home' and their two subsequent hits, 'Fields Of Fire' and 'In A Big Country'. Production was by Steve Lillywhite. The cassette version features two additional tracks, plus two extra 12-inch mixes of the hit singles.

CENTRAL LINE release their new single on Phonogram on July 29 – it's called 'Lovely Day', with a 'Sunshine Mix' of the same song on the B-side, and it's available in both 7" and 12" formats.

KRAFTWERK release a new single on EMI next Monday, their first for over two years. Titled 'Tour De France', it was inspired by the famous French cycle race, and it's being used by French TV as the official theme for their coverage of this year's event – also available in extended 12-inch form, with an added instrumental version. The band's long-awaited new album 'Techno Pop' is now nearing completion, and they'll be touring here at the time of its autumn release.

HAIRCUT 100, who recently signed a long-term deal with Polydor, release their first single via that outlet on July 29 – and it will be on their own Haircut 100 label. It is 'Prime Time'/'Two Up Too Down', available in 7" or extended 12", the latter also featuring a mystery guest vocalist known as The Plain Brown Rapper. With Mark Fox now having taken over the role of lead vocalist from the departed Nick Heyward, the rest of the line-up is Les Nemes (bass), Blair Cunningham (drums), Phil Smith (sax) and Graham Jones (guitar).

THE BEACH BOYS have a double-LP compilation of their greatest hits released by Capitol this week, on the basis of "buy one and get the other free" – titled 'The Very Best Of The Beach Boys', it contains a total of 36 tracks. At the same time, the label reissues the single 'The Beach Boys Medley'/'God Only Knows', first released two years ago.

MOTORHEAD have their new single 'Shine', taken from their current 'Another Perfect Day' album, released by Bronze this weekend. The B-side features, for the first time on record, a live version of their 6½-minute classic 'Hoochie Coochie Man' – and on the limited edition 12-inch, there's the bonus of another live track '(Don't Need) Religion'. Both live items were recorded during the band's recent UK tour.

ROY AYERS, who's playing a string of London dates this weekend, has his new single 'Silver Vibrations' issued by Pinnacle Records in both 7" and 12" forms – and his album of the same title follows next week, also in cassette form. The B-side of the single is his US hit 'Fast Money'.

MICHAEL SEMBELLO may be an unknown name right now, but that could soon change, because he has the second single to be released from the soundtrack album of the film *Flashdance*. It's called 'Maniac' (with an instrumental version on the flip side) and the label is Casablanca, through Phonogram. Also available in extended remixed 12" format.

JULUKA, the multi-racial South African band, have their previously announced single 'Impi' confirmed for release this weekend by Safari. As reported, it's their biggest hit and a gold disc winner in their home country – and although they've now flown back to South Africa after their brief UK tour, they'll be seen performing it on Freddie Starr's BBC-1 show next Tuesday (2).

TV PERSONALTIES have their new album 'The Painted Word' issued early next month by Whaam Records. It features 14 new tracks plus a 12-page magazine, and the first 2000 copies come with a free EP containing live versions of three stage favourites.

MARK MURPHY, the acclaimed jazz singer, will be touring here in August. He's being brought in by The Worlds Greatest Talents, who are also lining up visits by jazz stars Art Farmer (September), Chet Baker (October) and Bobby Shew (November), while Shortly Rogers will be touring with the National Youth Jazz Orchestra in October. And blues giant Jimmy Witherspoon begins a mouth-long tour on January 10.

THE SPECIMEN have moved their club The Batcave to a new location. After six months at The Subway in London's Leicester-Square, it now operates on Wednesday nights at Fouberts in Fouberts Place, off Carnaby Street (a mere stone's throw from the *NME* office). The group are currently recording their second single, and tour dates are being arranged for August, with details to follow shortly.

SCREAMING LORD SUTCH, Flying Saucers and The Cruisers are among acts lined up for a rock 'n' roll weekend on the Isle of Wight from October 14 to 16. Others appearing include Freddie 'Fingers' Lee, C.S.A., Sonny King & The Sons Of Swing, Flash Cat, Vince St. John, Sid Burns & The DA's and Johnny & The Roccos. It takes place at the Nodes Point Holiday Camp, and admission is £30 including accommodation (£10 for youngsters aged 10–14).

CY CURNIN fixes it

THE FIXX will be returning from their remarkable success in America to play some British dates in early autumn. Their single 'Saved By Zero' and album 'Reach The Beach' have both jumped into the US Top Thirty, while the follow-up single 'One Thing Leads To Another' is in the Top Five of the radio playchart. They've been touring the States with A Flock Of Seagulls since late May, and later this month they link up with The Police.

TWELFTH NIGHT are to headline the first in a series of open-air gigs in the grounds of Reading Duke of Edinburgh Hotel on July 25. Initially the gigs will be on a fortnightly basis but, during the week prior to the Reading Festival, they will take place every night – further acts will be announced shortly.

THE EXPLOITED are playing a couple of dates next weekend at London Brixton The Ace (July 29) and Manchester Morrisseys (30). They'll be supported at both venues by One Way System, who'll be promoting their new Anagram single, a cover of Slade's 'Cum On Feel The Noize'.

THE FABULOUS PLATTERS play their first London concert for ten years on September 20, when they headline at the Hammersmith Palais, supported by Lambert & Ross. The show is a benefit in aid of the Multiple Sclerosis Society (Hillingdon Branch), and tickets are now available at the box-office priced £3.

PATRIK FITZGERALD, who played two gigs earlier this month at the Adams Arms in London's West End (Conway St), returns there for two more shows on July 29 and 30 – admission £1.50 nightly. He's featured solo on the first night, with U.V. Pop playing a full set on the second.

TOUR NEWS

Forrest feels the need for UK visit

FORREST capitalises on his recent smash hits, 'Rock The Boat' and 'Feel The Need', by setting out next weekend on his second UK tour this year.

Dates so far confirmed are Stockport Quaffer's (July 29 and 30), Huddersfield Town Hall (31), Birmingham Night Out (August 2 and 3), Exeter Riverside Club (4), Swindon Brunel Rooms (5), Horsham The Park Recreation Centre (7), Fareham Collingwood Club (9), Derby Gossips (10), Hereford Park Hall (12), Andover Country Bumpkin (13), Watford Bailey's (15–17), Stanmore Middlesex & Herts Country Club (18, and Northampton Derngate Centre (20).

London dates are still being finalised and will be announced in a week or two, together with details of a new single for August release.

Jack Bruce takes some friends round Scotland!

JACK BRUCE & FRIENDS are undertaking a 14-date club and theatre tour of Scotland, starting next week. Bruce — the renowned Cream and West Bruce & Laing bassist, among many other credits — will be joined by guitarist Clem Clemson (ex-Humble Pie), keyboards man Ronnie Leahy (ex-Stone The Crows) and drummer Bruce Garry (ex-The Knack).

The date sheet is Bannockburn Tamdhu (July 27), Perth Plough Inn (28), Aberdeen The Venue (29), Inverness Eden Court Theatre (3), Stornaway Cabarfeidh (August 1), Blairgowie The Gig (3), Kirkcaldy Abbotts Hall (4), Bathgate Rock At The Park (5), Wishaw Heathery Bar (6), Glasgow Mayfair (7), a brief venture across the border to Carlisle Micks Club (8), Ayr Pavilion (9), Falkirk Chequers (10) and Edinburgh Queen's Hall (11).

Mini-Respond package

THE QUESTIONS

(AND A FULL TOUR IN SEPTEMBER)

THE RECENT Respond Possee tour, involving three acts (and latterly four) signed to Paul Weller's Respond Records label, proved so successful that it will be happening all over again in the early autumn. Meanwhile, a mini-Respond package featuring The Questions and new signing A Craze is playing four dates next month — at Dudley J.B.'s (August 12), Hull Dingwalls (13), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (14) and London Oxford St. 100 Club (16). These two acts will then link up with Tracie and Vaughn Toulouse, and anyone else who's been signed in the interim, for the full tour starting in September — and all the artists will have new singles released to coincide.

RAINBOW: THREE MORE

RAINBOW, whose UK tour was announced last month, have now sold out their shows in Liverpool, London and Edinburgh — and, as a result, have added extra dates in those three cities. This means they'll now be playing Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (September 6 and 7), London Finsbury Park Michael Sobell Centre (17 and 18) and Edinburgh Playhouse (22–23).

London tickets at £5.50 may be purchased from Hammersmith Odeon, the Dominion Threatre and usual agents — or by post (adding 30p per ticket booking fee and enclosing SAE) from Rainbow Concerts '83, P.O. Box 281, London NW5 5LW. Tickets for Liverpool (£5) and Edinburgh (£5 and £4.50) are available from the venues and usual agents.

CABS' CRACKDOWN ON SEVEN VENUES

CABARET VOLTAIRE are playing a series of dates next month — seven are confirmed so far, with the likelihood of more to follow — and the reason for this rare occurence is that their new album 'The Crackdown' is released on August 1. They play Manchester Hacienda Club (August 11), Liverpool Royal Court (12), Sheffield Top Rank (14), Leeds Warehouse (15), Nottingham Rock City (17), London Camden Electric Ballroom (18) and St. Albans City Hall (20). Einsturzende Neubaten are special guests at Liverpool and Sheffield.

For a limited period, the new LP will come with a bonus EP containing four tracks taken from the group's own 1½-hour video 'Doublevision' (currently available at £17.95), and these four tracks will feature on the cassette version of 'The Crackdown' permanently. The initial outcome of their recent deal with Some Bizzare and Virgin is already on release, namely a single — 'Just Fascination' (seven-inch) and 'Crackdown'/'Just Fascination' (12-inch).

Shalamar 'tiff but no split'

DESPITE what you may have read in the Press (national and musical) or heard on the radio, we can only reiterate what we alone said last week — Shalamar have NOT broken up. The official word from their record company is that, after a hectic month-long European promotional tour, fatigue resulted in a slight rift amongst the members which has since been resolved.

"The rift should be regarded as little more than a family tiff", says WEA, adding that an announcement of the group's plans for the rest of the year can be expected shortly. Meanwhile, following this weekend's release of their new Solar album 'The Look', a single from the LP will be issued on July 29 — 'Disappearing Act'/'You Can Count On Me', with a bonus track called 'Closer' on the 12-inch format.

Glass houses in London

PHILIP GLASS makes his only UK appearances this year, when he plays two concerts at the Dominion Theatre in London's Tottenham-Court Road on November 3 and 4, performing music from his opera *The Photographer* and the film *Koyaanisqatsi*.

The opera, a music theatre work based on events in the life of Eadweard Muybridge, was commissioned by the 1982 Holland Festival and has its US premiere at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in October. The film – which sold out Radio City Music Hall during last year's New York Festival, when the composer was given an eight-minute standing ovation – opens in London on August 11.

Both these works are newly released as albums in the UK – 'The Photographer' on Epic and 'Koyaanisqatsi' on Island. The Dominion box-office opens in September for the concerts by the Philip Glass Ensemble, and prices range from £4.50 to £7.50.

DOUBLE DIAMOND UPHEAVAL

DIAMOND HEAD, the Midlands band who achieved chart status last year with their debut album 'Living On Borrowed Time', have undergone a line-up change. Founder members Sean Harris (vocals) and Brian Tatler (guitar) remain, but bassist Merv Goldsworthy has now replaced Colin Kimberley, who's left not only the band but also the music business — drummer Duncan Scott has also departed, in his case for "musical differences", and his replacement will be announced shortly. The new line-up will make their live debut at the Castle Donington "Monsters Of Rock" event on August 20, and they'll also have a new single out next month.

SUMMER SPECIALS

World Music Village

THE FIRST-EVER World Music Village, organised jointly by the Greater London Council and the Commonwealth Institute, will be staged in London's Holland Park from August 8 to September 10. It will feature traditional musicians from the world over.

Among some of the better-known artists involved (as far as *NME* readers are concerned) are the Ekome Dance Company (August 9), Landscape and The Guilty Ones (18), The Breakfast Band, Tunukwa and Something Else (19), Man, John Mizarolli and Wild Willy Barrett (20), Gasper Lawal Band and Orchestre Jazira (22), Misty In Roots (23), Primitive Society, Spartacus and Persons Unknown (25), Osibisa (26) and Abacush and African Woman (Sept. 2) – all these concerts are at the Hollnd Park Open-Air Theatre, admission £2. Others appearing include Nigerian flautist Yussuf Lateef, Brazilian guitarist Celso Machado and Dudu Pukwana's Zila.

Goodwood's jamboree

GOODWOOD Racecourse in Sussex is the site of a three-day Jamboree over the weekend of August 5–7. Among the many acts are Renaissance, Donovan, Incantation, The Albion Band, Georgie Fame & the Blue Flames, Dave Swarbrick & Martin Carthy, Prelude, Arizona Smoke Revnue, Roaring Jelly, Skinners Rats, Shep Wooley, Diz Disley and The Home Service. Because of its permanency, the venue is very well served in terms of facilities, and the camp site is open for five days – "with the best views in Southern England", say the organisers. Tickets are £17 (weekend), £5 (Friday), £8 (Saturday or Sunday) or half price for children from 12 to 16 (younger children admitted free). The nearest rail station is Chichester, and the enquiry phone is 090 663122.

Stars in Leeds event

THE SECOND Leeds Folk Festival takes place over the weekend of September 9–11, and already appears a stronger bill than last year's inaugural event. Among the stars are Country Joe Macdonald, Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames, Neil Innes and Paul Brady. Alan Hull of Lindisfarne will appear as a soloist, while two other members of the group – Ray Laidlaw and Rod Clements – are forming a group called The Pakamacs specially for the occasion. Ten concerts will be held in two large marquees in the grounds of Temple Newsam House, and among many others appearing are Tony Capstick, Roaring Jelly, Runrig, Martin Simpson, Stocktons Wing, Robin & Barry Dransfield, The Battlefield Band, Pyewackett, Vin Garbutt and Derek Brimstone. Weekend tickets cost £12 for adults and £6 for children over ten (under ten admitted free). For more details, phone the Festival Office on Leeds 462455.

South Bank Weekend

THE FIRST South Bank Weekend, organised by the Greater London Council, is being staged this Saturday and Sunday (23–24) between Westminster and Blackfriars Bridges. Among music events are stars of the '60s performing on the National Theatre Terrace (including The Troggs, Mungo Jerry, Wayne Fontana & The Mind Benders, Dave Berry and Love Affair); non-stop music from around the world in the Jubilee Gardens, from steel bands to country music; and top British jazz in the Queen Elizabeth Hall. Other events include a regatta, procession (Saturday), crafts, children's entertainments, dancing, special 60-minute screenings in the National Film Theatre (50p), aerobatics and parascending (Saturday).

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ROCK ON RECORDS; ROUGH TRADE RECORDS,
PRESENTED BY HEAD MUSIC
THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET) KINGS RD., OR £3·50 ON NIGHT

LARRY MILLER, the trio with the singular name, have added further gigs to their previously reported date sheet – at London Kensington Adlib (August 5), Tonypandy Naval Club (13), Newbridge Memorial Hall (14), Wokingham Angle's (21), London Marquee Club (30) and Oxford Pennyfarthing (September 2). Several of these will be recorded for a projected live album later in the year.

PAPER LACE – the group who scored Top Ten hits a decade ago with 'Billy Don't Be A Hero' (No.1), 'The Night Chicago Died' and 'Black Eyed Boys' – have re-formed. Two of their members, Mick Vaughan and Phil Wright, recently got together to write the song 'Nottingham' which quickly became a smash hit in and around that city. Now they've been joined by another original member, Cliff Fish, and will soon be going back on the road.

THE SMITHS are supporting Altered Images at London Hammersmith Palais this Sunday (24), before going into the studio with producer Troy Tate to complete their debut album for Rough Trade. They'll spend much of next month gigging, and the first five confirmed dates are London Camden Dingwalls (August 9), Leeds Warehouse (11), Hull Dingwalls (12), Newcastle Dingwalls (13) and Norwich Gala Ballroom (19).

SHAKATAK have nominated 22-year-old black singer Norma Lewis as their new member, sharing vocals with Gill Saward – she has previously toured Britain as a backing singer with Imagination, but this is her first real break, and she was chosen from 400 hopefuls. First priority is to record a follow-up single to the group's hit 'Dark Is The Night', followed by an album – then comes a major UK tour in the autumn tour.

THE EUROPEANS are playing a series of dates over the next few weeks. Those confirmed so far are London Highgate Lazers (July 27), Bristol Dingwalls (28), Hull Dingwalls (30), London Bond St. Embassy Club (August 2), Leeds Warehouse (4), Birmingham Liberties (10), Bristol Dingwalls again (11), Bath Moles (12), London Kensington Sunset Club (18) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (20).

RICHARD STRANGE is playing a couple of London dates this weekend, on which he's joined by dancer Rene Eyre and Zulu trio Shikisha. They are at the Diorama Theatre in Peto Place, N.W.1 (tomorrow, Friday) and Covent Garden Africa Centre (Saturday). Also appearing in the first show only are The Event Group, David Rappaport and members of Rip Rig & Panic.

ZAINE GRIFF headlines at London Victoria The Venue on July 28, supported by the same band who played with him in his recent season at the Piccadilly Theatre — he'll be joined on stage by French actress Christine Coomb, Warren Cann from Ultravox and, most probably, Midge Ure. He returns to the Piccadilly Theatre for another midnight season from August 1 to September 5, and next month he'll also be starting work on the lead role in a new film called *Dark Blue*.

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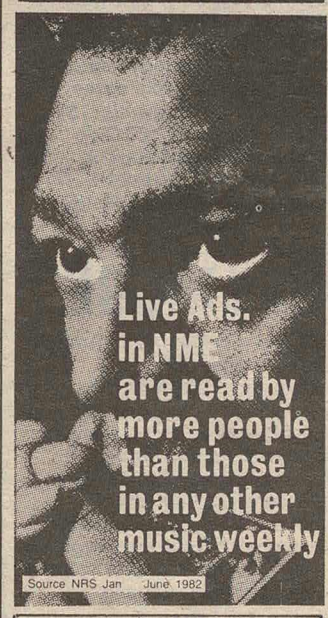

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Mon Jul 25: Swimming In The Sea + Pride of Passion

Tue Jul 26: Model Trains + The Charts

Wed Jul 27: Compulsion + Sensible Jerseys.

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Thu Jul 28
Eight, maybe ten, in number with an excess of energy & on-stage activity. Wham meet the Kids from Fame. + Rema Cadiz.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8.00PM till about 2.00A.M. MON. THRU THURSDAY • 8.00PM till 3.00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7.30PM. till 12 MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10PM & 11PM. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • restaurant- OPENS 12.00 MIDDAY till 9.00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3.30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTILL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY note- YOU GET UP TO 60%off ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT - WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES ST's. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

01-240-3961

KILLING JOKE – THOUGH THEY DON'T APPEAR TO FIND IT VERY FUNNY!

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

thursday 21st

Aylesbury (Halton) Corps Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Barnsley Arcadian Hall: **Party Day**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Tickles: **Quasar**
Bristol Dingwalls: **The Outer Limits**
Buckingham The Mitre: **Martial Law**
Carlisle Annan Hotel: **The Nerve**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **The Gilter Band (until Saturday)**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Roman Holiday**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Catch**
Deal Swan Hotel: **Right Hand Band**
Derby Blue Note Club: **The Newtown Neurotics/Attila The Stockbroker/New Regime**
Derby The Olde Avesbury: **Rosie Hardman**
Falmouth Laughing Pirate: **Taaga**
Folkestone Peter Piper: **Beep The Jeep**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Vital Signs/Valerie & The Week Of Wonders**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Protocol**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Mainsqueeze/The Shoes**
Hitchin The Regal: **Lonnie Liston Smith**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Time Dance/Long Tall Shorty**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Pete York's Rollercoaster/Sweet Substitute**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Box**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
Llamberis Bron-Eri: **Force Nine**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Little Darlings/Smoke Stack**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Paul Kirby/Steve Moor/Phil Durant**
London Brixton The Fridge: **King Kurt**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Eddie Tenpole Tudor/Gina & The Tonics**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Doctor K's Blues Band**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Orson Family**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Geoff Castle Quartet**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Chet Baker/John Horler Trio (until July 27)**
London Crouch End King's Head (Culture Bunker): **Damaged Youth**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Guest Stars/The Wild Girls/Get Out Of Jail Free/Jenny Lecoat**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dekka Danse/The Climb**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **3.P. Sweet/Killer Koala**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Eavesdropper**
London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Jabba**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington The Jungle (at The Sunset): **The Passion Puppets/One On One**
London Kentish Town Bull Gate: **Phil Miller In Cahoots**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Mike Carr & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **Zerra 1**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rhythm Tendency**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Cock Sparrer/Erazerhead**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Lynne Holland & Her Jazzmen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Denny Wright & The Hot Club of London**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The London Apaches**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Tottenham-Court Road Roebuck: **Amadu Bansang Jobarteh**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roy Ayers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Laverne Brown Band/Equus**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Margo Random**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Lyminge Coach & Horses: **Beatles For Sale**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Gary Cox Quartet**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **English Rogues**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Majestic**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Tokyo Olympics/Flesh For Lulu**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Killing Joke/Play Dead**
St. Helens The Raven: **Millstone**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Icon**
Todmorden Sourt Hall: **Yes Sir**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tobruk**
Watford Verulam Arms: **March**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **Suspicions Confirmed/Club 75**
Wokingham Angie's: **Splash**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 22nd

Banff Seaflied Hotel: **Blaze**
Blackburn Regent Hotel: **Quasar**
Bratton Flemming White Hart: **Bo-Speak**
Brighton Alhambra: **Chelsea/Tales From The Tube**
Cheriton White Lion: **Maroondogs**
Christchurch White Horse Inn: **The Press**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Splashdown**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetilte**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Basils Ballsup Band**
Croydon The Star: **Deliverance**
Edinburgh Le Metro: **Twisted Nerve**
Exeter University: **Altered Images**
Feltham Football Club: **The Meteors**
Ferndown Dormy Hotel: **The Outer Limits**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **The Wake**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Killing Joke/Play Dead**
Gloucester Bristol Hotel: **Hands Off**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hereford Market Tavern: **The D.T.'s**
Launceston White Horse: **Taaga**
Leicester Nag's Head: **The Rockin' Bastards/Catch 22/H.M.S. Herpes**
Liverpool The System: **Freeze Frame**
Llandudno Astra Centre Theatre: **Big Country**
Lockerby Ballcastle Hotel: **R 'n' B Spitfires**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Liaison**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Danny Moss/Jeanie Lamb**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Jailbirds/The Onions**
London Brixton The Ace: **Rubella Ballet/The Mob**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Mixtures/The Biz**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **John Stevens/Roger Smith/Nigel Coombes**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Sinatras**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Keith Allen & Friends**
London Farringdon The Metropolitan: **Officer!!/Elton Dean & Marcio Mattos**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tredegar/I.Q.**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Radio Radio/Dirty Work**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Managing Directors/Sick Men Of Europe/Kava-Kava/Earthbeat**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **Career In Commerce/Caper/Nervous Days/The Dolphins**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Bad Detective/Cold Structure**
London Hammersmith Odean: **Dire Straits**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Rae James Quintet**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Strawberry Hill**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Kevin Seisay**
London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **Roaring Jelly/Proper Little Madame**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **One The Juggler**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Holloway Allstars**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Stan Tracey Quartet**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Carol Grimes Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bob Taylor's Roaring Twenties Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Harry South Quartet/Willie Garnett**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban & Al Maclain**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo Ann Kelly Band**
London S.W.1 Dolphin Square Restaurant: **Esmond Selwyn/Tony Lee Trio**
London Victoria The Venue: **Roy Ayers**
London Wembley Arena: **Mike Oldfield/Wildlife**
London Westminister-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Vikings**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Vex/Hollywood Sex/Equus**
Maldon Jubilee Hall: **Alien Sex Fiend/I'm Dead**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Islanders**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Jah Wobble**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Street Gypsy/Jump 'N Grunt**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Floating Adults/Big Flame**
Margate First & Last: **Johnny Shoeshine**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **UK Subs**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Peterborough The Cresset: **Crucial Music/Red Eye/Sound**
Portree (Skye) Drill Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Sheffield Nailmakers: **Dynamic**
South Croydon Swan & Sugar Loaf: **The Misfits**
St. Helens The Raven: **White Flame**
Sunderland Club Annabells: **The Nerve**
Wavendon The Stables: **Pete York's Rollercoaster**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues with Johnny Mars**
Wolverhampton The Arches: **Dark Alleys**
York I.N.L. Club: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**

saturday 23rd

Birmingham Aston Villa Football Ground: **Duran Duran/Robert Palmer/Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Carmel**
Boston Haven Theatre: **The Nashville Teens**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Mystery Boys Liquorice Allsorts/Rave On Jack**
Broadford (Skye) Village Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Carlisle Twisted Wheel: **R 'n' B Spitfires**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **The Meteors**
Criccieth Memorial Hall: **Force Nine**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Pencils**
Derby Football Tavern: **Duo Nova**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **D'Rango Slang**
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: **Flaco Jiminez/Peter Rowan**
Folkestone Valiant Sailor: **Three Barrows Down**
Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **Nine 'Play Hendrix'**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Xpertz**
Huddersfield Friendly & Trades Hall: **The Macc Lads**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: **Games To Avoid/Greeting No.4/Household Names/Plate Programme**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Marine Girls/Eyeless In Gaza/Kevin Hewick/The Telephone Boxes**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Chevalier Brothers/The Rhythm Men**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Little Sister/Gothique**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **J.J. & The Flyers**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Fete Quaqua**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Keith Allen & Friends**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Tokyo Olympics/The Masked Orchestra**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **The Electric Bluebirds/The Zodiacs/Model Trains**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Milkshakes/The Prisoners**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Dire Straits**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Tom Jennings & The Nashville Session Band**
London Herne Hill Brockwell Park: **Lambeth County Show with Roaring Jelly etc.**
London Holland Park Open Air Theatre: **The Albion Band**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Leicester-Square Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Marquee Club: **One The Juggler**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Rio & The Robots**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Hefty Jazz/Brian White's Magna Band**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maria Muldaur Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Bill Brunskill Band (lunchtime) / Cy Laurie Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tommy Whittle Quartet/Barbara Jay**
London Southbank National Theatre: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Peter King/Mike Pyne/Mick Hutton/John Stevens**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Vibrators**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Shapes**
Milton Keynes Peartree Bridge Centre: **Pendragon**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Killing Joke/Play Dead**
Newcastle Leamington Club: **The Nerve**
Redcar Coatham Bowl: **Big Country**
Salisbury (Shipton) Boot Inn: **The Press**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Southampton Compton Arms: **I.Q.**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Un Deux Twang/Drumdrunk**
St. Ives Ivo Centre: **Tredegar**
Stowe School: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Truro William IV: **Taaga**
Wallingford White House: **Warm Snorkel**
Walsall Technical College (afternoon): **Dark Alleys**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Master Stroke**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **The West**
Woldingham Village Hall: **Peachy Keen**

sunday 24th

Aberdeen Queens Links (3pm): **Blaze**
Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Top Rank: **Lonnie Liston Smith**
Bristol Arnos Court Hotel: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Burnley Bank Hall: **Quasar**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **Freddie & The Dreamers/Joe Brown/Troggs/Gerry & The Pacemakers etc.**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Hollywood (lunchtime)/The Drivers (evening)**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Snap On Tools**
Folkestone Valiant Sailor: **Marty McCoy**
Heads Nook (Cumbria) Coach House: **R 'n' B Spitfires**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Holyhead Railway Club: **Force Nine**
Hull City Hall: **Big Country**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Leeds Le Phonographique: **The Jazz Hipsters**
London Battersea Arts Centre (lunchtime): **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Roy Ayers**
London Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Square Department/Foreign Flags**
London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **Will Gaines & Trio**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wild About Harry/The Remarkable Family**
London Hammersmith Palais: **Altered Images**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre (3pm): **Hank Wangford Band**
London Islington King's Head Theatre Club: **Roberto Campoverde/Jack Parnell**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **King Kleary & His Savage Mosses (lunchtime)/Root Jackson & The G. B. Blues Company (evening)**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Suppose I Laugh**
London N.11 Standard Sports Club (lunchtime): **Young Jazz Big Band**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Bad (lunchtime)/Jazz Sluts (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juvessance**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Kim Lesley Band (lunchtime)/Rusty Taylor & Steve Lane Band (evening)**
London Royal Festival Hall Foyer: **Amadu Bansang Jobarteh**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Ian Henry**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace: **The Nashville Teens**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Meat Merchants**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**

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WITH most of the big-name tours now having dried up until September – the only exceptions in August being David Essex, Chas & Dave and, towards the end of that month, Kid Creole – it's refreshing to see a major act defying tradition by setting out on the road in this last week of July. So your plaudits are requested for KILLING JOKE who, hot on the heels of their 'Let's All Go' chart entry, take that title literally by heading off to Sheffield (Thursday), Glasgow (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Cardiff (Tuesday) and Nottingham (Wednesday), with more still to come.

For the rest, the main action this week is centred around one-offs – or, in the majority of cases, two-offs (if you'll excuse the journalistic jargon). The most important single event is undoubtedly the DURAN DURAN open-air benefit show at the Aston Villa football ground in Birmingham on Saturday, and the group have displayed an admirable flair for picking worth-while guests by selecting ROBERT PALMER and PRINCE CHARLES (he of the City Beat Band fame). And by the way, bonny Prince Charlie and the band are also in action at London Lyceum on Sunday, this time in a headlining capacity.

DIRE STRAITS, who were Duran Duran's co-stars in The Prince's Trust gala earlier this week, also go their separate way at the weekend – they play a couple of shows at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Friday and Saturday, and we're told that these will be their last UK dates this year. Meanwhile, over at Wembley Arena on Friday, MIKE OLDFIELD celebrates the tenth anniversary of the release of 'Tubular Bells' by appearing in a concert, which comes under the aegis of the on-going Capital Music Festival.

ALTERED IMAGES are playing a couple of gigs, at Exeter (Friday) and Hammersmith Palais (Sunday), as the prelude to a full tour they'll be undertaking next month – which means that we can add them to our brief list of autumn tourists – and this will be the first opportunity to witness the band's new style and more mature approach on stage . . . . Also playing a couple of dates is LONNIE LISTON SMITH, who's at Hitchin (Thursday) and Brighton (Sunday), with a big London show to follow next week.

Prior to her appearance in the Cambridge Folk Festival, QUEEN IDA demonstrates her right to that regal title by appearing with her Bon Temps Zydeco Band at London Dingwalls on Tuesday and Wednesday . . . . Elsewhere in the capital on those same two days, the spotlight is on the Marquee Club's latest 25th birthday attraction, RORY GALLAGHER . . . . And continuing the Capital Music Festival bonanza, many stars of the '60s are resurrected in a nostalgia concert at Croydon on Sunday, there's the Lambeth Country Show in Brockwell Park on Saturday, and the "South Bank Splash" on the terrace of the National Theatre and other adjacent sites (Saturday and Sunday).

Lodon Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Prince Charles & The City Beat Band**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Roaring Jelly**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Roy Williams-John Barnes Quintet**
Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre: **Killing Joke/Play Dead**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Meteors**
Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
Matlock Baths Pavilion: **Flaco Jiminez/Peter Rowan**
Newcastle The Playhouse (lunctime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Chelsea**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **The Citizens/Stereo Insoles**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Gerry Hallom/Plan B**
Southsea Rock Gardens Pavilion: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
St. Margaret's (Dover) Red Lion: **Beep The Jeep**
Sutton Secombe Centre: **Here & Now**
Washington Shiny Row: **The Nerve**
West Byfleet Camphill Social Club: **Jeep**
Wigan Riverside: **Fallen Angel**
Wokingham Angie's: **Twelfth Night**

monday 25th

Birmingham Barley Mow: **Tobruk**
Birmingham The Grapes: **Great Outdoors**
Blackpool Yellow Submarine: **Dave Berry & The Cruisers**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Exposure**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Protocol**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Out Of Order**
Derby Telegraph Inn: **Duo Nova**
Dunoon E.M. Club: **Chasar**
Glasgow Nighmoves: **Chelsea**
Hamilton Park Lane Disco: **Blaze**
Hodnet Bear Inn: **Force Nine**
Hull Dingwalls: **The Meteors**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leeds Town Hall: **Big Country**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Dick Morrissey & Terry Smith**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Richard Strange presents Birds With Ears**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Look Mummy Clowns / Hagar The Womb**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Mozaic / Film Society**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Blind Fury**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **African Spice**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Neville Dickie & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Dancette / The Wait**
London Leytonstone Green Man: **Separate Energy**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Billy Bones & Bone Structure**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Don Rendell / Michael Garrick / Dave Green etc.**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ian Stewart – John Pickard Band**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Maria Muldaur (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Keith Nichols Paramount Theatre Orchestra**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Poor Boys**
London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Mallaig Marine Hotel: **Boys Of The Lough**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Club 204**
Mansfield Folk House: **Riot Squad / Septic Psychos**
Middlesbrough The Albert: **Gypsy**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Safety In Numbers**
Sunderland The Old 29: **Sanderson's Sixth Of A Gill**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
Watford Bailey's: **The Barron Knights (for a week)**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Pendragon**

tuesday 26th

Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Skinners Rats**
Bridgnorth Shakespeare Inn: **Force Nine**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Killing Joke / Play Dead**
Chatham Old Ash Tree: **Slipstream**
Colchester The Affair Club: **Living In Texas**
Corpach (Fort William) Kilmallie Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Roxette**
Deeside Leisure Centre: **The Nerve**
Derby Smithy's Wine Bar: **Nightflight**
Glenrothes Rothes Arms: **Blaze**
Hull Dingwalls: **One The Juggler**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leigh-on-Sea Hotel: **Flaco Jiminez / Peter Rowan**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Paz**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Tony Poole & Iain Whitmore**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Bonanza Bros**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Scarecrow / Double Agent**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Incision / The Scissor Fits**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **R. Cajun Band**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rockets**
London Marquee Club: **Rory Gallagher**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Second House**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Discharge**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ian Ballantine-Kenny Shaw Quintet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Square Department**
London Victoria The Venue: **Jah Wobble / Vital Excursions**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Pendragon / Quasar**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Helen McCookerybook**
London W.1 (Dean St) Gossips: **The Barracudas**
London W.1 (Down St) Gulliver's: **Margo Random**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Innamanna**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **John James**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **The Meteors**
Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Big Country**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Transic**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Weymouth Verdi's Winebar: **The Press**
Whitley Bay Churchills: **Darkness And Jive / Suspicions Confirmed**

wednesday 27th

Aberdeen Valhalla: **Pulse Beat Plus**
Birmingham Four Ways: **Force Nine**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Birmingham The Navigation: **Great Outdoors**
Bradford Tickles (1 in 12 Club): **Chronic / The Living Dead**
Broxburn Aster Road House: **Blaze**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Trimmer & Jenkins' Bromley Blues Band**
Dover The Louis Armstrong: **Ian Shawcross Band**
Farnham The Maltings: **Flaco Jiminez / Peter Rowan**
Glastonbury Green Gathering: **Solstice**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Era**
Ilford Green Gate: **Gothique**
Leeds Brannigans: **Erazerhead / The Martyrs**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Venue Club: **One The Juggler**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Stan Tracey Quintet**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **John Coverdale**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Culture Shock**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Queen Ida & The Bon Temps Zydeco Band**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Steve Waller Band**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Compulsion**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **George Miami Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Chevy / The Blood Oranges**
London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Final Seconds / Catch 66**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Raymond Froggatt**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Rory McLeod**
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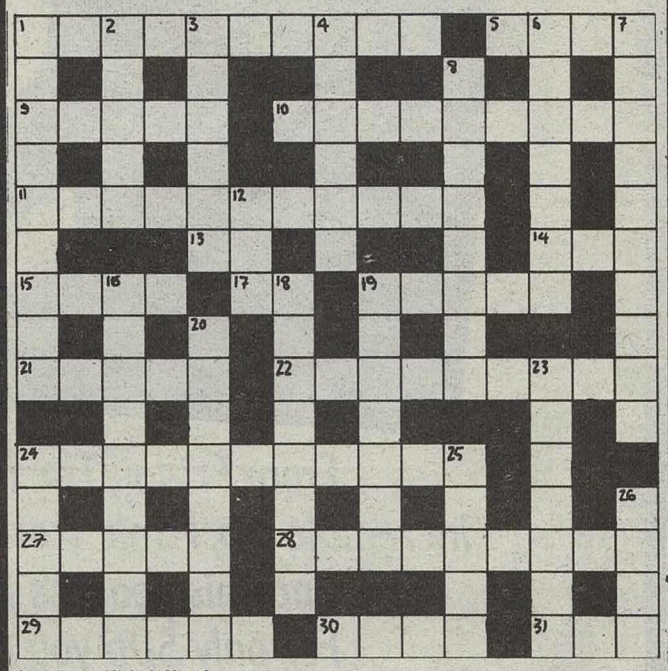
CLUES ACROSS

1. and **7D.** Some Australians out for what they can get, and keeping it too. (7,3,10)
5. Radical and the Freak? (4)
9. Did they have photography equipment in those times? (5)
10. Mary's company, quite a few years ago, but they're still around. (5,4)
11. He tips scalc to weigh up a band. (3,8)
13. Dorado, Condor Pasa. (2)
14. The Big Apple, yeah, Lennon. (1,1,1).
15. Every Ratio album. (4)
17. Abba lose the first third of help and Peterson wasn't a car. (2)
19. Redford and Newman play the part of the police. (5)
21. The Banshees knew how to jive in the schoolyard and The Beat know how to crawl. (5)
22. Who Bill Haley would see later. (9)
24. Knees-up pub duo who do advert jingles, god bless their little cloth caps. (4,3,4)
27. Being sad with strangers just isn't right. (5)
28. Kinski film in which all is revealed, teeth-wise. (9)
29. Although far from starvation I'm sure, Simon felt the appetite of a wolf. (6)
30. The Cure did it for today, the BBC do it a lot. (4)
31. What Heaven 17 lay the house on. (1,1,1)



Compiled by **Michele Noach**

CLUES DOWN

1. Chris and Cosey watch the cardiograph with their finger on the pulse, except that it isn't. (9)
2. Our Dame dancing club. (5)
3. The thing to do from New York according to film. (6)
4. A Korner stone in British Rock? Not quite. (6)
6. Gaye has the cure lying in wait/bed. (7)
7. See **1A.**
8. David keeps making the same mistake in the same automobile. (8)
12. They've recently celebrated Rock's coronation. (1,1,1)
16. Jack Nicholson masterpiece where **8D** might have picked up his girl. (5,4)
18. Jane, says Lou, on the corner, suitcase etc. (8)
19. Dire Straits almost become raisins in the name of a kind of music. (7)
20. That's the danger of a Billy Joel album that you meet in the dark. (8)
23. The creature that takes up a reclining position on Broadway. (3,4)
24. Those Samaritans that eat rice instead of drinking Coca-Cola whilst on holiday somewhere in the South Pacific. Life can be rough. (5)
25. Breath/Which Way. (5)
26. US Darts, they're harder than the UK ones. (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Combat Rock, 6+30D. Desmond Dekker, 9. Red Noise, 11. My Sharona, 15. Stephen Mallinder, 18. To Sir With Love, 19. Mood, 20. Easy Action, 24. Story, 25. IOIO, 26. Labelled, 28. Pan, 29. I Go Ape, 31. Walsh, 33. Maybe Tomorrow, 37. Animal, 39. Breaking Glass, 40. Alf, 41. see 14D, 42. see 3D.

DOWN: 1. Christ The Album, 2. Madness, 3+42A. Another Nail In My Heart, 4. One, 5. Kim, 6. Db's, 7. Mark E. Smith, 8. DVA, 10. Send In The Clowns, 12. Yello, 13. Hunger, 14+41A. No Future, 16. Ash, 17. A Day In The Life, 21. Subway Sect, 22. Nigger, 23. Figaro, 27. Rew, 28. PiL, 30. see 6A, 32. Ari, 34. Organ, 35. Ready, 36. Waste, 38. Meat, 39. B.E.F.

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LIVE

DEFUNKT

YELLOWMAN

DRAMARAMA

'DOLLAR BRAND'

SCARE IT TO DEATH!

DEFUNKT

Manchester Hacienda

PAINFUL EXPERIENCE has taught me to approach any so called US innovators with a good deal of caution and, more, scepticism. And when, as with Defunct in the past, their arrivals have been heralded by that familiar head-in-the-sand sycophantism that our journalists so love to convey, I've learnt to put the blinkers on and turn away while everyone else gets on down and funky. It's not that I don't like getting my feet wet, it's just that I'm sick to death of drowning.

Just think of all the chintzy, tinselled Stateside street-pedlars who've been annointed with the elixir of esoterica by our own *New Musical Explorers*. Readily dismissing the home-bred competition as pale, emasculated drip-dreamers, they've consistently ventured where (white) men fear to tread and brought back tales of a master race of funkateers with shoe sizes and hat fittings to wipe the floor with Parliament and Funkadelic. And while you're thinking, perhaps you'd care to note how many of them have turned out to be nothing more than brassy, conceited jerks with schmaltz dripping from their brain cells. Kurtis Blow, Prince, The Gap Band, Prince Charles, J. Walter Negro . . . believe me, the list of black rap is just as long as the white crap.

Some surprise then that Defunkt dive straight into a hot bed of improvisatory wails and blurts with only a single bark of trumpet as an introduction. No rocky showtime guff, no crass concept of cheerleader entertainment, just a small bunch of conchies making a big band sound. On a major label Defunkt would know that the First Commandment of 1983 is to know your market and make it happy, but on Hannibal they're a group of dissenters, growing and scowling and whipping up feverish polyrhythmic storms. So what's healthy?

Joe Bowie – all strain and contortion in a tight, bright shirt – herds the straying improvisation, with a voice that roots itself in the funky, buttress bass, into a mesh of steam-driven be bop, jazz and blood-shot bossa nova. And when there's something just too panicky stalking Defunkt's brazen edges, he takes out his trombone and scares it to death.

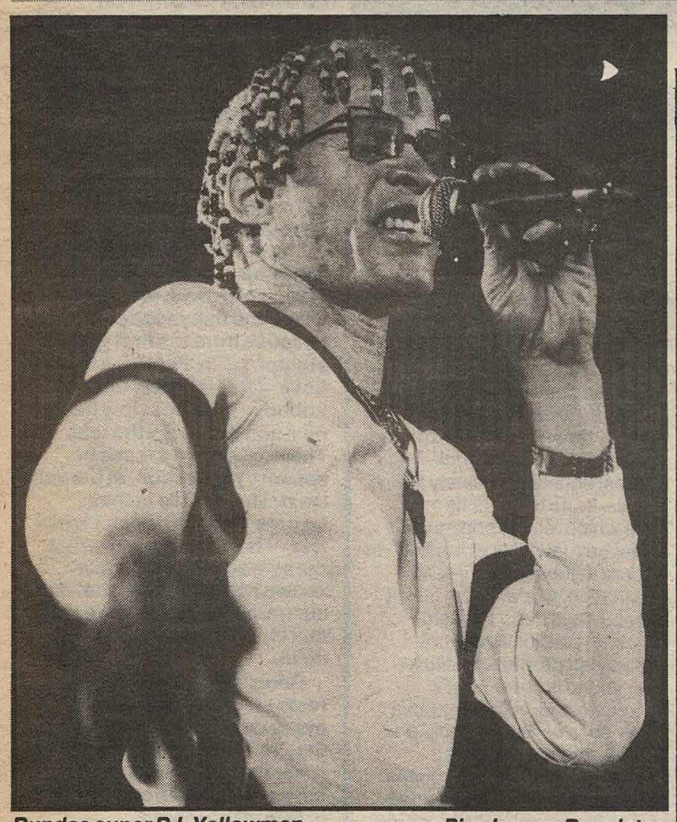
'Make Them Dance' shows Defunkt taking the intangible promise of their eponymously titled debut album and paring it down into a blistering fusillade of exhortation: screaming and squealing and quiet and insistent in all the right places. Compared to this year's blood-rush interpretations, even the manicured, funky shuffle, sweat and blood of 'Thermonuclear Sweat' sounds laid back and urbane. My watch made it 90 minutes of Defunkt, it could have been 10.

'Illusion' is a ters awakening, the thunder clap in the middle of a heatwave; 'The Razor's Edge' is the cloudburst that follows, drenching everything in furious, glorious liquid emotion. Bowie stop to glare and curse the Hacienda sound as the virulent percussive attack of 'Don't Take My Mind' is sprayed like flak from the rafters. And if at times the only way of distinguishing a song is looking for a catchphrase, then those of us accustomed to the audio atrocities of Fac 51 are also in no doubt as to whether we're witnessing something a touch harder than the rest.

Why should all this make Defunkt any better? (Perhaps it's fun and funky enough just to watch the charlatans.) Listen brother, after seeing the Defunkt spit and grit, after reeling under this kind of pressure, the next time I hear a sickly party party invocation or see predictably vacuous showmanship and flatulent bravado, I'm going to throw my 70p bottle of Pils at the stage and leave.

Amrik Rai

Joe 'For Trombone, Read Bayonet' Bowie *Pic: Kevin Cummins*



Dundas super DJ, Yellowman *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

YELLOW FEVER

YELLOWMAN

Edmonton Pickett's Lock

PROBABLY THE *ongul* reggae artist who could at present pack out the sprawling white elephant of a sports complex at Pickett's Lock — though Bunny Wailer, who will not tour, and Gregory Isaacs also remain good propositions — *dundas* DJ Yellowman proves himself an entertainer of striking magnetism here last week: granted that the crowd is firmly on his side even before he makes an entrance.

Backed by a generally tight Jamaican septet Sagittarius and overcoming some minor PA difficulties, the cadmium one chats cutely and consistently for more than an hour and, sundry *bom diddleys* always excepted, barely repeats himself at all during this whole time. Lyrics. Flash it!

Taking his early cue from king Metro Peter he argues thus:

"Bom diddley diddley da da da da da da da doo
11 and 11 that a 22
21 and 21 that a 42
41 and 41 that a 82
Jah man you mustn't bite weh you know you can't chew
Me favourite nuts man them call it cashew
Say if you work obeah them say a voodoo
Yellowman come to nice the venue
The girls them nowadays them a real saucy Sue
The greatest comedian Ranny and Miss Lou
The richest set a people live a St Andrew
The tonic wha' me take that a Vigorton II
Say you eat steak me eat the ital stew

Similar fare is offered in praise of herbal remedy 'Sensimillia', an item not altogether credible in the midst of this scorcher entitled 'London Cold, Jamaica Hot', 'Who Can Make The Dance Ram?' and interpretation of Johnny Osbourne's 'Yo Yo'.

Interspersed between toasts, Yellowman offers smatterings of song in the shape of 'Love On A Two Way Street', 'The Girl Is Mine', 'Love Letters' and 'Sad Movies'. He also proffers the lyric of 'King And Queen' sans Sister Nancy and that regarding 'Gregory Free' he debuts at Sunsplash the previous week.

Down on the dancefloor the Stokie posse is demonstrating the undiluted delights of the water pumpee dance step, palms slapping palms at each primrose riposte. Also in attendance *star stars* like Errol Dunkley, Tapper Zukie, Gene Rondo, Ras Elroy, Ras Keithroy, Blacka and the Coxsone congregation, the irrepressible Jackal and company. . .

Up on stage Yellowman says: "Me the first *blood claat* white man to chat reggae music".

Penny Reel

TALES FROM THE NEWGATE CALENDAR

Manchester Hacienda

"REMEMBER CINERAMA? This is Dramarama," jollied the introductory hand-out, which asked the audience to step out onto the dancefloor at the start of the play, right into a madding throng of eighteenth century degenerates. The piece was performed in period costume by a unit of fifteen fringe eventeers, all professional actors/musicians/artists based in Manchester, and the action happened around the audience rather than *at* them, allowing unlimited opportunities for first degree voyeurism.

Voyeurism and ghoulism have kept popular culture turning over for centuries. Nowadays punters will surrender their pennies to witness, say, Nico, as performing proof of the powers of modern embalming techniques. Ten years ago they'd all flock to Vegas in the hope of witnessing the Elvisburger terminating in the limelight. In the days of Newgate Prison – the subject of the play – they gave their people better value for money. You could guarantee that at least one of the attractions wouldn't make it back for an encore. You see, for a modest fee, the gaolers would guide the public round the cells and dungeons, filling them in on background info and letting them chat to condemned prisoners. In those days they didn't have public appearances in Woolworths by Gerry Marsden to keep them amused . . . .

Tonight you had your basic flat-tops, positive punks and Greenham types being videoed along with the cast, an ongoing Tardis situation that had its sticky moments. Members of the touring party had their realities messed up when they got tangled in the camera cable and collided with ulcerating Newgate strumpets only to get caught in the path of a marauding fire eater. A ship's mast was even erected and rigging constructed around The Hacienda's lighting network, only it was hard to tell whether or not the swashbucklers dangling from the ceiling were actors or stray World's Enders.

It was odd for The Hacienda to be so silent. There was no amplified sound, no microphones and now and again there would be quiet creakings from dark corners. The play climaxed with the building of gallows. A noose was suspended from the upper heights and, with the support of a mountaineering harness, a young man duly swung, making this The Hacienda's first public hanging. The body convulsed and twitched in a most life-like fashion, only this time, as the old song goes, the corpse got up and sang a final song.

Cath Carroll

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ABDULLAH IBRAHIM QUARTET

Brixton Ace

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM first heard jazz in the form of Louis Jordan tunes that blared from the ice-cream vans of his Cape Town childhood. The music that left Africa in the slave ships filtered back in many strange guises, but its roots were unmistakable and the young Ibrahim (then called Dollar Brand) quickly recognised African elements in Jordan's jumpin' jive and swing.

His own piano style exemplifies this unity, seamlessly integrating his native South African folk music with that of US jazz pioneers like Ellington, Monk and Coltrane.

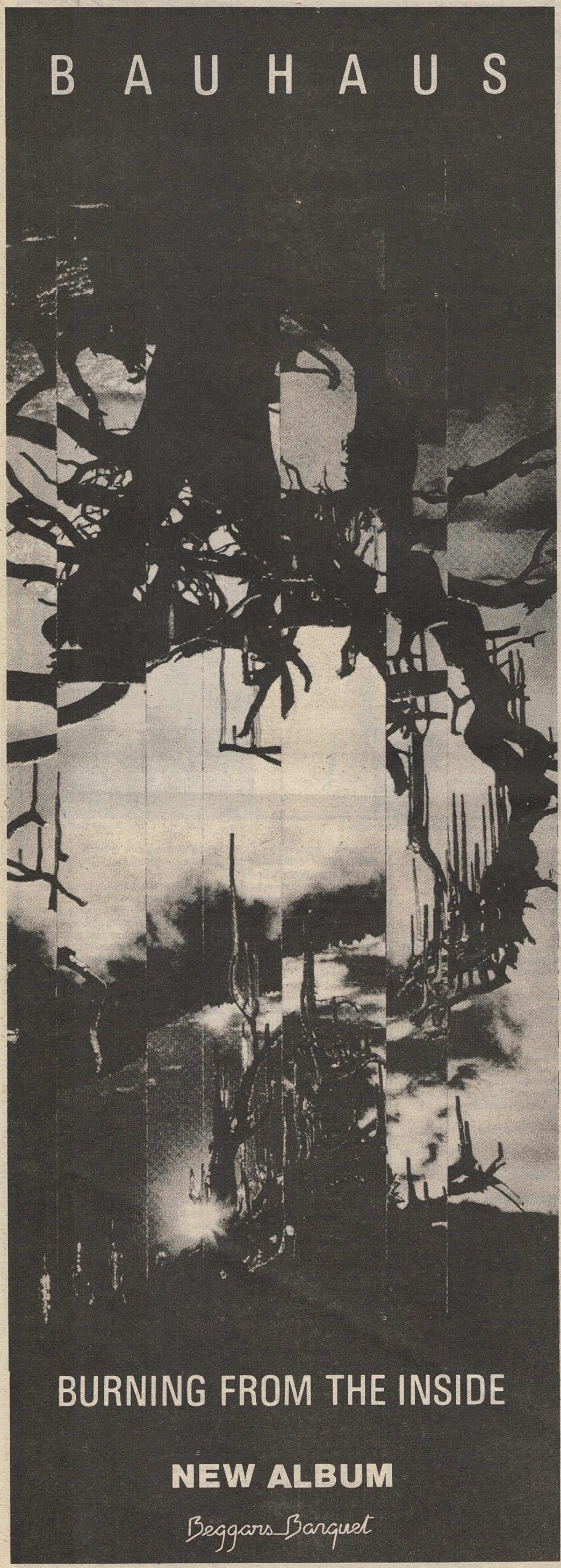
That he plays a truly *populist* jazz, though, is down to his belief in the African notion of *functional* music. "I think of myself as a medicine man," he once remarked, and the current function of his music is to help the African National Congress in their struggle against the fascist regime in Pretoria. "I am," he declares, "a cultural freedom fighter."

Last year at Bracknell, Ibrahim and his longtime associate, Panamanian reedsman Carlos Ward, played a sombre set that turned into one of the most emotional concerts I've ever witnessed. People wept at the simple eloquence of tunes like 'Soweto' and 'Children Of Africa', then roared a full-throated approval to the freedom songs 'Hit And Run' and 'Tula Dubula': *"In the township afternoon/Songs of their impending doom/The racists and their puppets are a-dying."*

At Brixton – first stop on a four-date, mini-tour of London – the mood was lighter, but the impact no less uplifting. With unfussy support from 'apprentices' Essiot Oko (bass) and Don Mumford (drums), Ibrahim, on piano and soprano and Ward, on alto and flute, led the way through 90 mintues of impassioned, masterful jazz: like the sprightly sax duet on 'To Monk', like Ward's luscious alto on 'To Coltrane', Ibrahim's spiky chord clusters on Ellington's 'Sentimental Mood', or the stops-out carnival climax of 'Black And Brown Cherries' with Ward blowing quicksilver lines till the steam came out of his ears. Ibrahim wove it all together at the keyboard, working in recurrent themes with a spry humour and earthing the electric highs with his deep, rumbling crescendoes.

This was inspirational music, a dignified, disciplined jazz that ran the gamut of emotions and came through smiling. "Listen to the music we play, listen to the music the racists play, then judge for yourself," says Abdullah Ibrahim. It's a spiritual politics that may sound feeble on paper, but when you hear him play, you *know* it's the truth.

Graham Lock



LIVE

GEORGE BENSON

SHOCKABILLY

DEVOTO

X-MAL

REDSKINS

Industrial cheek: Portrait Of The Art Student As A Factory Worker *Pic Bleddyn Butcher*

SHEEP, FISH & THE ART OF CALCULATION

GEORGE BENSON

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre

"ANOTHER USEFUL expression though, is the pathetic appealing look, which brings out a boy's protective instinct and has him desperate to get you another drink/ help you on with your coat/ give you a lift home. It's best done by opening your eyes wide and dropping the mouth open a little looking (hanging your head slightly) directly into the eyes of the boy you're talking to."

Jacki

What do you get when you cross pop lyricism (of the herd morality kind) with jazz? Answer: (you've guessed it) a woolly jumper, the criminally adaptable, superb guitarist/ vocalist, George Benson.

There's two main sorts of response to this easy-going character, and they fall into sheepy and fishy camps. Wher you enter the NEC, it's full of contented looking, well-fed Radio Two Listeners, so you're forced to come to terms with the sheepy herd morality hypothesis. Is this the music o Baa-lamb conventionality?

Now, me, I've got no time for this argument, because I've noticed that everyone who despises 'herd morality', far from being cast in the Nietzschian Superman mould, is, irredemiably and undisputably, a *sheep*.

The second rsponse is that GB is the acceptable face of jazz-pop crossovers, This is where the fishyness comes in, because from the first glad-ey stompings in 'Feel Like Makin Love' you just know that nobody could possibly be this nice and live to tell the tale. They'd die of an excess of sensory perception, at the ver least. The trouble is that George Benson doesn't know this — he doesn't know what the average *Jackie* reader knows by 14, namely, that eve our grand passions have just that little bit of calculation in them.

George Benson's magic rests on the adorable myth tha eveybody becomes equal whe they're in love. It's a cheat. But it works. It stirs you up; the hard-won pleasures of jazz ar cast into the instant accessibility mould of pop. As soon as you're thinking "Hang on, I recognise that pathetic, appealing look — here's a love object who doesn't know he's making himself into one," George Benson plays a clever bluesy, skat duel between guitar and voice or duets with the show-stealing Vicki Randall, and you melt again into that wee-small-hours-everything's-right-with-the-world mood.

The music is so rich you wa to believe it but, well, I can't. The Great GB has the aura of not letting himself think about certain things because they'r too painful to be faced.

. . . I didn't rush to the stage to get him another drink/help him on with his coat/give him lift home.

Amanda Root

INDUSTRIAL CHIC – A BLEEDIN' LIBERTY

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL

DEAD CAN DANCE

Hammersmith Clarendon

ON THE sweatiest night of the year, the spirit of 'Scream'-era Banshees wailed and clicked its heels once more . . .

Seeing as how the appallingly named Dead Can Dance hit the stage bang on eight, I was still sweltering on the tube during their act. I did, however, catch them two weeks previously playing their first ever UK gig. (Since they'd moved from their native Melbourne to the Isle of Dogs over a year ago, this reveals amazing reticence.)

Peter Ulrich, Paul Erikson and Brendan Perry (on drums, bass and guitar) erect a shuddering steel wall of Bunnyman-esque sound, against which strains the delicate intensity of Lisa Gerrard centre-stage. With all the anorexic seriousness of a '20s Bloomsbury bluestocking, she pipes shrill incantations whilst single-mindedly pounding various percussion, including a curious string driven thing called a yang-tjin. Strangely impressive, and one to watch out for.

Welsh wizards Gene Loves Jezebel fit more comfortably into the cold-punk orthodoxy. On their night, brothers Mike and John Aston and friends transcend evident influences (Siouxsie, Prunes, Birthday Party) and go for the jugular on their own terms. Visceral shrieker Kim Chambers usually steals the show, but tonight second fiddle was the only prize up for grabs.

Xmal Deutschland uber alles – in more ways than several. Notwithstanding the overtones of the German language to English ears, the sound of Xmal Deutschland captures the compulsive romance of self-enslavement to the military-industrial ideal. There's no sense of defiance, liberation or even hedonism, but rather the ritual surrender to an iron law. In that respect Xmal Deutschland stand opposed to old-style punk. Their nearest equivalent is early Heavy Metal – brute force for its own sake which rejects pop music's social/sexual/political function. In its pure selfenclosure lies its fascination. In a way, the title of their LP says it all; 'Fetisch'.

I almost fall for it out – not despite but perhaps *because* their sound is so stridently invariable and, with the gripping exceptions of 'Boomerang' and 'Orient', their songs so uninspired. Nothing interposes itself between you, the listener, and all the monolithically chilling, sexless brute force.

A typical ice-maiden, the glacially blonde Anja Huwe declaims the lyrics' cruel intonations with merciless melodrama, whilst gothic organist Fiona Sangster carries the melody like a one-fingered Ray Manzarek. The rhythmic triad of Manuela Zwingman (drums), Wolfgang Ellerbrock (bass) and Manuela Rickers (guitar) lay down a crushing matrix of regimented, industrial noise. This laboured, unyielding formula is tailor-made for all those who think that Siouxsie started going soft round about 'Happy House'.

Every new generation needs its own voice of doom, its own icon of obsession. But how about a little more humanity, please?

Mat Snow

RECIPES FOR THOSE WHO RARELY PUT THEIR FEET IN THE KITCHEN

THE HOWARD DEVOTO BAND

Manchester Hacienda
Birmingham Tin Can

THAT HAT . . .

. . . it's a fact of life. We must look upon it as a plain symbol of The Howard Devoto Band's dishonourable plainness: aiming at *well-being* a little too transparently, the band stick plainly to plainness. How can I be so sure about this plainness? Why, it was as plain as the hat on Howard Devoto's nose.

That hat . . .

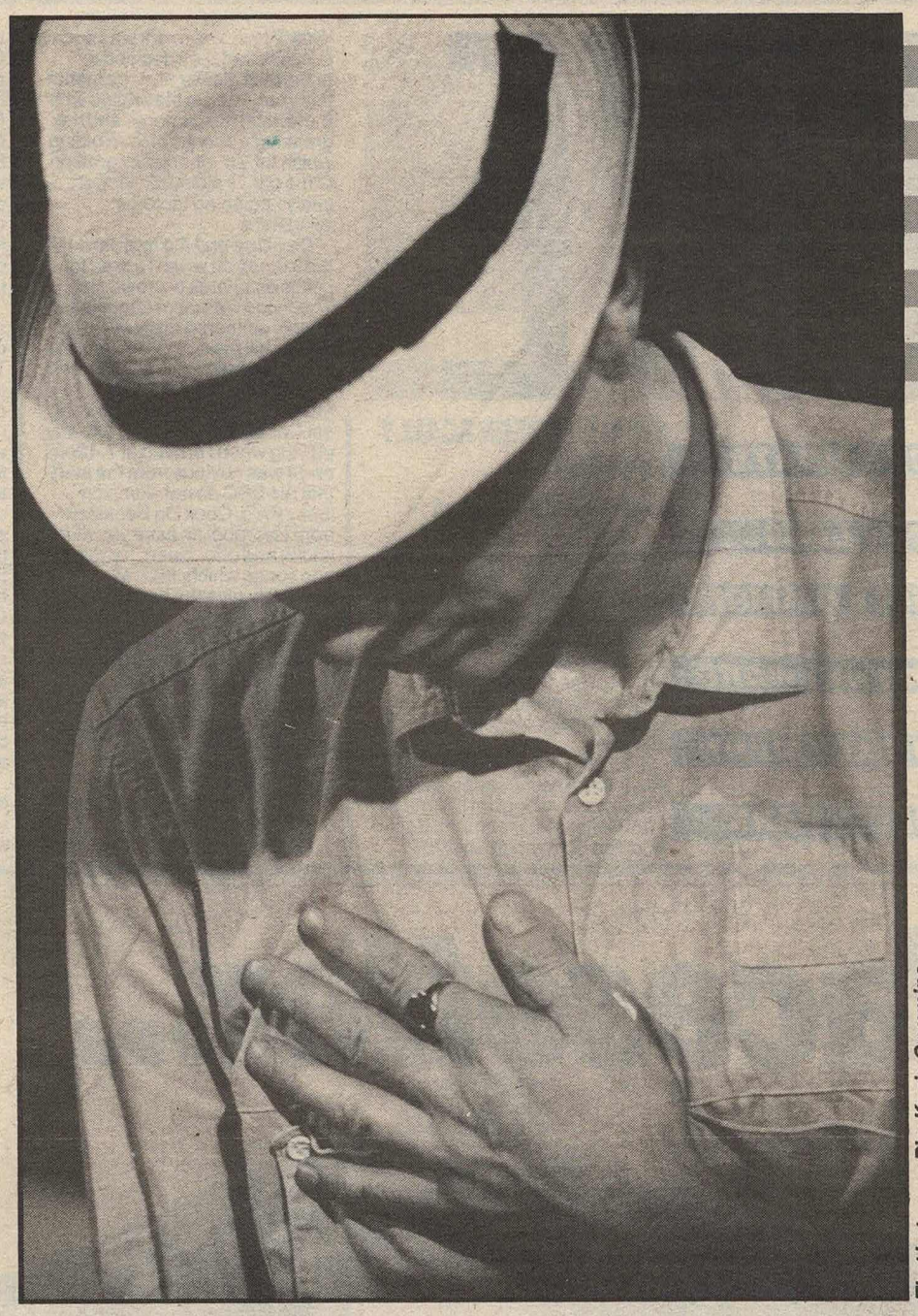
. . . dumped on Howard Devoto's ancient head, the sole theatrical effect in this quite genial performance — incidentally, not The Show of Genitals I was 'expecting', where exhibitionism bumped into dreadful greatness and fell over the fine edge of anguish — was one of the few things of interest, incongruous or otherwise . . . The hat glowed meanly, stuck on Devoto's modest head, announcing to interested people that this was The Howard Devoto Band. Not The Howard Devoto Show. The difference is more than a matter of goodness. Unlike every single previous Devoto excercise, there was nothing for us to misinterpret, nothing to worry about: so we concluded — this gang I belong to, perpetually under the influence of anxiety — that the theme of the performance had nothing to do with the evil of human manipulation, or the great deal that is imagination, but something to do with the great plains of rock, those plains forever settling far, far away from dreams and determination. When you walk without your heart through the great plains of rock — spot the Foreigner, smell the H_2O — you never come to any forks in the path, there are no doors to open, no elevators to ride, no prophets in pain and everything seems as inevitable as the fourteen lines in the sonnet. I tried twice to poke my nose and my misinterpretations through the dull surface of The Howard Devoto Band, but all I could see, however soft or hard I tried, was jerky Devoto looking not completely lost in the rock plains, wearing a big white hat to stop the soul destroying sun burning his bold head, hitting out at spider webs with a butterfly net. I recognised the little petulant movements, heard the words to 'Permafrost' (in this context, that was very much a case of fading potency). So it must have been Devoto leading that ugly raggy studio band but, surely, the headless Devoto . . . and I knew it to be so: Howard Devoto got a hat and lost his head, found through that hat Job Satisfaction. Job Satisfaction is of course the curse of the class working artist.

That hat . . . I took a close look. Written on a piece of paper and stuck inside the band were the words: 'The Hat Act' — a maker of miracles, a comic, a sexual tease, befooler of the hicks, ultimately a rebuilder of Humpty Dumpty, murderer of his own muse, a victim of his own art . . . mastered by it, diddled, tricked, rendered powerless by the very power he possesses as an artist. I could have written that, I thought.

The Howard Devoto Band and Howard Devoto's hat band: the sound of someone who needed success to inflame the will and aggravate the desires, and who now, apparently indifferent to the moment of mundane disappointment, plays the part of retired spy, re-running old conspiracies and betrayals, accompanied undramatically by the new style faceless, flavourless rock musician, save Dave Formula, who gleefully reprints Magazine. Pretty well culted, if not actually wilted, Devoto has turned out as one of those protected rock delicacies, like Hammill, or even Shelley, who exist in secret company, sometimes in the middle of the plains, sometimes up in the clouds. It's not what we, the gang, anticipated during Devoto's second post-Magazine pause, not the hoped for random, advanced assault on today's overwhelming imaginative impoverishment. Devoto is content to jog on the spot of our makings and becomings, issuing no new instructions and constructing no new schemes, turning the excitement of estrangment into just another pleasantry. The angle of approach is exactly the same, any change is merely a redistribution of elements. Old and new songs rub sympathetically against each other, 'Rainy Season' blows into 'About The Weather' and we can but realise — if we have to respect the specialised technique — that a certain complacancy has infected Devoto's work, leaving us with an unappealing evasion, with fierceness all but forgotten. Hearing 'Taking Over Heaven' reluctantly greet a warm world, its joints stiff and its points undemanding, it appears Devoto, once a master at combatting the marvels of misfeeling, is now simply compiling a list of songs, a series of recipes for those who rarely put their feet in the kitchen . . .

. . . That hat, I blame that. If he hadn't worn it, he would have been hatless at least. Thatless, doubtless, would have been something. Or something more than less. More or less. Howard Devoto. That's that, I'm afraid.

Paul Morley



That hat . . . Pic: Kevin Cummins

SUDDENLY . . .

OUT OF THE BLUE . . .

SHITTIN' KIPPERS

IT'S SHOCKABILLY!

SHOCKABILLY
ORSON FAMILY
SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK

Brixton Ace

IN A perfect world both Sunglasses After Dark (obviously) and The Orson Family would actually *be* The Cramps. But it isn't a perfect world, so neither come close. Though both outfits have the sense to twist the formula a little, they simply don't go far enough. Thus the spectres of Lux Interior and his grave-robbers haunt the proceedings and howl down what latent talent their imitators may possess.

Sunglasses After Dark distinguish themselves with a) a screeching violin, and b) a hollerin', mildly gone cat of a singer straight out of Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*. They start slowly with a quasi-Velvet dirge that's not so much swamp rock as a quagmire, but pick up a little speed for 'Sex Fiend', to a fevered response from the manic funky chickens in the crowd. Next stop The Batcave, methinks.

Like Sunglasses, The Orson Family take the equation 'rockabilly equals raw, primitive energy', and come up with a largely monotonous thrash. For all the quoting of Hank Williams, Gene Vincent, Carl Perkins and so on as influences, they haven't twigged that finesse and variety are permitted ingregients. Singer Skully, guitarists Vernon and Ruby, and drummer Brewster *look* amazing, but 'Heartbeat' stands alone as truly thrilling to the ears.

Shockabilly are something else altogether. It's as if Messrs Kramer and Licht, the two satanic sub-Zappas on keyboards and drums, had trucked down to Nashville in 1969 and kidnapped a brilliant but obscure country picker by the name of Eugene Chadbourne. In further pursuit of their nefarious but utterly incomprehensible plan, they stuffed him to the gunwhales with Tequila and LSD, whereupon all three mutated into Shockabilly, a combo so demented as to make Wild Man Fisher seem a model of civilised restraint.

Dripping with sweat and bulging out of his outrageously mind-expanding trousers, Eugene Chadbourne resembles Richard Dreyfus trying to impersonate Jimi Hendrix whilst under the influence. Delightfully playful and exciting sounds skitter from his lightning fingers, but no coherent rockabilly action is allowed to last longer than a few seconds before Kramer and Licht subversively erupt into acid-casualty fireworks and Chadbourne wigs out with severe flashbacks.

Like The Residents' 'Third Reich'n'Roll' meisterwerk, Shockabilly's collective insanity manifests itself as a hyperthyroid jukebox; 'Purple Haze', 'Born To Be Wild', '19th Nervous Breakdown', 'Homeward Bound', 'A Whiter Shade Of Pale', 'Smoke On The Water', 'Maneater' and 'A Hard Day's Night' are all gleefully mutilated by the short, sharp Shockabilly treatment.

Not so much psychedelic as totally psycho, Shockabilly present one of the most absurd entertainments I've ever endured. Maybe I just dreamed it.

Mat Snow

MEN LIKE MONKEYS

TWANG TOGETHER

TOMMY TOILET HUMOUR
THE THREE JOHNS
THE NIGHTINGALES
EDDIE CHIPPINTON

London ICA

THE BAGGY trousered end of post-industrial Northern chic was showcased here tonight on an ICA stage resembling a second-hand electrical junk shop, for an audience owing far more to the dress sense of Feargal Sharkey than one would expect at such a prestigious venue.

Ted Chippinton is a stone hard slab of Midlands deadpan. Over 7ft tall in his magnificent platforms, he reels off 30 minutes of playground humour and rock classics, notably an abridged version of 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon. . .' wherein he explains to his loved one that the reason he didn't come straight home after being released from prison . . . is because he went for a pint . . . because he likes a pint when he'a just been in prison.

Ted's talent is to explain everything to the point of tedium. In contrast, I've never understood a single word that Rob Lloyd ever uttered. Rob would appear to sing about kestrels and curries. For this reason alone The Nightingales are damned to cult status among the hairbrained and deranged. . .

It has long been my opinion that the ranters' success has been due soley to their ability to include such intrinsically amusing words in their work as "wank", "fuck" and "smegma". After tonight I realise that this is a gross over-simplification. The real skill lies in finding words that *rhyme* with "wank", "fuck" and "smegma". Little Brother *aka* Tommy Toilet Humour — possibly the least subtle and therefore the most amusing of the illiterate end of the mildly annoyed young men — entertains with a babbling stream of closet jokes.

As if attempting to consolidate bodily excrement as tonight's main theme, the porky Jock McDonald writhes on stage and breathes new living death into a trio of Pistols songs. The aptly named Bollock Bros are a festering tragedy. (Showaddywaddy in winding sheets.) It's time the corpse was ploughed back under. . .

Ah, The Three Johns were great! Right down to the last minute appearance of various nonentities posing with unpluggd guitars. Just like the "good old days". A point to make. If the "spirit of punk" is still to be found, it surely resides in such groups as The Nightingales and The Three Johns.

. . . Agitate-Educate-Fertilise!

Susan Williams

THE LOTUS EATERS

Birmingham

TREADING THE thin line between pop and pap can be a risky business, and at times during The Lotus Easters' short set I thought they might stumble into that netherworld of the no-hopers.

As the set progressed however it became clear that the group's reticence was due only to lack of confidence. The single, 'First Picture Of You', a joyful soundtrack for sunny summer days, was met with uplifting enthusiasm and from then on Peter's voice gained a buoyant, tender quality.

'Too Young' and 'Set Me Apart' were highlights, unselfconscious pop songs, fresh and invigorating, but certainly not transient chart fodder.

The performance was not without its problems though – too often a good idea was either overstretched or suffocated by oversophistication. The germs of something extremely worthwhile are certainly there but care must be taken not to lose the naive innocence that makes them so refreshing.

Paul Mathur

BOLSHIEBILLIES

REDSKINS
ANTI-SOCIAL WORKERS
CLAIRE DOWIE
SKINT VIDEO

Brixton Old White Horse

AT THE door, an anarcho-newsboy does the hardsell: "*Class War* — only 10p". "Cheap at twice the price," muses a Redskin as he eyes the modest assembly of sedentary lager-slurping punters. They may be the converted but they're hardly the stuff Revolutions are made of.

With the redthirsty Thatcher hatchet already poised over the GLC, you can bet your booties that GLC/Arts Council-assisted do's like these decidedly left-field New Variety packages will be among the first things to go, after Red Ken. Tonight, all the right (sic) targets were raised and shot down with predictable accuracy.

Skint Video, an amusing two-man hit squad, had a jab at Nuclear War, Chas and Dave, 'Monarchy in the U.K.' (sing it Charles) and a cautionary 'Message' about running down the NHS: "*It ain't so super/Sometimes it makes me wonder why I keep from joining BUPA*".

Claire Dowie, a gamine figure, was not so much a poet but a feminist cartoon mouthpiece for the Trials and Tribulations of Womanhood. She's original and talented with a wry sardonic line on bedfellowship, PMT and would-be muggers' victims who feel 'stood up' after not getting raped, robbed and murdered on the ten minute walk home, but she got rather cringe-making when she ploughed into a confessional spiel on the Big O (orgasm not Orbison, dear).

The Anti-Social Workers, four young persons of various cult-persuasions, had the novel idea of singing and toasting over tasty dub tracks courtesy of the Mad Professor and suchlike. I suppose the novelty lay in their being white and the sentiments expressed — 'Hands Off Poland!', 'Coexist In Peace!', 'Get Out Your Bunker And Look For Work!' — but when the lead ranter started in with the Joe Strummer style delivery, I remembered The Clash. Just when I'd forgotten them.

So far, so safe. The better Red than dead Skins put a little venom into the proceedings. The Redskins are the perfect scour, the leftie loofah to the Thatcherist scourge. Their brief set wasn't their zenith musically (the trio sounds best when augmented by brass, as on their single and Peel sessions) but it demonstrated a pulverising abrasiveness guaranteed to clean clear round those irritating U-turns to combat Tory kling-on. (If only.)

Young, proud, undiluted in spirit, The Redskins aren't exactly the epitome of finesse. They use the skinhead image to suggest resolve, bravado and hard conviction. It gets up the nose of blue-bloods for a start. Then, Chris Dean's gruff bark is a rallying cry to 'Kick Over the Statues', 'Unionize!' and Take No Heroes'; every son a sloganeering anthem, with 'Reds Strike The Blues' the 'piece de resistance' – a whirlwind of revved up rockin' protest.

The Redskins' extremism brings a welcome flush to the rather pallid musical complexion just now, and when they come up with those hit-tunes, it'll be red skies over Romford. Until then, rant against Thatcher (you know it makes sense) and don't let anyone convince you that politics and music don't mix. They'd have you believe that 'Devil Woman' had never been written.

Gaye Abandon

LIVE

MUCKY MOATS
MUCKY LADS
DOUBLE DIAMOND
NICKY HEYWARD
AND BILLY MANN
AT SEFFY PARK

SMALL SCREEN SCALLY FESTIVAL

Liverpool Sefton Park

EVERY SO often, references to Liverpool (and its music) get blown up and tossed around like an inflatable doll at a stag party; and more often than not these occasions coincide with the arrival of the London media in search of provincial fodder that *doesn't* smack of sheep–shagging

Last year, as part of the *Riverside Special* series, the BBC filmed two evenings of live music from Sefton Park featuring Echo And The Bunnymen and Bow Wow Wow. The event was such a success that they decided to undertake similar arrangements this year–and in they rolled with the lorries, the cameras and the great, ugly chunks of scaffolding which they methodically graft on to the park's pleasant, though sadly neglected Victorian bandstand.

Day One and the lawman told me to knob off when I asked for police estimates of crowd size. The mood was calm and relaxed, people scattered lazily over the grassy hill facing the bastardised bandstand (which is conveniently guarded by a moat of dirty, smelly, rat-infested water). The opening act Cook Da Books were already playing when I arrived at 7.42pm and it was obvious from the start that the BBC do not skimp on lousy PA's. Cook Da Books are from Liverpool (in case you didn't know) and offer clean, harmless pop songs which, from all accounts, give the French a terrific thrill.

Most of the spectators appeared to be in fine fettle, but it must have been something to do with the weather. Toddlers toddled, poseurs poseured and photographers without back-tent passes hustled, anxiously swapping lenses, filters and whirly winders in respect of their unrecognised talent.

The high spot of Day One came with the appearance of Big Country who, like all foolish gamblers, decided to open their hand with a trump card, 'Fields Of Fire'. Big Country have a lot going for them–they are jolly in a Bay-City-Rollers-who-haven't washed kind of way and are proficient in the execution of their craft. But if they were to try any harder, Big Country could be one of those horrible mid-70's rock bands.

Each of their well-formed symmetrical rocksongs is designed to be accompanied by The Highland Fling, which is presumably what a pair of drunken (male) revellers had in mind when they took to the filthy water. In defiance of convention, the two clowns (who have now almost certainly suffered painfully under the mechanics of a stomach pump) began splashing the pompous roadies, throwing tantrums and wallowing brainlessly to the sounds of Big Country. One or two cynics have suggested this exhibition to be nothing more than a publicity stunt engineered by Trevor Jones and his ousted Liberal party aimed at revealing those in favour of rock concerts to be left-wing agitators. But that's just hearsay.

By 10.40pm there was just enough contaminated blood in the audience to make Big Country a wow and so they decided (on the spur of the moment, y'unnerstand) to slip in that trump card again as their final encore and close with–yes–'Fields Of Fire' . . .

Popsters splashing in the azure blue Mersey. Pic: John Stoddart

Day Two was always likely to bring a greater proportion of fun to angst, a *pop* rather than a *rock* day. The attendance was far in excess of Day One but this can be only partly attributed to the headlining act Nick Heyward–not only was this Day Two, it was 'Transport Day' and ten pence secured a bus ride from anywhere to any place else in Greater Merseyside. Pushers-on were recruited from a selection of Liverpool's half a million Job Centres and the buses swaggered, pissed with humanity, towards Sefton Park from Speke to Southport.

Inside the park more than the usual amount of "pressing-up" was taking place, and groups of career–minded schoolchildren discussed their fourth-form options over bottles of Martini.

And then it came, like a dum-dum fly to the rear end of a cow, the Chinese water-torture of Janice Long . . . "Pleeze wellcum onstage Thee Eysickle Wearks," announces chubby-chops after a short lecture on how we should *not* try to break down the fence or we shall be sent home with a note from the Headmaster.

The Icicles emerged in Roddy Frame-style frilly coats and set about a selection of songs which give pride of place in the proceedings to the rather frilly symbolism surrounding "love"–a word that crops up with annoying regularity through most of their material. The Icicle Works also come from Liverpool (in case you didn't know), but Ian McNabb's splendid vocal up-wellings have started to lean uncomfortably towards repetition and the Icicles could be in grave danger of smelling their own proverbial fart before they've even let it rip.

Nick Heyward's arrival onstage could have been timed to the minute (and probably was) as the mood of the now all-standing audience rose gently and several young girls started to pee their pants. By this time I was unfortunately stationed behind a hairstyle which resembled an explosion in a mattress factory and was therefore prevented from seeing whether the mucky moat contained the obligatory adolescent hippo. As Heyward's cool took a grip on drunken sections of the fun-loving crowd, the odd empty wine bottle took a stageward flight (drunks simply *hate* being patronised by clean sober-looking individuals like Nick Heyward). But, when the set shifted up a gear with old faves like 'Love Plus One', 'Fantastic Day' and latest single 'Take That Situation', the audience was won over and all vestiges of hooliganism stopped.

The bits of Nick Heyward that I could see didn't look too happy. His backing group, though slick and accomplished enough, are not exactly in spiritual sympathy with him and when he's left to do all his dances and shuffles alone you start to feel sorry for him. It needs an E Street Band or a bunch of Asbury Jukes (provided they shave) to turn Nicky the squeaky misfit into Nicky the accomplished megastar.

The evening filered to dusk, babies slept in their mother's arms and I actually wanted to thank the BBC for bringing us all this buckshee entertainment which they'll presumably sell to the Soviet Bloc as Freedom, Democracy and All Things Bright and Beautiful–the Double Diamond had started to work wonders on the wheels of sentiment . . .

DANCING DID REMARKABLE FAMILY

Willesden Young Farmers Club

THOSE UNADVENTUROUS Diddyfans who stayed away in droves missed not one but two fine displays of English eccentricity.

South London's Remarkable Family are fronted by singer-guitarist Howard Male, an imposingly full-bearded figure straight out of D. H. Lawrence. To his right and left stand the elegantly attired Iain Houston (clarinet, sax) and the Buggle-eyed David Severn on bass. Nick Rhodes and Paul Bringloe bring up the rear on drums and percussion. This bizarre combination play an even more incongruous hybrid–Josef K meets Morrissey Mullen.

'The Sea', 'Surrounded By You', 'The Voice' and other Family favourites have the yearning melodies of the Postcard ideal cranked up into a Talking Head-case anxiety and then smoothed off by gleaming, airy jazz-funk arrangements. Rather than blunting the emotional edge, this contrast sharpens the tension and pulls you in, not unlike early Laughing Clowns. Still rough round the edges, but they're definitely worth a look.

The Dancing Did's wandering minstrels are a thing of rags and patches. Perhaps dispirited by the thin attendance, they never really worked up the conviction of boondock mayhem essential to their land shanties. As it was, the hats, weskits, kerchiefs, autumnal corduroy and horse-brasses on the guitar-strap looked a bit like The Bay City Rollers' tartan-edged baggies–all trousers and no mouth.

But 'Wounded Stag Hotel', and one or two other numbers, revealed an aproach similar to The Gun Club's–high energy music conveying a dark, atavistic mythology of the untamed Out There. The Dancing Did play rockabilly with hayseed twang (Martyn Dormer, guitar) and rural burr (Tim Harrison, vocals) which requires mad attack if it's not to fall flat. Tonight, lack-a-day-dee, it came perilously close to doing so.

Mat Snow

Pacesetter...

Model featured is PX200E

...Trendsetter

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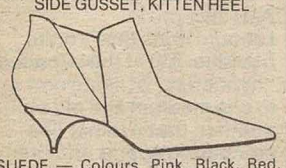

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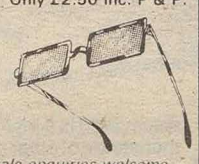

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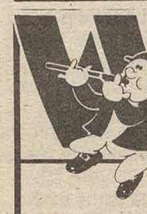

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GREETINGS FROM BLISTERING TANBAG

ADAGE

Here's a word of advice to all your readers. If you wanna enjoy great music with pure gorgeous melodies on telly . . . then forget "crop of the slops" . . . just flip the switch to ITV/Channel 4 and soak up those adverts!

Already you can enjoy soap powder sold to the tune of 'Da Doo Ron Ron' . . . suntan lotion sold to the tune of 'Stay' or 'Do It Again' . . . crisps to the tune of 'C'mon Everybody', peanuts to 'Lucky Number', and there's even an advert that does 'Baby Love', tho' I forget what they're flogging . . .

And what are the BBC offering? The Police?! Rod Stewart?! Bleedin' Fun Boy Three!!! Good Grief!! I think that about sums it up . . .

The Todd, Ramsgate.

MORE NASTY BUSINESS

I wasn't talking about making 'laws' – I was talking about approaching those who feel oppressed by the proliferation of violent and pornographic material with a little less dismissive contempt.

It is easy to feel superior if able to keep your head while all about are losing theirs – a person in the throes of passion is necessarily vulnerable and can easily be made to appear ridiculous – it seems unfair, therefore, to use the advantage of level-headedness to dominate them with facile sarcasm. It doesn't advance the possibilities of communication in any way. I also see no reason to assume that level-headedness equates happily with clear-sightedness – we manage to use all our facilities to deceive ourselves.

When we start to quibble about whether or not a nipple was torn off with a pair of tweezers or a pair of pliers, or we engage in a futile battle of statistics, it seems that all sight of the heart of the matter has been lost.

The 'heart of the matter' plainly isn't a nut to be 'cracked by the tap of a lady's fan' – and, being so deeply-rooted, is not so easily grasped as such 'cast-iron' issues as equality of pay etc. This doesn't mean that it shouldn't be discussed repeatedly and openly, or, that being so apparently irresolvable, it should be cast aside as a red herring.

I am not challenging your contention that it would be authoritarian to censor British Movement propaganda – but I am sure you will agree that it would be foolish not to mention or discuss it. I therefore don't understand why you seem to consider it a waste of breath discussing and questioning the mountains of 'sexual propaganda' which assail us. It seems to me to be dangerously complacent to assume that repugnant opinions will be 'laughed off the stage' and that 'common sense' will prevail. There have been a succession of sick jokes throughout history who did very well for themselves. There is one at present who is not doing too badly. Things repugnant frequently thrive.

I wish I had your faith – but unfortunately I am not so much of a dreamer as you suggest!

R. Taylor, Greenwich, London.

As far as I can see, the past few weeks' *Gasbags* have contained rather a lot of discussion and questioning on this subject, from both sides. I consider this healthy. Sometimes, however – such as when one receives numerous letters implying that one should die, and the sooner the better – sarcasm is the best answer. – AG.

BIGHEAD!

My brother went along to the David Bowie concert at Milton Keynes on Sunday 3rd July 1983. Having waited in a really long queue, he eventually bought a Tour T-shirt.

On returning home after the concert, repeated efforts to try on this same T-shirt were all in vain as the neck was no more than three or four inches wide. Having spent a great deal of money on this purchase only to be wholly disappointed, we decided to ask for your help and to see whether there would be any chance of replacing or at least exchanging this T-shirt for one which would fit other than a diminutive doll. Perhaps you could advise where such an exchange might be sought. Even I'm only a size 10 and there is no way that I can get this T-shirt on.

Please help – offers of shoehorns will not be welcomed!

A. Martin, Lincoln.

Sounds like you need a head-shrinker – for buying the thing in the first place. – AG.

COMPLETE AND UTTER LOONIES

We are two mediums who contacted last night the spirit of Jean-François Champollion to ask him the significance of the secret code shown on the sleeves of the last New Order LP and 12 inch single. We are willing to report here his message verbatim:

"Thanks to the colour roulette (which is a real Rosette stone) on the other side of the Fantin-Latour reproduction, I have been able to work out the secret code. Each part of it represents one letter of the alphabet. To decode the roulette, you have to start from the top: green = A, yellow = B, lilac = C, and so on up to Z. Now, the number code is the same as the letter code: 1 = A = green, 2 = B = yellow, and so on up to 9 = I = hot blue. The 6 colours in the middle are the essential colours that have been used to make the others. The gradation of pink-brown-green around them is just an example of mixings between them.

Now you are able to decipher the code on the sleeves with me. The silver octagons stand for the space between each word. On the Fantin-Latour sleeve, top right, you can decipher: FACT 75 (7 = purple, 5 = pale blue). If you take the inner sleeve and hold the side with the Fantin-Latour credits inscription upside down before your eyes, you can read, from left to right: NEW/ORDER (then the upside down inscription) POWER. Now turn the sleeve over but this time with the code on the bottom. It reads: CORRUPTIRN (here Mr Peter Saville has made a mistake) / AND / LIES.

Now to the 'Blue Monday' 12 inch sleeve: hold it with the code up, starting with a pale pink square. It reads: FAC 73 (7 = purple, 3 = lilac) / BLUE / MONDAY / AND. Turn the sleeve over, this time with the code down (be careful not to drop the record) starting with a black and white striped square. It reads: THE BEACH / NEW / ORDER.

I will be revealing myself to you when I discover the significance of the cuttings around the roulette and the origin of the code. But I already suspect Messrs Marinetti and Despero and their Futurists to have used it before Mr Saville."

We thought this message would be quite explanatory in regard to the letter from Mr Gurch, Middlesex, printed in *NME* June 25th.

Madame Soleil and Jean Le Voyant.

I find myself with something of a problem here. How do you put into writing a raised eyebrow and an unsuccessfully stifled snort of laughter? – AG.

A WICKED PEACH WRITES

I would like to stress the sad fact concerning the difficulties facing new bands, such as ours, who want to break through the seemingly impregnable walls of the music industry.

Established music halls will not take a risk in putting on unknown bands for fear of lost customer revenue. So how does a band become known when there are no places to play?

The old idea of making a demo tape, sending it around record companies and waiting to be attacked, in my time, by Nazis, drunks and John Lennon necrophiliacs. I guess I'm a pretty radical sort of guy, huh?

SWells, Bradford.

Maybe you're just a lousy poet. – AG.

HOPELESSLY DEVOTED

I can withstand most things, having been born with a high pain threshold. But even I flinched and deeply sympathised with Don Watson's cruel subjection to Howard Devoto's pretentious twaddle (9.7.83).

Not since Chris Bohn released Peter Green's Id in these hallowed pages has a journalist suffered so unselfishly for his art.

The most disturbing aspect of the interview was that Don Watson actively encouraged Devoto's cant. My advice: get some therapy!!!

Prince William and the Creche City Beats, Gwent.

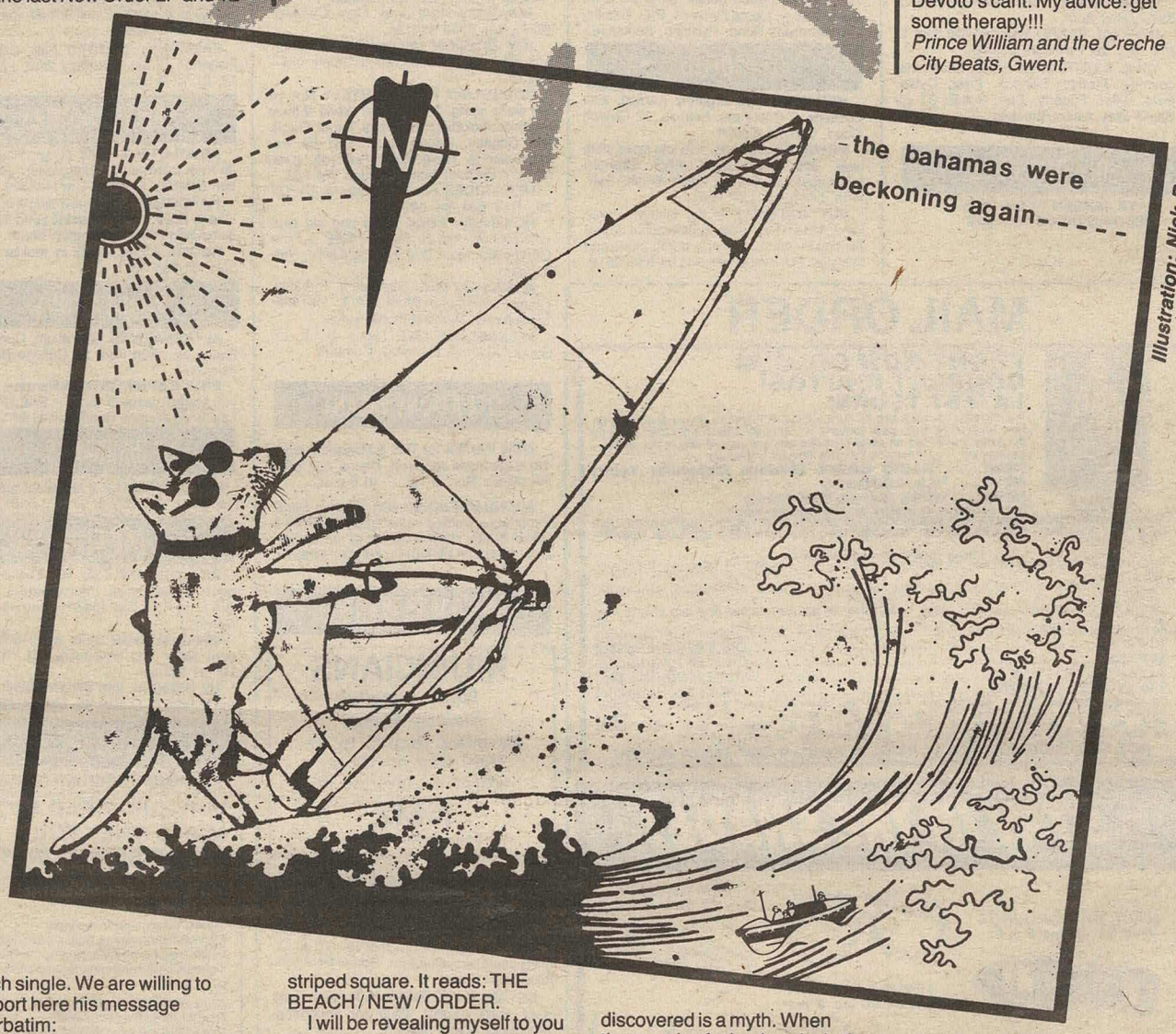

Illustration: Nick Reed.

discovered is a myth. When thousands of other bands do the same the idea becomes saturated and obsolete.

But one thing still rings true – "It's who you know".

Numerous bands have been granted recording contracts in this manner rather than through their musical talents.

Dress style and imagination has taken over from music style and originality. Get a style and you've got a contract.

A Wicked Peach, Sutton-In-Ashfield, Notts.

The answer's obvious. Get yourself a style, stupid. – AG.

AN UNACKNOWLEDGED LEGISLATOR WRITES

Mandela/SA article BRILLIANT. Last week – not a bad issue BUT:

Regarding the GBH/Brixton Ace review. I have *never* claimed to be the "spokesman of a generation". If my generation consists entirely of S.E. England's fag-end lumpen punks then, tomorrow, I shall apply for a pension. As for playing to the "blankly converted" – I was physically assaulted by several members of a Shepherds Bush audience for remarks made about vegetarians. I have also been

Don's masochism is his own business as far as I'm concerned. He is, however, enrolling at the Andy Gill Self-Help School for a programme of Advanced Insultation. This involves Don standing in the middle of a room for two days straight without food, drink or drugs, while I eat Big Macs six inches from his nose, pausing only to shout and swear at him. We're both looking forward to it immensely. – AG.

BLIND, DEAF, BUT ESPECIALLY DUMB

Does not Ingmar Bergman's *Fanny And Alexander* deserve a piece of your mind rather than Robert Bresson's effort? Richard Cook, you are an arsehole, in my considered opinion.

Eric Morgan, Cannes, France.

Some people are so busy being smartarses that they don't bother to check their facts. You are one, Eric. Honkin' Dick reviewed Ingy's opus in *Silver Screen* way back in April. – AG.

AUNTIE PODEES

Pity anything I write to you is three months late, but some issues never seem to go away, so I s'pose it'll be okay. One nice letter (March 19) asks "after we're all dead, who gets the thousands of bombs that are left over?" I can suggest one answer to that: we do. One estimate (the worst) has New Zealand targeted for seven bombs. A country with three million people, and no nuclear installations.

By the way, liked Andrew Tyler's drug piece, but please consider making Richard Cook go away. The bastard's half-page reviews take three weeks to decipher, and often the result is garbage.

Tangata Whenua, Christchurch, New Zealand.

Yeah, right. We've sent him away to Los Angeles. That'll teach the bastard, eh? – AG.

HOW TO GET YOUR LETTER IN GASBAG

I too would like to add weight to the support for Andy Gill in his stint as the "Gasbagman". All too often people are quick to slag your staff, and I feel that when a good job has been done the person ought to receive some congratulations. ANDY GILL (he deserves capitals) managed to combine provocative, well-observed comments with witty observations about today's society, something which *NME* ought to strive for in future. ANDY GILL is GOD. Long live ANDY GILL.

R Scott, Doncaster.

"Possibly the finest Gasbag letter of all time." – AG. Huh! Add any more weight to his support and he won't be able to walk – The Carnaby Street Choristers.

WRONG ON EVERY COUNT

Recently your magazine has shown a dislike of "old music" and a marked preference for modern music. In my opinion there is nothing wrong with this attitude, in fact I would say that it was a very healthy view to take.

However, in the same issues you extol the virtues of all the old '50s TV programmes and films currently being shown on Channel 4. Surely this is a hypocritical stand? Okay, so a lot of today's TV is unadulterated rubbish, but then again *The Munsters* is not really much better than *Matt Houston* or *Sorry* (possibly the worst two programmes on TV today).

Don't you think that this inequality ought to be sorted out?

Dave Ellcock, Nottingham.

PS: I go to an independent school, am a socialist, support Arsenal FC and quite like Tears For Fears. Am I abnormal?

I should think that's quite obvious. As for the supposed "hypocrisy" of liking new stuff in one medium and old stuff in another, that's rather like comparing apples and oranges and coming to the conclusion that an apple is a failed orange. The two are completely separate. When it comes to a comparison between *The Munsters* and *Sorry* and that other prog you mentioned that I've never bothered to watch, that's fair enough: it's your critical acumen that's lacking there. Your assertion that the *NME* has a dislike of old music is, quite simply, bollocks. What do you think the Stax, Charly and Savoy cassettes are for, bonebrain? – AG.

HEY NONNY NONNY NO!

Why did the *NME* Folk Chart only last one measly week – or are half-hearted token gestures the Next Big Thing? There are loads of folk festivals on this summer. I don't suppose you'll cover those either. Peasants!

Graham Larkbey, Balham, London.

Hey – if there was a peasant in the office, we'd send him along! – AG.

DE PROFUNDIS

"Now, in reality, the world have paid too great a compliment to critics, and have imagined these men of much greater profundity than they really are. From this complaisance, the critics have been emboldened to assume a dictatorial power, and have so far succeeded, that they are now become the masters, and have the assurance to give laws to those authors, from whose predecessors they originally received them. The critic, rightly considered, is no more than the clerk . . .

BEACH BOY ANDY GILL SAILS THROUGH THIS WEEK'S LETTERS. WRITE TO: NME, 5–7 CARNABY ST., LONDON W1V 1PG

"But in the process of time, and in ages of ignorance, the clerk began to invade the power, and assume the dignity of his master. The laws of writing were no longer founded on the practice of the author, but on the dictates of the critic". *Tom Jones* by Henry Fielding, 1749. And he'd never even seen a copy of *NME*!
Nigel Kirk, Biggleswade.
More's to the point, he'd not heard any modern pop music. With so much dross around, the world needs master-critics to exercise some quality control. – AG.

BOWRING!

Having read Paul Morley's attempt at a review of Bowie's Milton Keynes show, I still don't know what happened. OK, so the coach was full, the wine was scratchy, said hack's shirt got wine down it, Bowie could be seen, he arrived in a Mercedes, there was a bit of a crush, the queue for baked potatoes was long . . . need I go on?

Did Mr. Bowie play any music on Sunday? He certainly did on Saturday. Did Icehouse and the Beat play on Sunday? They certainly did on Saturday.

If you didn't want to go, Paul, perhaps you should have sold your purple pass through *NME* small ads, or perhaps you needed the expenses for actually going?

Is Morley a music journalist or a wine critic? The orange juice was OK, at least it was on Saturday, I know cos I was there.
Major Tom.
If you went to the concert, why do you need someone else's description of the music you heard? And are you simpering Bowiephiles really so annoyed that just one of the dozens of Bowie publicity-articles (new album, new films might contain a note of dissent? Paul must be right – you *are* all sheep. – AG.

Yes, Morley, I too decided that I didn't like David Bowie very much this week. I too had the misfortune to leave the Bowl by Exit 6 and to spend nine hours before that inside the place – plus five hours queuing outside! *And* I'd had to pay ten pounds for the privilege, and freezed and starved to death (almost) outside Milton Keynes Station on a Saturday night. And I too felt a bit cynical about "head in the sand" rock concerts . . .

But then I woke up!

I realised I could choose what I wanted to do! Nothing to do with Mr Bowie! Yes, Mr Morley, it was *me* who went to Milton Keynes – because I chose to do so, not because David Bowie wanted me to.

And then it became much more fun. Fuck Paul Morley, Paul Weller, David Bowie, etc. Haven't you noticed you're a human being? If you want to be a sheep, go ahead – but choose to do it!
Greg S, Sheffield.
Paul says "Baaah!" to the lot of you. – AG.

THE LAST WORD

SCENE: Milton Keynes Bowl, Friday 1st July. There are 50,000 peasants scrabbling in the mud.
1st PEASANT: Look! There's David Bowie!
2nd PEASANT: How do you know he's David Bowie?
1st PEASANT: Well, he ain't got shit all over him.
Jane, Southport.
Young playwright of the year award. – AG.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

In the midst of all the ballyhoo surrounding the meteoric success of 'Pills & Soap', I wonder how much of its chart status is due to so-called 'collectors' hellbent on snapping up copies before deletion day so they can flog them subsequently at grossly inflated prices?
G Larkbey, London.
Young businessman of the year award. – AG.

AND FINALLY . . .

The most respected artists are all dead. Please inform Ray Lowry.
John Connolly, New Barnet.
Andy Warhol, David Hockney, you're right for once, John! – AG.

T-ZERS

STRIPPED TO HIS boxer shorts, gasping for water and air, frazzled to a crisp by the stifling heat, **Lawrence** of *T-Zers* slaves over his boiling typewriter contemplating the correct adjective to sum up the current spate of hot weather. Is it, as **Bananarama** suggest, a 'Cruel Summer' or have **The Belle Stars** hit the nail on the head with their new 45 'Indian Summer'? Again, **The Style Council** might just have a point with *their* new single 'Long Hot Summer' (which incidentally will come complete with sleeve notes written in French . . .)

Confused and bothered, Lawrence of *T-Zers* decides that love is like a heatwave after all (not enough turns you white, too much burns you . . .) and turns his attention to *The Affect Of Sun Rays On Our Top Pop Groups*, a forthcoming film starring **Shalamar** and **The Fun Boy Three**. In it Shalamar, after completing all their up and coming tour dates, will definitely be splitting up. Who says so? A tearful **Jeffrey Daniels** in an exclusive *T-Zers* comment is who . . .

Meanwhile rumour has it that their co-stars, **The Fun Boys** have hardly spoken to each other in the last three months, with **Lynval** and **Neville** trying to pursue a more ska rude boy approach whilst **Terry** preferred the more melodic pop orientated music of the 'Waiting' LP. As he wrote most of it this comes as no big suprise . . .

Congrats to **U2**'s **The Edge** who spliced his troth last Tuesday with his life long sweetheart **Aisling O'Sullivan** in their local parish church of Enniskerry in Ireland. Best man was **Bono** who was still in a state of shock after being handcuffed to an over enthusiastic fan at a U2 show in Worcester, Massachusetts. In fact when the priest asked him for the ring Bono pulled out the same handcuffs and was about to strap him to The Edge and his bride before he realised his mistake . . .

Following Parliament's decision to ban hanging and keep *T-Zers*, The Manpower Commission announced last week that with more and more new technology causing yet more and more unemployment there was now a crying need for more and more musicians to entertain the idol hordes. (Groan of anguish from the collective *NME* staff . . .)

This will come as something of a shock to the **Anti Nowhere League** who are currently holed up in NYC afraid of what might happen to them as Scotland Yard confiscate all copies of their new LP here in England. To pass the time their publicist arranged a barbeque for the little lambs where among the guests were **Holly Beth Vincent** sporting only a minute tuft of hair on her head and **Adele Bertl** who, after previously playing with **The Contortions** and **James Blood Ulmer**, is now contracted to **Dave** 'Big Bucks' **Geffen's** label and being produced by **Thomas Dolby** . . .

Young Guns Go For It! At **Gary Crowley**'s Tuesday Club, held every week at Bogarts in South Harrow, **Andy** from **Wham!** and Respond Chanteuse **Tracie** took to the stage and acted out the Young Guns dance routine in front of the bemused onlookers. Earlier in the evening Tracie had berated The Young One for slagging off her new single on *Roundtable* but finally fell for the Bad Boy's profuse apologies . . .

Ex **Certain Ratio** man **Simon Topping** has been living in New York these last six months studying timbales. Interested? Ya. As sardonic as ever, when asked what Washington's airport was called, Topping replied, "Dulles. As dulles 's fuck".

EAST SIDE STORIES: **Glenn Tilbrook** and **Chris Difford** currently working with none other than **Grandmaster Flash** whilst the new **Was (Not Was)** 45 will feature the vocal (ahem) talents of **Ozzy Osborne** and **Mel Torme** amongst others . . .

After six months of sweaty foreplay Liverpool's Eternal Records has consummated its relationship with WEA. The new deal means that Eternal acts **Black** and **It's Immaterial** will join **Wah!** between the corporate sheets . . .

New York's annual New Music Seminar went overground this year (they caught the 7.15 from Brooklyn . . .) attaining full music biz convention status. Famous panellists who droned on and on and on about nothing in general included **Midge Ure, Martyn Ware, Kevin Rowland** who insulted **Thomas Dolby, Keith Levine** who insulted Kevin Rowland and **Mari Wilson** who smiled nicely for the camera. Live music was provided by **JoBoxers, Aztec Camera** and the late **Fun Boy Three** . . .

A single called 'Adventures In Success' by **Will Powers** is currently racing up the black radio playlists in New York. It's actually photographer **Lynn Goldsmith** with her voice slowed down assisted by **Sting, Robert Palmer** and **Todd Rundgren** . . .

Talking of the Wonder Boy, **The Police**'s secret dates in London were to have taken place this weekend but were cancelled due to **Sting**'s sore throat. Every breath he takes hurts apparently . . .

Good old liberal **Ed Asner**, better known to the public as **Lou Grant** has just kicked his 19 year old punk singing son out of his Hollywood home. "Why don't you try rap music?" Grant shouted before applying his toe to the unfortunate son's behind . . . The *Trib* have put **Rossi** on the story . . .

Having left Elektra (was he pushed or did he stumble?) **Tom Waits** has signed to Island Records and promises a new LP, 'Swordfish And Trombones' just as soon as he can lift himself off the bar . . .

Sad. **Ray Charles** currently being leafletted at his American shows on account of his recent tour of South Africa . . .

The (yawn) **Jim Morrison** revival gathers momentum. **Danny Sugarman** has just launched his *Illustrated History Of The Doors* with the bash he could afford thanks to the profits of his *No One Gets Out Of Here Alive* tome . . .

POP STAR'S BROTHER ROBBED NUDE GIRL runs the headline for *The Sun*'s 'exclusive' report on **Chas Smash**'s brother being jailed for 18 months for various offences. Underneath it is a photo with the caption, 'Chas . . . sat in court'. The photo is of **Lee Thompson** not Chas . . .

John Cougar has assumed the non-de-plume of 'Little Bastard' to produce **Mitch Ryder**'s comeback single, a rock 'n' roll version of **Prince**'s 'When You Were Mine' . . .

ISLAND RECORDS, projected movie on **Bob Marley** has been shelved for the time being, having already used up two directors; documentary film maker **Joe Minell**, who began the work shortly after Marley's death and assembled numerous interviews and Jamaican footage, was dismissed some months back. Now his replacement **Gary Weiss** – celebrated for his work on *Saturday Night Live* – has likewise been taken off the film, which an Island director says "will not come out until it's right" . . .

Meanwhile extracts from **Timothy White**'s biography of Marley appear in next week's issue of *NME* . . .

Back in Clubland The Batcave celebrates a year's worth of ghouls today (Wednesday) whilst Hot Club SW9 is a regular project that's grown out of the London music biz course featured in *NME* a couple of months ago. This Saturday (23rd) **Games To Avoid, Greeting No. 4** and **Plate Programme** strut their stuff at Brixton's Loughborough Hotel . . .

Steve Van Zandt, E Street strummer, refused entry to Disneyland on account of his attire. Apparently he looked too much like Mickey Mouse for comfort . . .

Avant Garden musician **Philip Glass** has filed a $3 million lawsuit against Orion pictures and associates for alleged use of his music in the re-make of *Breathless* starring **Richard Gere**. The music appears in the movie as if coming out of a radio but Glass charges that the defendants re-arranged, re-orchestrated and re-recorded the song. "The thing that drives him crazy" quoth Glass's attorney "is that they re-*arranged* his music . . ."

The final transmission of recent *NME* cover stars, **Eddie And Sunshine**'s 'Living TV' show happens on the 25th. Amongst the 'names' promised are **Midge Ure, John Foxx, Mick Karn, Trevor Horn, Richard Jobson, Matt Fretton** and "pop scribes **Paul Morley** and **Chris Bohn**". You have been warned . . .

In the current edition of *Harpers & Queen* we are told that "teenagers use the name redskin for a skinhead with pronounced left-wing views." This of course has nothing to do with the fact that a certain **X. Moore** is busy scribbling away at a feature for the Top Knobs' rag even as we speak. And what is our stylish **Ian Wright** doing on the cover of *Ms London*? Why, posing for a feature on heavy studded belts that's what. We will draw no conclusions, just belt up on the subject . . .

Will **Smokey Robinson** finally get it together to tour here in August. We hope and we pray . . .

Gary 'Flashmouth' **Crowley** has just been on the phone. Not content with getting a plug for his Tuesday Club earlier on in this column he now wishes to tell us that **Elvis Costello** will be star guest on his *Magic Box* show this Saturday (23rd) and that **Bananarama** will be making a PA at his Bogarts bash the following Tuesday. Thanks Gary and back to the *NME* switchboard for you . . .

Those of you lucky enough to be living in Scarborough can now visit the World's first rock 'n' roll museum featuring, and I quote from the press release, "the rarest *Elivis* Presley records in the World" You can also go and stare for hours on end at **Jam** and **Orange Juice** silver discs if you're that way inclined . . .

Lawrence of *T-Zers* thankfully isn't . . .

lowry — note oilskin base

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BUD!!
BACKSTAGE, IN THE ARTISTE'S DRESSING ROOMS...
GOD IS A CONCEPT, BY WHICH WE MEASURE OUR PAIN..
I COULDA BIN A CONTENDER!
THEN THERE WAS THE WHITE HEAT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL REVOLUTION TOUR...
THE BUS BROKE DOWN JUST OUTSIDE OF BLETCHLEY..
MARLON BRANDO CARTOON ACTING.
STYLE METHOD
MONTY GETS A NASTY SHOCK!.
THERE'S NO QUESTION OF A FEE, MONTY, THIS ONE'S A FREEBIE, FOR THE KIDS...
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LYMES WOLD!
HASHISH!
ORGANIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE!
AS STEVE STRANGE (S INTERVIEWED FOR THE SUNDAY TIMES..
I'LL HAVE A WHITE HEAT OF THE TECHNOLOGICAL REVOLUTION, AND ICE, PLEASE..
HAVE I TOLD YOU ABOUT MY COLLECTION OF ANTIQUE MONEY?
NOBODY.
I'M JUST A FRIGGIN' WAITER, JACK. I WAIT.
MIXED GRILL MIXED ECONOMY
AND THE BIG NAMES TAKE THE STAGE..
DON'T BELIEVE IN MANTRA! DON'T BELIEVE IN BUDDHA!
JERRY LEE LEWIS
WHERE DO YOU STAND ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS!?
THE THEORY OF SURPLUS VALUE?
NEXT - RAIN!!

benyon — the lone groover

MEANWHILE IN POLSLAVAKIA...
ERK ALORS!!! A HIDDEN MICROPHONE.....!!!!
LET'S SEE WHERE TH'LEAD - LEADS.
SOMEONES BEEN BOOTLEGGIN' M'NEW NUMBERS....
WHILE I REHEARSED IN M'ROOM
K.G.B.
K.G.B.
K.G.B?
MY GOD I DON'T BELIEVE IT!!!! — Y'RILLY HAVE BEEN TAPING ME ON THAT ONE TRACK TAPE DECK.
K.G.B
OH SIBERIA!
ER - K.G.B. MOBILE DEMO UNIT - SIR.
HOW FANTASTIC — BACK TO MONO!!
AND TO THINK WE HAVE A BAD PICTURE OF YOU BACK HOME
Vol 1
BAD PICTURE??? IT'S NOT ME — IT'S RETOUCHED — I NEVER MET HER!
£500 STERLING IF YOU BURN IT!
K.G.B

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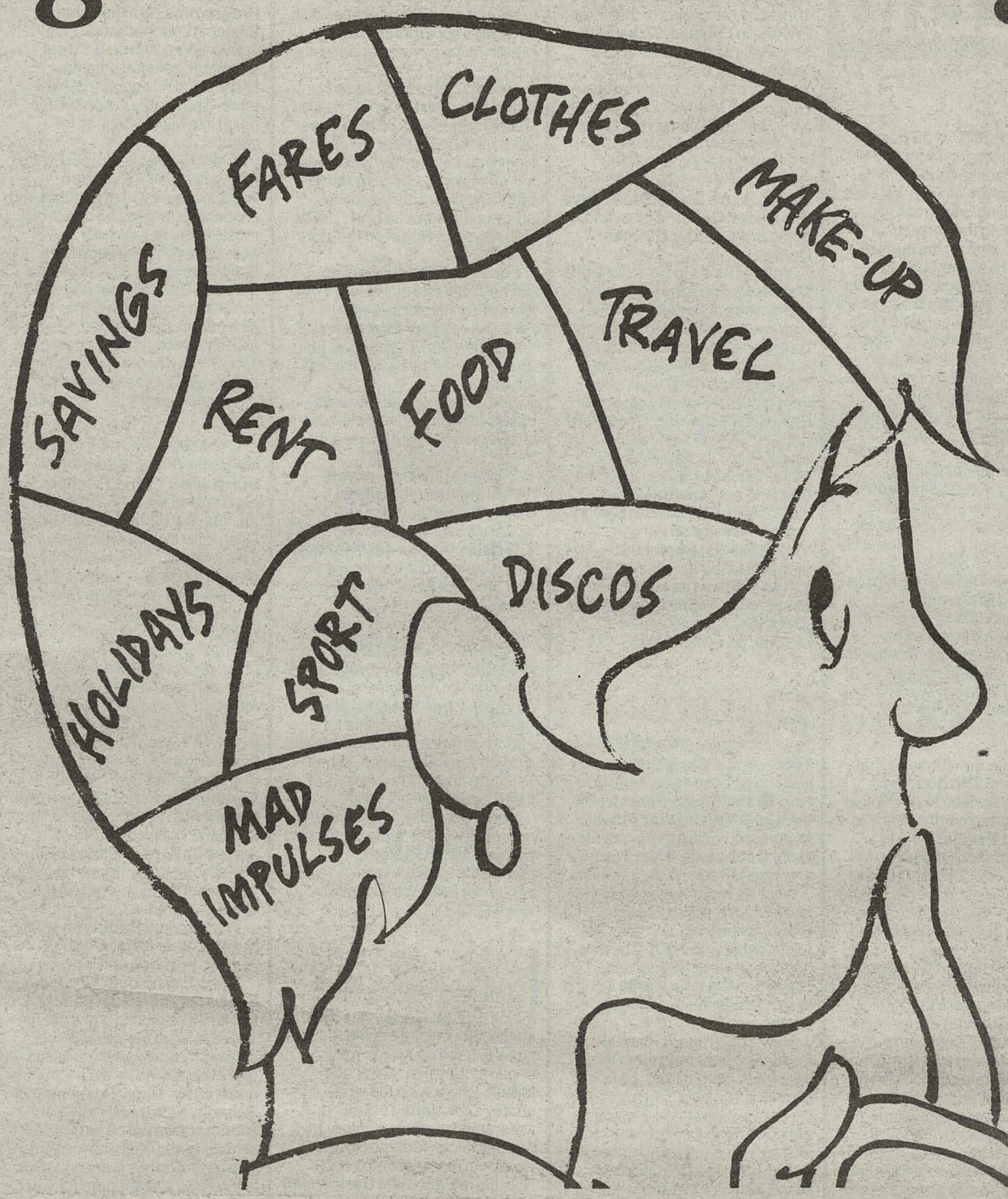
Leaving school and starting work?



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